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LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

JANUARY

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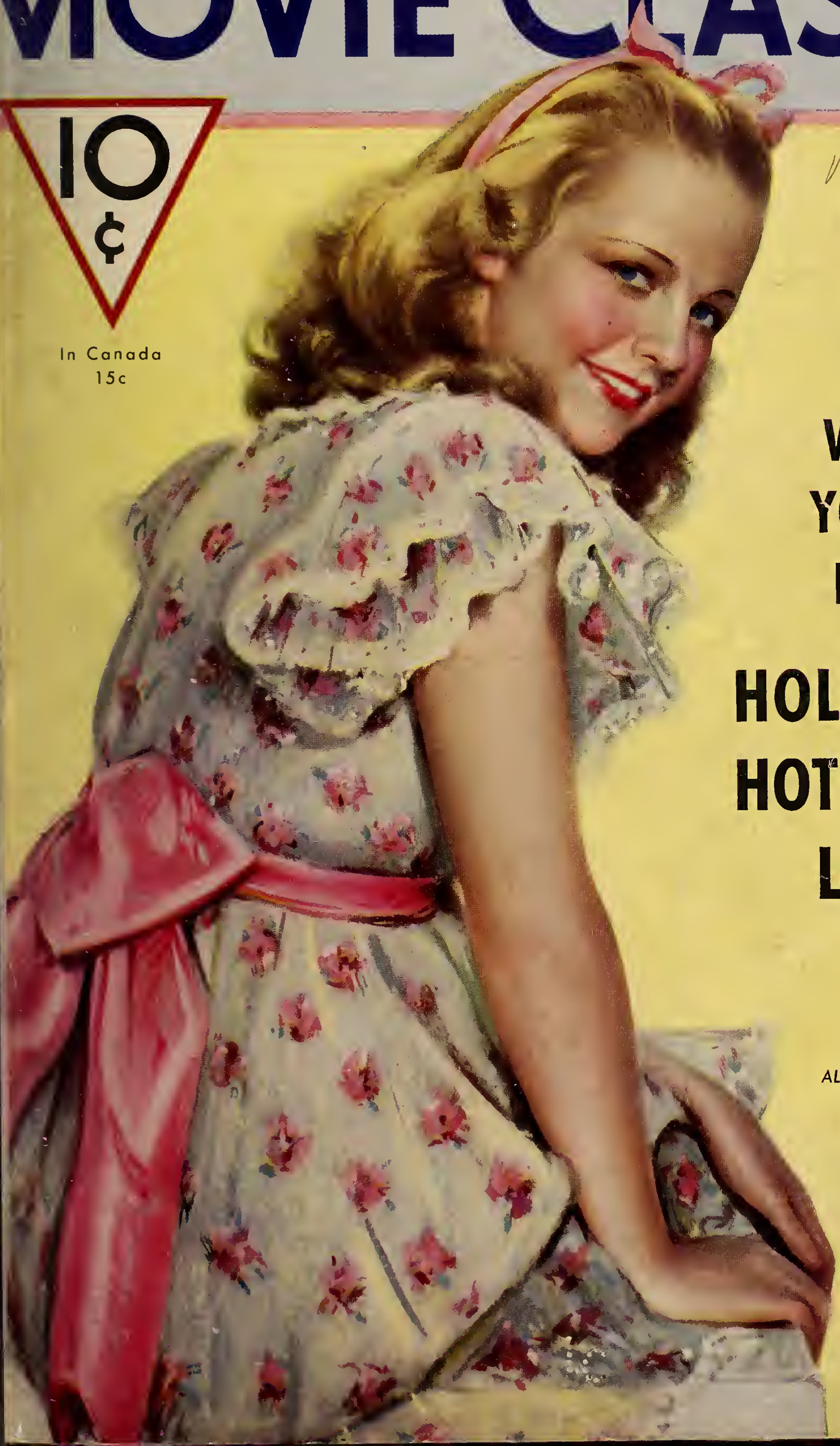

WHAT DO YOUR EYES BETRAY?

◆ ◆

HOLLYWOOD'S HOT-AND-COLD LOVERS!

◆ ◆

CHARLOTTE HENRY
as
ALICE
In the Picture
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Drawn by
MARLAND
STONE

NRA
MEMBER
US

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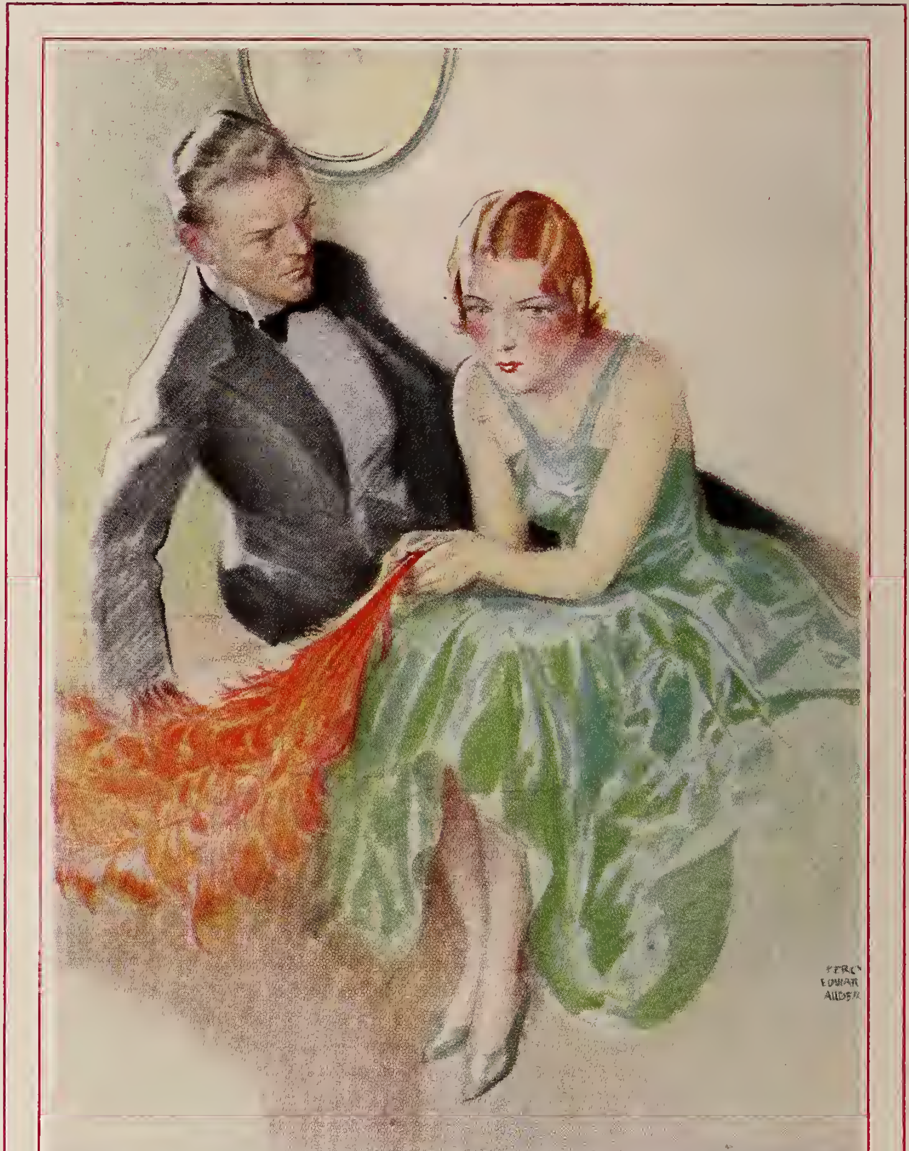
She couldn't
BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM



She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as Grammar School days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months . . ."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me . . . breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me . . . put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York . . .?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why?* Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could. The subject was too delicate.

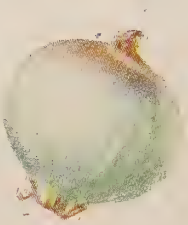
* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are already present.



Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, both a major cause of odors. Then it destroys the odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields

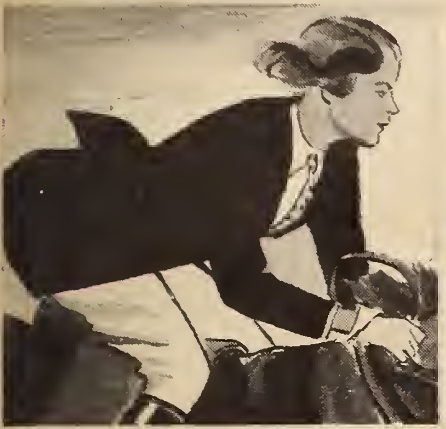
You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the ONION *yields to it!*

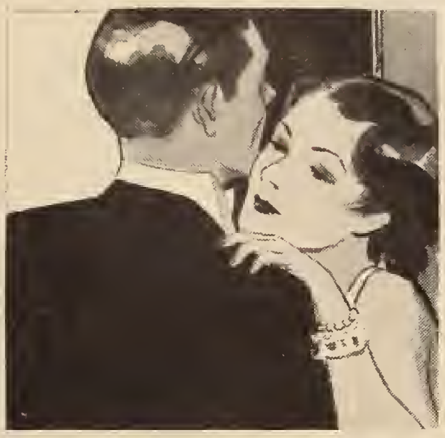
35-150C

Isn't It A Shame!

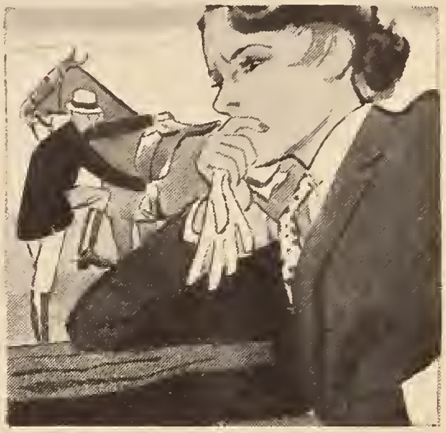
SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



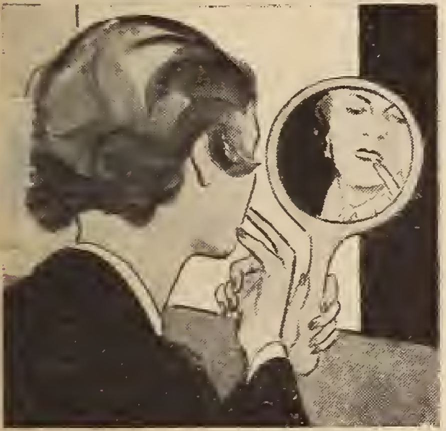
Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!



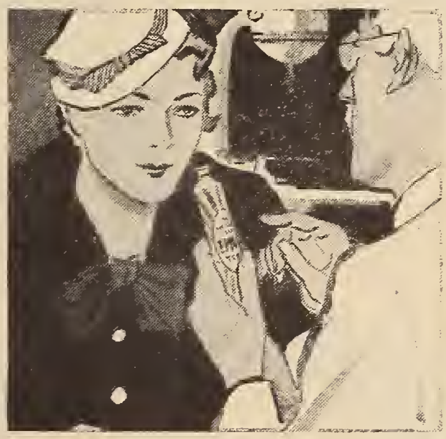
Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!



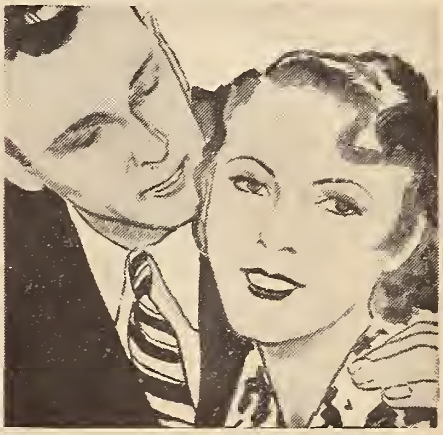
Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!



If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!



Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . .



It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"–and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and *your* smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
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GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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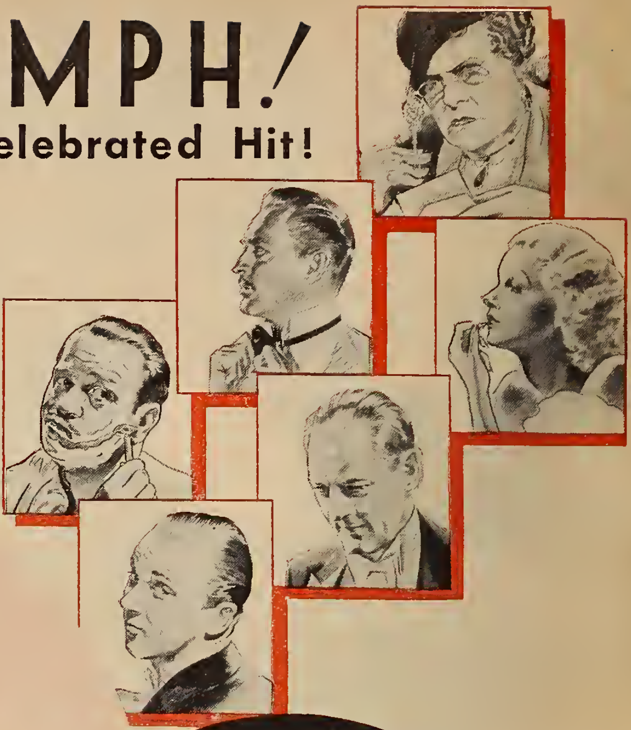
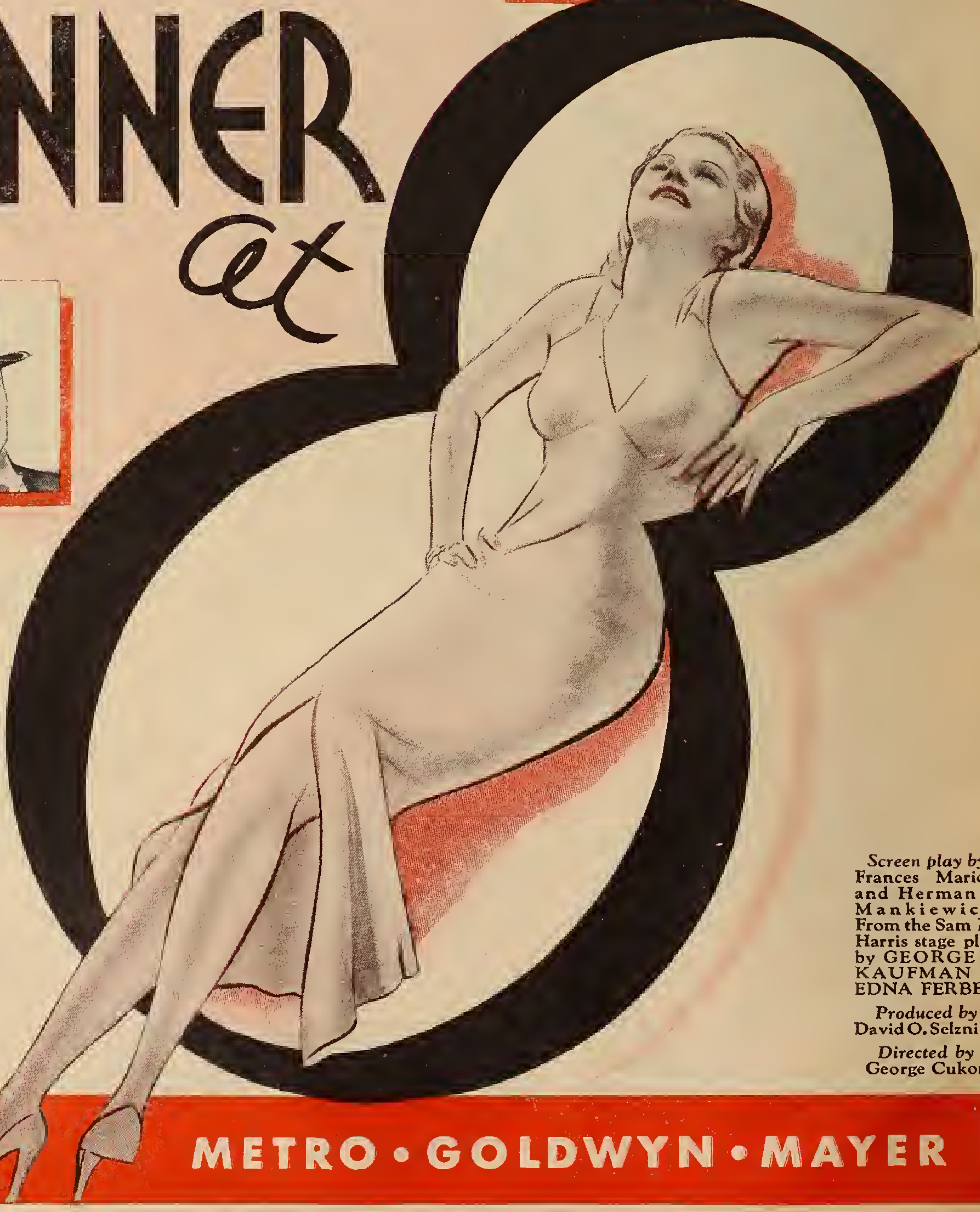
12 STAR TRIUMPH!

Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!



- ★ **MARIE DRESSLER**
- ★ **JOHN BARRYMORE**
- ★ **WALLACE BEERY**
- ★ **JEAN HARLOW**
- ★ **LIONEL BARRYMORE**
- ★ **LEE TRACY**
- ★ **EDMUND LOWE**
- ★ **BILLIE BURKE**
- ★ **MADGE EVANS** ★ **KAREN MORLEY**
- ★ **JEAN HERSHOLT** ★ **PHILLIPS HOLMES**

DINNER at 8



"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama . . . the fallen matinee idol . . . the millionaire's frivolous wife . . . the amorous doctor of the idle rich . . . stolen hours of romance . . . each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!

Screen play by
Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. From the Sam H. Harris stage play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & EDNA FERBER

Produced by
David O. Selznick

Directed by
George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

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MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 5 No. 5

JANUARY, 1934

LUCKIEST GIRL OF THE YEAR!

Charlotte Henry, the girl on the cover, qualifies for that title. Every actress in Hollywood, from Mary Pickford and Miriam Hopkins on down the line, would have liked to play "Alice in Wonderland." Almost seven thousand girls, all over the world, tried hard for the rôle. And Charlotte won it without half-trying!

How come? She looked like a living copy of the Alice in Tenniel's drawings for Lewis Carroll's famous fantasy—and, young as she was, she knew acting! And yet she had to be persuaded to try a test for the part—though she was right in Hollywood!

A few pages further back, you'll read the whole story—and you'll learn how she has Hollywood guessing. Intentionally or unintentionally?

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COVER DRAWING OF CHARLOTTE HENRY BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

It can't be long till Christmas now—not with Lona Andre hanging up a wreath. Like most of Hollywood, she still hopes there IS a Santa Claus

Like most grown-ups, Ida Lupino likes to buy toys. Unlike most, she has shopped early. She had to—to get them back to England in time!

WE'RE mighty glad to hear that in these days when Nudism is sweeping the country, old-fashioned modesty still prevails in some towns.

If you saw Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs," you haven't forgotten the snappy nude statue for which she supposedly modeled. Paramount, thinking it was a good idea, had several plaster-of-Paris copies made for theatre exploitation purposes. Even in this day of scanty bathing suits a nude statue attracts considerable attention in a theatre lobby.

It attracted too MUCH attention in one California town. Some of the good ladies got together and filed a protest. The manager of the local theatre wouldn't remove the statue, but he would conform to the refined standards of the village. He bought a pair of overalls and draped them on the statue.

You've no idea how stunning it looked. The manager said business picked up right away, too.

JACK MULHALL tells it on himself, so there doesn't seem much reason why we can't pass the story along. Jack, as you know, has been on the screen, lo, these many years. He lays no pretension to being a lad in his early twenties, even if he does still look like a college boy.

The casting director of this particular studio was interviewing one of the famous stars of the silent days—now content with considerably less than stellar billing. He asked if she would consent to appear in a mother rôle.

With visions of playing Jackie Cooper's ma, the one-time star offered no objection.

"Jack Mulhall plays the son," the casting director explained.

"My Gawd," gasped the actress, just before she fainted.

THEY had more darned fun over at the Columbia studios while Mary Brian was making a picture there. Director Al Rogell, by way of being something of a cut-up, drew up a roll-call of all the Brian swains. When Dick Powell called to take Mary to lunch a nice, big check was placed after his name—"A" for good behavior, so to speak. The same thing happened when it was Gene Raymond, Russell Gleason, or any of the others.

Don Cook, who plays opposite Mary in the picture, had made up his mind that he would not be on the very extensive Brian list of suitors. But, after the first few days, he was buying lunches, too. By now it looks pretty serious. Mary is like the Northwest Mounted—she always gets her man.

Something rather funny happened one day on the set. It was Gene Raymond's turn to take Mary to lunch, and he called for her at twelve o'clock. Don persuaded the director to work until one. Gene had to hurry back to his own studio, and without having lunch. At one it was Don who escorted Mary over to the Brown Derby.

VERY funny—but not to Gene, even if he is playing opposite Lilian Harvey, himself.

(Continued on page 66)

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

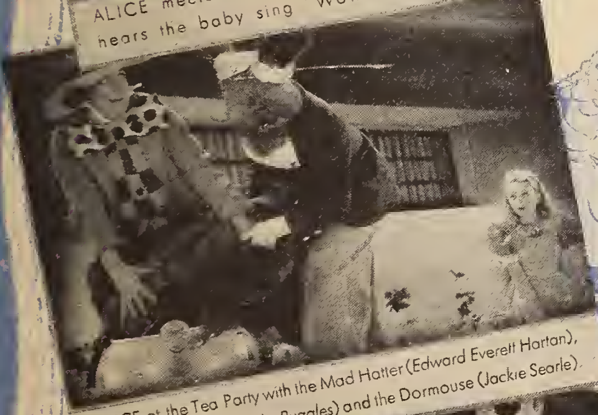
Alice in Wonderland

with **CHARLOTTE HENRY**
as "Alice"... and

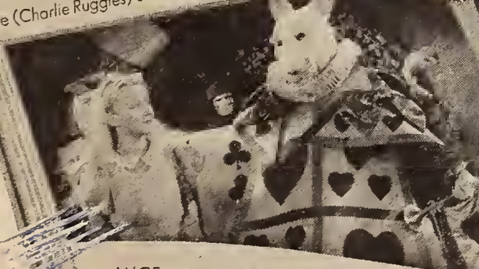
RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES · GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL · LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS · SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod

ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow".



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

ALICE. Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE ... It's the Best Show in Town

BETWEEN OURSELVES

THERE was one good thing about the depression. It taught us that it was smart to be thrifty, and thrifty to be smart. It taught us to think twice before spending our money—whether for food or for clothes or for pictures. It taught the producers that they needed more than ballyhoo to sell pictures; the only thing that could sell them were the pictures, themselves.

THE common, every-day moviegoers—you and I—aren't troubled by the question: Which ten pictures of 1933 were the best made? All we ask ourselves is: Which ten are the most memorable?

I amused myself the other night by jotting down a list of the pictures of 1933 that have given me something to remember them by. I didn't try to see how *many* pictures I could name off-hand, but how many *memorable* ones. I gave myself a half-hour. And at the end I had thirty-four.

I started paring down the list, trying to decide which ten gave me the most. Finally, twelve remained. I decided to make my list the "twelve best," instead of the "ten best." That would make an average of one a month. And these are the twelve, listed alphabetically:

"Berkeley Square," "Cavalcade," "Dinner at Eight," "The Eagle and the Hawk," "42nd Street," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Lady for a Day," "The Power and the Glory," "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," "She Done Him Wrong," "State Fair" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

AND these are my reasons: "Berkeley Square," with its delicately sustained fantasy, took me away from the commonplaces of life, made idealism seem a virtue once more, instead of a handicap. "Cavalcade" was a screen saga, if there ever was one. Against a dramatic pageant of the years, time marched on, bringing war and peace, gay times and sad, all tightening the ties that bound one small, understanding family together. It was impossible not to respond to its power and beauty. "Dinner at Eight" was, perhaps, the year's biggest bargain—sophisticated melodrama (a rarity in itself!), with a varied all-star cast twisting your emotions first this way and that. "The Eagle and the Hawk," more than any other war picture of the year, dared to be brutally honest, dared to ask, "What price glory?" more ironically, more powerfully than the picture of that name did. "42nd Street" brought music back to the screen in a big way—because it offered a story with a punch along with the music, a story that revealed backstage life as it really is, not as hokum melodramas have so long had it. "Gabriel Over the White House," whether by accident or design, hit America at just the psychological moment, answering a question everyone wanted answered: How might a President battle depression, crime, international jealousies?

"LADY for a Day," as human as it was amusing, revived everybody's spirit—roused everybody to a conviction that he, too, could bluff the other fellow into rating him highly. In "The Power and the Glory," for the first time, the screen told the story of a man's life as you or I might tell it—not relating an ordered sequence of events, but mixing recent memories with earlier ones; and the tragic story was grippingly real. "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," thanks to the acting genius of Charles Laughton, was the most varied, vivid, amusing character sketch the talkies have yet revealed—a portrait to cherish. "She Done Him Wrong" revealed a woman who wasn't ashamed to be curvaciously feminine; who dared to be herself under all circumstances; who kept her sense of humor, no matter what happened. And that, it seemed, was just the kind of woman that women wanted to be and men wanted to see. "State Fair" gave the long-suffering screen and the long-suffering public a down-to-earth glimpse of rural American life. And "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" was a powerful debunking of the impression that convicts don't get a fair deal.

AS a dyed-in-the-wool moviegoer, I'd rate these as the twelve next-best pictures of the year: "The Animal Kingdom," an amusing portrait of an idealist who married the wrong girl and did something about it; "Broadway to Hollywood," the closest thing to a life-like saga of show business that the screen has yet presented; "A Farewell to Arms," a subtle study of the reckless intensity of war emotions—and a great romance, in the bargain; "If I Had a Million," an amusing melodrama built around an always-intriguing thought; "King Kong," a thriller that may have been preposterous, but was cleverly effective and commanded respect for its ingenuity; "The Man Who Dared," a simple, honest story—the most compelling of all the year's "biographies"; "Night Flight," an inside glimpse of the operation of an airline—glorifying not the aviators, but the man who makes them what they are; "Reunion in Vienna," the shrewdest, cleverest triangle comedy of the year; "Sign of the Cross," an eye-filling spectacle of early Rome, with Charles Laughton humanizing Nero as only he could; "When Ladies Meet," a penetrating comedy, revealing a wife's triumph over a rival without getting theatrical; "The White Sister," a moving revival of the still-potent story of a girl who became a nun, believing her lover dead; and "Little Women," the most glamourous bit of sentimentality that the movies have revealed in years.

AND the twelve most memorable performances of the year? I'd say: Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong," Fredric March in "The Eagle and the Hawk," Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square," Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory," Diana Wynyard in "Cavalcade," John Barrymore in "Dinner at Eight," Lionel Barrymore in "One Man's Journey," Walter Huston in "Gabriel Over the White House," Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," May Robson in "Lady for a Day," and Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women."

1933 will be memorable, if for no other reason, because it developed three great new personalities in Mae West, Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton. And 1933 also brought forth Pert Kelton, Ruby Keeler, Otto Kruger, Dorothea Wieck, Heather Angel, Brian Aherne, Benita Hume, Frances Fuller, Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone, Dick Powell, Claude Rains—and that surprising athlete-actor, Max Baer.

And Washington stepped in to hold down movie salaries—which may mean that some day admission prices to theatres may go down to where they ought to be!

Larry Reid

Naturally... Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first laugh hit!...

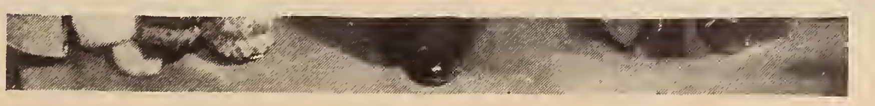
Hilarity whoops across the seven seas as millions cheer the home-wrecking girl-necking knave of the navy, Barnacle Brown the Sailor! Thrills by the dozen . . . beauties by the score . . . laughs by the hundred . . . and the one, only and original Joe E. Brown — another great favorite you see only in pictures made by Warner Bros.—"The *Star* Company"!

● *A First National Picture with Frank McHugh • Jean Muir • Thelma Todd • Johnny Mack Brown • Sheila Terry • Directed by Lloyd Bacon*

Joe. E. Brown

in

"SON OF A SAILOR"



TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

AFTER TONIGHT

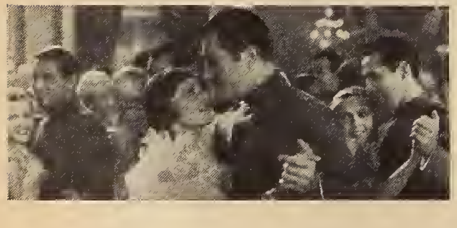
Originally, Constance Bennett's latest picture was called "The Woman Spy." But RKO didn't want the dear old public to think that this was "just another spy story." For it really isn't—except for the basic plot. That has Connie a fair Russian and Gilbert Roland a handsome Austrian, who are torn between love of each other and love of country. Familiar as the tale is, however, they manage to breathe suspense into it—and the dialogue is far better than you have any reason to expect. And their acting, particularly in their love scenes, has emotional vitality—and reality. They manage to make you conscious of the intensity of war emotions, though you see only a flash of actual warfare.

CRADLE SONG

This picture marks the American début of Dorothea Wieck, the fragile, sensitive, memorable teacher of "Maedchen in Uniform." And don't let anyone tell you that Hollywood hasn't done right by her. She has a slow-moving, but quietly subtle, sensitive story—and she glorifies it. A young nun in an old Spanish convent, she is given charge of a foundling, and, as the years pass, she acquires all the emotions of a mother—which come to a climax when the girl falls in love and is to marry and go away. Her acting is as delicate as her beauty. I urge you not to miss it. Less theatrical than "The White Sister," it is more of a study of all womankind. Newcomer Evelyn Venable, as the young girl, will also command your attention.

THE MAD GAME

"The mad game" is the kidnaping racket, long considered too hot for the movies to handle. It is attacked boldly for the first time in this picture, which lays bare the methods of the kidnapeteers. But while the picture is sharp and forceful, it muffs a great chance. Instead of showing the power of the Federal government as a crime-crusher, it has a reformed beer baron as the agent of a kidnap ring's destruction. Spencer Tracy, with a Chaney-like make-up toward the end, makes this character as real as anyone could. Claire Trevor is outstanding as a girl crime reporter and seems headed for bigger things. J. Carrol Naish is convincingly cold-blooded as a gang chieftain—a villain de luxe.



ONLY YESTERDAY

"Only Yesterday" is a love story that can be mentioned in the same breath as "Berkeley Square." Though it would be more appropriate to mention it alongside "Back Street." For here, once again, a girl gives herself to a man, body, mind and soul, and he marries someone else; but her love, come what may, never dies. Once more, John Boles excels as a lover who cheats himself of happiness. But the real star is Margaret Sullavan, from Broadway, who is superb as the girl who never forgets. The background is a pageant of the years from the War up to 1929. You'll remember this one. And you will particularly remember this Sullavan girl, who makes you share her every emotion.

THE WORLD CHANGES

This is one of those near-great pictures. It tells the story of a son of pioneers, who starts as a drover of cattle on the prairies and becomes a New York millionaire, only to run into tragedy in his old age—tragedy that all dates back to the day he married the wrong girl and gave up the simple life. In its first half, the story is compelling; but in its last half it bogs down into familiar melodrama, cluttered up with relatives. (They're as thick as the steers in his early round-up.) Paul Muni, in another great performance, never lets down, even if the story does. Aline MacMahon (as his mother—who's nearly a hundred at the end), Mary Astor (as his wife) and Donald Cook (as his son) lend him noteworthy support.

ESKIMO

Director W. S. Van Dyke likes to go to the far places of the earth, show life as it is lived there, and show how white men disturb it. He did it in "White Shadows of the South Seas" and "Trader Horn"; and he does it again in "Eskimo." Here is the Far North as it really is, revealed dramatically, simply, powerfully. The story follows the adventures of Mala, a mighty hunter, who can outwit Nature, but is tricked by a white man, commits murder and is hunted by the Northwest Mounted—who get their man once, but not twice. It's a talkie, with a real Eskimo actor as the hero. The primitive, tragic romance that is threaded through it is inarticulately poetic. The cast is largely native, but the Eskimo dialogue is interpreted in subtitles.

Ablaze in the cinema heavens! Two shining stars in two brilliant

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRODUCTIONS

EDDIE CANTOR
in

"ROMAN SCANDALS"

Your Eddie! Our Eddie! Everybody's Eddie! Now a crashing charioteer! Burning up Rome with laughs, lions, lovely ladies, lilting lyrics! One big Roman Holiday!

with RUTH ETTING
GLORIA STUART
DAVID MANNERS
and the
NEW GOLDWYN GIRLS

GLAMOROUS..
FASCINATING...

Anna Sten
in

"NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of voluptuousness from Zola's magic pages, she has a role magnificently matching her superb artistry. America awaits, with expectant thrill, this, her first American picture.

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through Movie Classic—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City

$20.00 Letter

It's The Story, Not Any Favorite, That Counts

PARAMOUNT denies that favorite actors will be unrecognizable in their various animal rôles in its forthcoming release, "Alice in Wonderland." Reassuring to those of us who, out of our love for *Alice*, might have been tempted to give Hollywood just one more chance! We can stay quietly at home with our Tenniel drawings and our Carroll script without the slightest risk of having those satisfying characterizations disturbed by any grimaces or mannerisms of our Hollywood "favorites."

This is a fundamental error in Hollywood, this fixed notion that we go to the theatre only to see personalities. It is the stumbling block over which movie producers may be depended upon continuously to trip in their attempts to reach an artistic goal.

The idea is idiotic that we can be acceptably entertained by a piece only when we see our "favorites" parading against every backdrop like mannikins in a style show—always the same except for the costumes. Sometime Hollywood will realize this, and then it may make a contribution to art—certainly not before. The place is not lacking in ideas, but in the discernment between good ones and bad.

And yet, returning to *Alice*, can anything completely rob her of her incomparable charm and her irresistible appeal? I rather think not—unless, of course, the Paramount offering out-Hollywoods another producer's nightmare of a year or so ago. In the end, I shall in all probability capitulate and pay into some box office my contribution to other pictorial absurdities. And, after all, isn't that box-office contribution the only "artistic" judgment Hollywood cares about?

J. B. Disher, *Boston, Mass.*

Speaking of letters, have you written yours to Santa Claus? asks Ruth Channing, who, instead of being wreathed in smiles, is being smiling in a wreath

$10.00 Letter

In Favor of Less Babbling

WONDER why scenario writers, directors, actors, and other powers-that-be in the motion picture industry don't get wise to themselves and cut out some of the useless dialogue in their pictures? If there is anything so irritating as to have to listen to long wearisome speeches by players on the screen, when very few words would serve as well, I don't want to know what it is.

Several famous authorities of the cinema believe that the peak of motion picture development will be reached when films will be made without any dialogue whatsoever, with merely symbolic sound accompaniment. While I don't fall in with this radical assertion, (but who am I to dispute the words of cinema's truly great?) I am in favor of less babble.

If anyone is afraid that the mental state cannot be externalized and conveyed to the audience by gesture and facial expression alone, he can easily shed his fears by a mere glance into the case of the *Tarzans* and other jungle heroes.

Even the most ardent admirers of these muscle-men will hesitate before calling them *actors*. Yet they seem to communicate their thoughts and emotions to the audience with the help of only a few yells, groans, and guttural sounds.

Jack E. Cummings, *Alhambra, Calif.*

$5.00 Letter

Orchids for the Boys

THE two most lovable renegades of the screen—Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery. Possessed of histrionic powers surpassed by no other living actors, and imbued with that rascality which endears them to the movie public, these two magnificent troupers grimace and gesture themselves into motion picture history.

What need of handsome actors? What need of strapping he-men? What need of Clark Gables and Joel McCreas, when two homely old men such as these can captivate a fickle public so completely? A simple shrug of the shoulders, a wrinkling of the nose, make motion picture artistry.

A carload of orchids to you, Mr. Barrymore for your "Stranger's Return," and two carloads to you, Mr. Beery, for your "Flesh."

Jacob Charles, *Dorchester, Mass.*

Honorable Mention

Most Stars Lack Naturalness

PERHAPS I am drawing an unfair line of division when I say that only those who possess the quality of naturalness are the really great stars of Hollywood. The others are "puppets," grown a little shop-worn and a trifle monotonous from repetition of the same rôle.

Under "puppets" I class Garbo, Crawford, Harlow and Gable (these are the more outstanding ones). True enough, they are armed with a generous share of good looks and that dynamic something known as "sex appeal," but, to me, their acting lacks variety, individuality and sincerity. I feel that they play their rôles as they are drilled to play them—and if the results of that drilling appeal to the public, then they play that same part over and over again in a series of pictures until the public gasps for fresh inspiration. Sometimes they seem not only like "puppets," but "parrots!"

Under the really great stars I place Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler, and Lionel Barrymore. With these I have recognized that quality of naturalness which in itself gives variety and individuality to every character interpretation. Lionel Barrymore may be the vicious *Rasputin* or the kindly doctor of "One Man's Journey," but he has a certain individual self that outshines any character which he plays. He makes the character great, rather than having the character make him.

Helen Hayes has not the unusual beauty of Garbo nor the flaunting appeal of Harlow, but she does possess a fine kind of naturalness which gives inspiring freshness to every part she plays.

As for Marie Dressler—who can doubt the genuine sincerity of her interpretations!
MARY P. WILHELM, *Beaver, Pa.*

Where Will It End?

THE delicate art of belching seems recently to have had a distinct revival. All the best character actors have taken it up. Do you remember Charlie Chaplin's hesitant, apologetic gulpings in "The Gold Rush?" Ah, he was a mere beginner! Take Lionel Barrymore; he's positively volcanic. And now Charles Laughton, in "Henry, the VIII," is reported to have put them all in the shade, raving and burping in heroic manner.

What will be the outcome of all this burping on the screen? Will the cinema ladies take it up? And where will the delicate, languid ones be then? Will we import a native of Afghanistan to teach the true technique? One thing is certain and that is that the art will attract many ardent followers. Alas, for the poor audiences! They will see many imitators who, unlike Laughton and Barrymore, have nothing but their explosive powers to recommend them.
LILA ALRICK, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Bring Back the Dashing, Colorful Cowboys

YOU know, or perhaps you don't, that the theatres fill when a Western picture is shown. But recently, the screen has left the thrilling Western picture in the background. Yes! way back!! The producers are neglecting the daring stories of William S. Hart of old, who acted in the breath-taking story, "The Narrow Trail." Why? To make room for this "Four Hundred" stuff!!

We want more stirring and daring pictures in the form of Western romances. The racing horses of the plains send a thrill through the audience, but they have cut that short. The old hard-riding cowboy and his old "paint" have practically disappeared. In his place comes the dude with a swell car, who usually turns out to be a thug from the city, stealing cattle from the ranchers with a car. Stealing cattle by motor!! Is that romance?

We want the rip-roaring, hilarious cowboy who comes to town once a year to celebrate. Bring back the old prospectors who fought man to man for land and love. Again, I make my plea: On with the old Western romance!
ROBERT FOUNTAINE, *Hancock, Mich.*

Good Work, Boris

"THE MUMMY"—wow! "Frankenstein"—two wows! Who discovered Boris Karloff? He is the finest, most realistic actor Hollywood has so far put forth. It takes good acting to put over pictures like "The Mummy" and "Frankenstein," and, believe you me, he has millions staring, gaping and quaking over the hideous thing on the screen.

I haven't read one letter commenting on Boris Karloff. What's the matter with you movie-goers? In emotional slump you want pictures containing more sex. You get them, and like most things which appeal to the appetite rather than intelligence, the point of satiation is quickly reached. Then you want crime pictures. After your fill of them you turn to pictures giving a still greater thrill. Hence, the monster in "Frankenstein" was produced, and if movie-goers wanted a deeper thrill they got just that when they paid their two-bits to see it.

The producers recognize a good actor when they see one, and hence Boris Karloff's great successes in this sort of picture.

Come on, movie-goers, give Boris his due, and a great big hand!
MISS MILDRED HATZEN-BUEHLER,
Dubuque, Ia.

Millions have made a pleasant discovery!

MILLIONS of families have made a pleasant discovery! They have found that a delicious bit of chocolate—Ex-Lax—is as effective as *any* violent cathartic. And is far more pleasant to take and gentle in action.

So now, when it's time to take a laxative, all hands—all ages—reach for the little blue box of Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

No need for any other Laxative

So *many* people write us every day about Ex-Lax! They tell us how grateful they are that they don't have to fight with their children when "laxative time" comes . . . that Ex-Lax serves every member of the family.

Big brother Tom on the football team finds that gentle Ex-Lax keeps him regular as no violent cathartic ever did. And brother Jim, the salesman, never packs his suitcase without seeing that the convenient little blue box is there. No spoons! No bottles to bother with! From grandma to grandson, the merits of Ex-Lax have been passed down from generation to generation.

Ex-Lax, the perfect Laxative

Ex-Lax works over-night, without over-action. No embarrassment! No stomach pains! And to the taste it's just a bit of delicious chocolate.

Clean out that clutter of purgatives in your medicine cabinet! Replace them with the little blue box of Ex-Lax. And when you—or another of the family—"need something", just take an Ex-Lax or two! See how fine you feel in the morning!

In 10c and 25c sizes at all druggists. Or, if you wish a free sample, write Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. MP 14, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, New York.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING

HELEN TWELVETREES: Golden hair, Turquoise blue eyes. "The Perfect Ingenue." Married, and has a new baby. Seems affected, but is adored by many old troupers for her kindness and charity. And that hasn't been publicized, either. Astonishingly petite, off-screen. Quiet, dignified, and reserved. Once was an artists' model. Does not go out much and leads "a simple life." Married to Jack Woody. Address: Brentwood.

WILL ROGERS: Five feet eleven. Weighs 180. No romantic interest (but good copy). Is the homespun humorist. Do you know he tries out all his jokes on his wife? Can't pack his own grip; always travels by air; owns and plays a hurdy-gurdy but hates jazz. Neither smokes nor drinks. Types his newspaper articles on two fingers. Carries $1,000,000 in life insurance. Can't hide it if he dislikes a person. Address: Fox Hills.

CLAIRE TREVOR: Heavy blonde hair. Hazel eyes. Breezy, modern, and assertive. Admits her heart was broken after a smashed engagement not so long ago. Adds, "That's the best thing that can happen to anyone!" Like 'em frank and regular, men? Is the sports-clothes type, but interests the lads evenings, too. Born in New York City and went to college to study drahma. See her in "The Mad Game." Address: Fox Studios.

OTTO KRUGER: Five feet nine. Weighs 130. Noticed this interesting and sophisticated-looking gent in pictures lately? He's a graduate of the N. Y. stage. Married to Sue MacManamy, and has one daughter. Was once a forest ranger, and liked it. Distinguished and cultured. A friend of the Barrymores, Douglas Fairbanks, and other top-notchers. Fences for exercise and plays violin, 'cello, and piano. Address: M-G-M Studios.

POLLY MORAN: Blushing bride of the month! Polly went to Los Vegas in dark glasses and married Martin Malone, handsome young lawyer. Says it'll be a blow to her best fans, the sheep herders of Australia. Off-screen, you see, she clowns just as she does on. Can put life into the dullest gatherings, and does. Had her teeth straightened, and then had to wear false crooked ones for the screen. Address: Sherman Place.

RUSS COLUMBO: Six feet. Weighs 175. Despite rumor, there's no bad feeling between this crooner (he *hates* the title) and rival Bing Crosby. Russ attended the Crosby christening and their friendliness startled gossips. Handsome, with luminous dark eyes. Single. The current flame is pretty Carole Lombard. Plays the fiddle, and has grand opera ambitions. Address: United Artists.

DOROTHY JORDAN: Meet the little queen of the RKO lot! And Dorothy doesn't hold the honor just because she's married to Merian Cooper, studio boss. Beautiful and dark-eyed. Has a soft voice with mellow Southern tones. Descended from the Jordans of Virginia, a First Family. Takes advanced courses at a local college in her spare time. Study is the lady's hobby. Address: RKO Studios.

JACKIE COOPER: Fifty-one inches. Weighs 73. Did Washington look twice at Jackie's reported salary of $1,300 a week? The screen's youngest character actor likes tennis, airplanes, and geography. Hates multiplication tables. A popular master of ceremonies. He was born a stone's throw from the studios and may inherit talent from his uncle, director Norman Taurog. His first job paid $5. Address: Santa Monica.

IRENE HERVEY: Five feet four. Weighs 114. Another newcomer who knew how to crash the studios. She camped for weeks in the casting office. One day a director asked how long she'd been waiting that day. "Six hours!" So they gave her a test. She got the job. Lives in a bungalow with her parents and has no romance rumors. Swims, plays tennis, and does fancy sewing between shots at the studio. Address: Culver City.

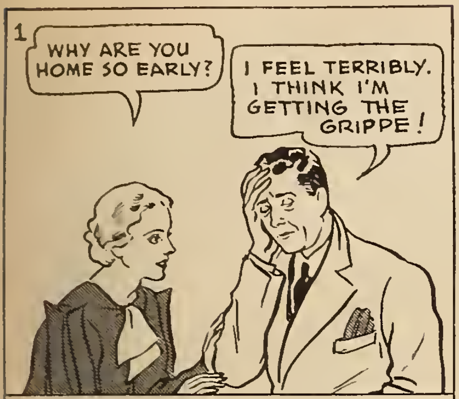
FRANCIS LEDERER: Six feet. Weighs 160. Athletic matinee idol who scored a big hit with New York's flappers. Looks romantic, but denies he's a heart-breaker. Debonair and idealistic—smooth combination! Has opinions about love and marriage. Also reported to have a girl friend, one Steffi Duna. Speaks with a charming foreign accent. You can judge him in "Man of Two Worlds." Address: Beverly Hills.

MARGARET SULLAVAN: Five feet four. Weighs 112. Scored one of the big triumphs of the year in her first picture, "Only Yesterday." Born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1909, and has a Southern accent, blue eyes and brown hair. Parents objected to her acting till she was 21: in three years she was well-known on Broadway. Answers to name of "Peggy." Recently divorced. Likes to take naps between scenes. Address: Universal City.

MARX BROTHERS: Total height: twenty-two feet, five and one-half inches. They weigh 583 pounds. Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo can turn any studio into a madhouse. As nutty in private as on the screen, they thrive on ribaldry. Typical gag: Chico phoned the Hollywood Women's Exchange to ask what they'd give for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite. Address: Marathon Street.

100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER

MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE


1
WHY ARE YOU HOME SO EARLY?
I FEEL TERRIBLY. I THINK I'M GETTING THE GRIPPE!

HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

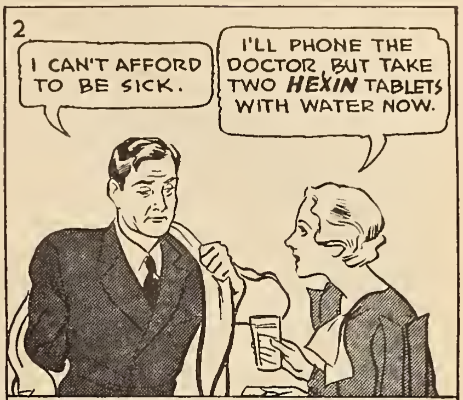
50 PER CENT OF ALL DISABLING DISEASES START WITH A COLD

●

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY $26,000,000

●

NEW FORMULA BRINGS QUICK RELIEF

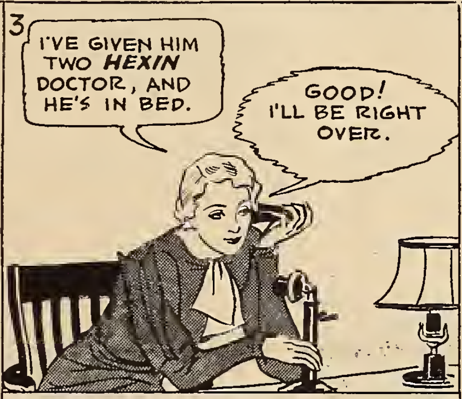

2
I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SICK.
I'LL PHONE THE DOCTOR, BUT TAKE TWO HEXIN TABLETS WITH WATER NOW.

SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

● What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus Infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.


3
I'VE GIVEN HIM TWO HEXIN DOCTOR, AND HE'S IN BED.
GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

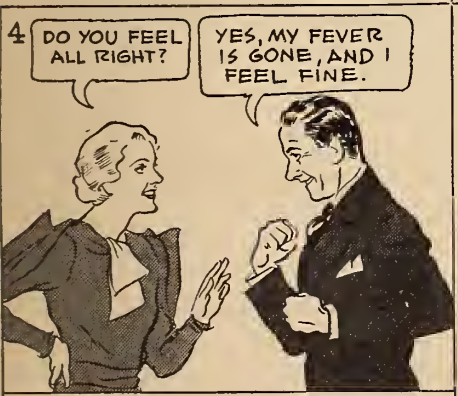
CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 Hexin tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

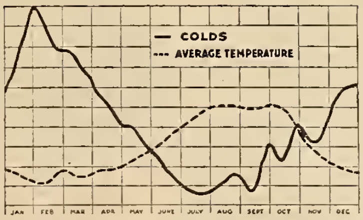
Hexin relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body which need strength to resist cold germs.

The mildly alkaline formula of Hexin also helps neutralize the acidity which nearly always accompanies colds. It will not harm the heart.

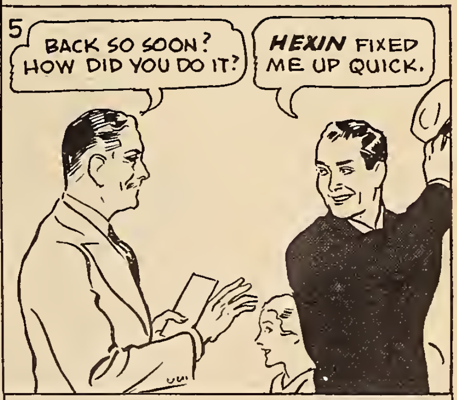

4
DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?
YES, MY FEVER IS GONE, AND I FEEL FINE.

NEXT DAY AND BETTER

Temperature and Colds



Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.


5
BACK SO SOON? HOW DID YOU DO IT?
HEXIN FIXED ME UP QUICK.

AT OFFICE-NO LOST TIME

HEXIN
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
HEXIN
100 TABLETS 5 GRAINS

Modern Druggists Prefer Hexin

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

Originally Developed for Children

Hexin—an alkaline formula—was developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of Hexin for adult use. The action of Hexin is immediate for children or adults.

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Please mail me a generous **FREE** sample of **HEXIN.**

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Address...

City.................................... *State*....................

Lovely Women

(*above*) MYRNA WILLIAMS comes from Cheyenne—out where men are men and women are—well, judge for yourself. She was educated in Switzerland and has been studying dramatic art. Her ambition is to become a motion picture actress—a profession for which she seems ideally suited—even to her dazzling white teeth.

(*above*) MARGARET HORAN was an artist's model. En-route to Chicago one day, she happened to be looking her prettiest when a prominent film executive—Hollywood bound—happened to be looking his sharpest for a new actress. A film test was arranged, following which Miss Horan got a Hollywood contract.

(*above*) At the Brooklyn motion picture theatre where RUTH STOVALL once sold tickets, they said she had a "nice honest face." Then a famous New York illustrator decided she was a "very pretty girl." Her work for artists and photographers spread her fame—and now she is in a new picture "Roman Scandals" with Eddie Cantor.

(*right*) A New York photographer clipped a picture of JESSIE SHANKS from a department store ad and sent for her to pose. Now she has all she can do in her work as a photographer's model yet finds time to study for her "land of hope"—the theatre.

(*left*) EDITH TRIVERS, following her graduation from a private school for girls in New York City, posed for pictures and studied for the stage. She is an excellent horsewoman, a swimmer and likes tennis. Last winter she played in "Absent Father." Now she's wondering about Hollywood.

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR TEETH LIKE THEIRS ...WHITER, MORE BEAUTIFUL?

Among the more than two million women who have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste from other brands are many professional beauties.

These girls find that Listerine Tooth Paste makes their teeth look whiter, gives teeth a brilliance not obtainable from old-type dentifrices.

Listerine Tooth Paste has proved again and again that it does "bring out" the naturally beautiful lustre of tooth enamel. It works wonders even with teeth that seem to be "off color."

A special polishing ingredient . . . far softer than enamel . . . perfectly safe . . . removes the dingy film-coats with but little brushing. Stains yield to it with surprising speed.

There is a refreshing mouth effect from using Listerine Tooth Paste which also accounts for the favor it finds. You are conscious of a sweet, pure breath after using. Gums seem firmer and healthier.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS MO. U.S.A.

Is it any wonder, in view of these results, that women by thousands are changing from old-type dentifrices to this? Some of these former brands cost fully twice as much as Listerine Tooth Paste. Yet at 50¢ and even more they accomplish no more than this generous tube which is never priced higher than 25¢, often less.

Heed the trend. If so many women find Listerine Tooth Paste helps them, you may find it will do wonders for you. See if proper care can give you "teeth like an artist model's." It is worth a trial. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢

CHARLES FARRELL

RICARDO CORTEZ

JOHN GILBERT

The Hot-and-Cold Lovers of the Screen

First you love them, and then you don't. You almost forget them, then demand them—heroes like Farrell, Cortez, Gilbert, Asther and Tearle

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THE Greeks may have had no word for them, but the world of sport has a name for players who suddenly rise and shine, suddenly fade out, then suddenly star again, alternating brilliant success with bitter failure. They're called "flash players." And in the world of the movies, which is also a game in which the best man wins, there are also these "flash players"—actors who streak across the screen in temporary glory only to fade away into apparent obscurity until the next time, when they will be "on their game again." They are the now-you-love-'em-now-you-don't heroes—the hot-and-cold lovers of the screen!

In the world of sport the term, "flash player," applies to athletes who are not consistent in their game. A golfer who is in top form one day and blows up the next; a tennis star who is inspired in one tournament and dubs another; a quarterback who races through all opposition one Saturday and fumbles the ball every time he gets it the following Saturday is called by the followers of those respective games "a flash player." They are the comets of the athletic world. They have sensational ups and discouraging downs. Their friends invariably offer the proverbial excuse, "He's off his game," but the experts cannot ever predict with certainty when he will be *on* his game. Can the same be said of the "flash players"—the hot-and-cold lovers—of the screen?

NILS ASTHER

CONWAY TEARLE

With one outstanding exception, they have never quite attained the peaks of movie greatness, and yet they never quite die out and are forgotten, either. They are a squad of meteors—flashing, fading, flashing, fading.

(*Continued on page 62*)

as presented by WANAMAKER'S, New York, with the special caution: "Wash lingerie with IVORY FLAKES"

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions which are shown above! You can look elegant in a satin nightie (1st girl) or romantic in the "Song of Songs" (2nd girl). You can frou-frou in a "Lady Lou" slip with a lacy jacket (4th girl). Or lounge in negligees of satin or crepe that satisfy your love of lace (3rd and 5th girls)!

But don't let your attention wander when Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely. "Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice! Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors go—silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

In case you haven't sharpened your eyes, let us remind you that Ivory Flakes are *curly* flakes of pure Ivory. They don't take their sweet time about dissolving—like ordinary flat flakes. Ivory Flakes do not mat onto silk, like those "other" soap flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone!

The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices—and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you *more* soap!

IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100 % PURE
Safe washing for fine things

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"Hollywood *Is* a Chain Gang—But I Don't Want to Escape," says WARNER BAXTER

By GLADYS HALL

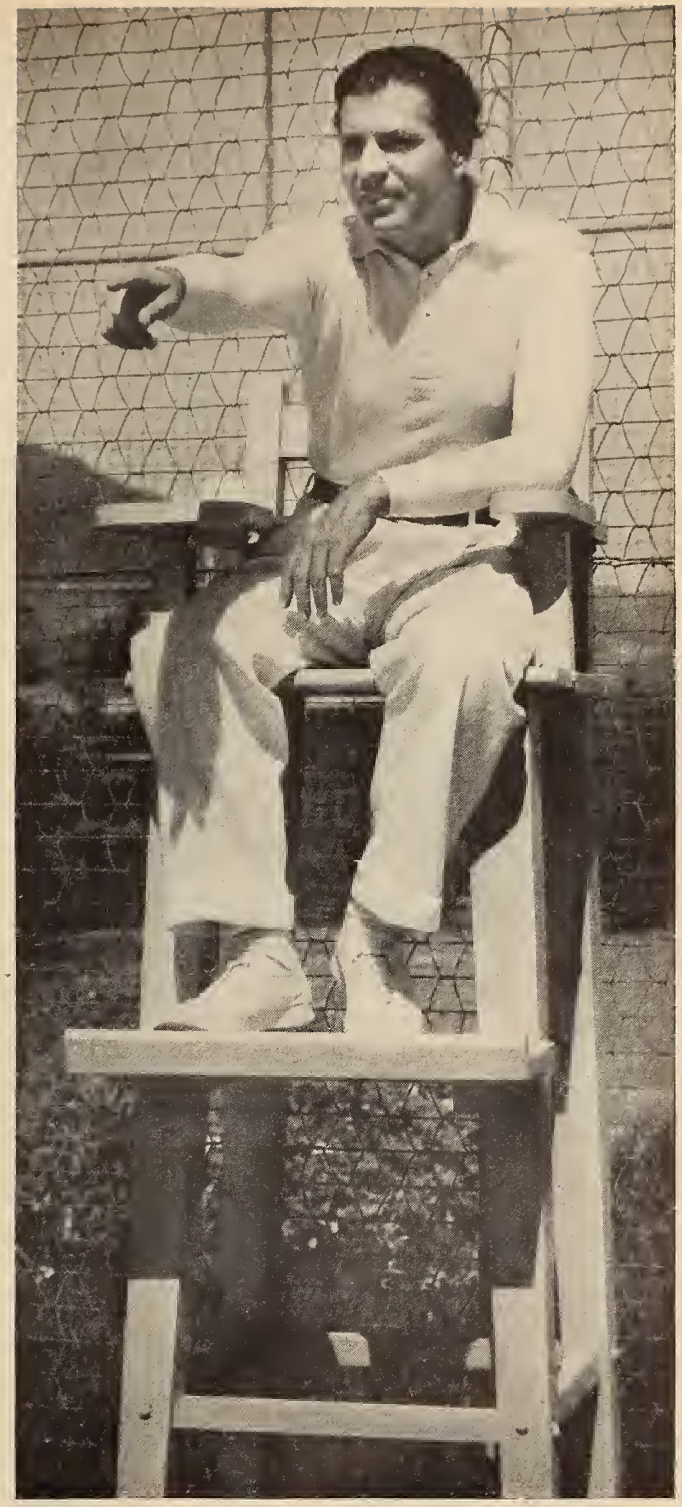
Two months ago, Clive Brook told MOVIE CLASSIC, "I'd like to escape from the Hollywood chain gang." He said that every player is a would-be fugitive, and that he is just one of many who feel chained to the spot, to the life, to the luxuries. Now Warner Baxter rises up to disagree with Clive, to tell just the opposite story. He says that he is only one of many who DON'T want to escape, who couldn't be dragged away. And he tells why, in detail.—*Editor.*

"I WANT to raise a thunderous protest," thundered Warner Baxter. "I am thunderingly sick of all this stuff written and said about Hollywood. I am tired to death of reading about actors who moan that they want to escape from it all; who lament their terrific temptations; who appear to despise the bread and the lots of butter they make out here; who state plaintively or passionately that Hollywood is not safe for a man or for marriage. I wish to state that *Hollywood is the only safe place on the face of the globe—for an actor*.

"Why? Well, in the first place, an actor is a freak, a curiosity anywhere else in the world. Valentino once had his dinner coat torn right off his back in front of the Hotel Plaza in New York. Here in Hollywood Rudy could, and did, walk the town from one end to the other and a mild glance of recognition, a friendly flip of a paw was all that happened to him.

"I walked nearly the length of Hollywood Boulevard the other day. I had bundles under my arms and studio make-up on my face that I hadn't had time to remove. And I was really amused to notice that no one gave me a

(*Continued on page 50*)



Warner says Clive Brook was right in calling Hollywood a chain gang, but wrong about actors craving to be fugitives from it. He says, "Not one of us wants to escape. You couldn't drive us away. Hollywood is the only safe place on the face of the globe for an actor—especially, if he's married!"

The Private Life of MAE

Don't miss this first chapter in MOVIE CLASSIC'S great four-part story—the first life-story to reveal enough of her life to explain her personality and reputation. In this chapter you learn how she got her start—and who gave it to her!

White

This is how Mae West looked when she was just beginning to make a stage name for herself—before she cultivated that insinuating smile

Mae West has said, "I have given six life-stories, but I can always give another." Her publicity department says that she has given nine.

In 1929, she told a writer, "I'm thinking of writing my own life-story and selling it." She is still thinking about it. In fact, it was offered not long ago to a magazine for a terrific price.

This story of Mae West's life is drawn from many sources. I have interviewed her many times and talked to her on other occasions. I have chatted with the famous Timony—lawyer, manager and guardian of Mae's career. I have talked with other writers who have interviewed her. And I have read all the written material about her. Incidentally, I have also sought out those in Hollywood who have known her over a long period of time. This story is a compilation of things already printed and words spoken by friends and by Mae, herself, at various times—with recent additions by Mae.

But where other life-stories have emphasized dates and data, this tries to show *the psychological significance of events* in shaping and creating the surprising personality whom the world knows as Mae West.—and wants to know better. *—Author's Note.*

White Photos

Mae has done wonders for Hollywood, and vice versa. As *Diamond Lil* on the stage, she looked as above; as *Lady Lou* on the screen, she looked as in circle opposite. Left, with the famous swan bed of one of her sexy stage hits

A*N Amazin' Woman!* That's not a new expression to describe Mae West. It was made hackneyed by writers the moment that Mae West became the sensation of Broadway; it has become positively trite

WEST

BY RUTH BIERY

Acme

Since her mother's death, James Timony (above) has seen to it that Mae hasn't lost her ambition

Acme

Mae West once served a week in the workhouse because of one of her plays. When she came out, she found her mother and her sister, Beverly, waiting. And new fame was waiting for her, too—first on the stage and then on the screen!

since she struck Hollywood. And yet it has never been bettered. Whenever anyone asks me to describe this woman, I answer instinctively, "*She is simply amazin'*."

Take yesterday afternoon, for example. Her own revelations as to her background were even more amazing than anything I had heard about her. We were riding in her town-car. She leaned back against the plush seats, furs wrapped closely around her, the speaking tube in her hand, ready for purring directions to her chauffeur, and talked about her childhood.

And suddenly, during the conversation, she exclaimed unexpectedly, "You know everyone was surprised at Mae West's big box-office draw except myself. It didn't surprise me a bit. I expected it. I was used to it. I'd always taken in more money on the stage than anyone else. Ethel Barrymore and myself were in Chicago. I topped her. I topped 'em all. I wasn't surprised that my picture made more than three million dollars.

"And I'm the only one who hasn't gone and asked for more money. I haven't stood 'em up for an increase in pay just because I'm the biggest money-maker. God knows they've got to make money on somebody. They've got to make up for all of 'em who lose money. I understand that. I've been a producer. They took a gamble on me. And they won. They spent two hundred thousand on my first starring picture and made over three million. It was a fair gamble. I know about gambles.

How She's Doin' Now

"I DON'T run into the Front Office and say, 'Now, I want more money.' Maybe I'm entitled to it, in one way. Maybe they'll offer me more. I won't refuse it." She smiled. "Oh, yes, I sell 'em my stories on the side. But I work—Good God, it's awful. I don't have time to sleep. I've got to get a new story ready. If it was just

(*Continued on page 56*)

Jean Harlow may be a sex-appeal queen, but sex-appeal isn't on her mind. If your eyes are straight across like hers (above), you're natural, above all else

Are your eyes medium-sized, rather than large, with narrow pupils and clear irises? Then, like Norma Shearer's (below), they show ambition

Not many have eyes like Greta Garbo's (above)—mysterious or sparkling, as she wills. Her straight lids indicate a frantic longing to express herself

What do Your EYES Betray?

More than you may realize—until you read what Willy Pogany, the famous artist, tells about the inner selves of several screen stars, just by looking at their eyes. If your eyes are like any of theirs, you're revealed, too!

By JERRY LANE

YOUR eyes are telling on you! Not only by their expression—for the very shape of them says things. Look into Mae West's for a moment. Are they saying anything? Oh Lawdy, Lawdy!! Mae has about the speaking-est eyes in existence. They're seering skyrockets and molten flame and red-hot danger signals. That come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime slithering glance slays them by thousands. But there's something else. They're speaking the language Mae wants them to—and doing a little whispering of their own. I wonder if she knows?

The width between the eyes, for instance. Are YOURS spaced like Mae's? You see, *the distance between the eyes, measured from their corners, should equal the width of a single eye.* But don't be alarmed if it doesn't. Even the beauteous West blinkers are a fraction closer than that—which fact gives the key to one side of Mae's personality, the side everybody knows after seeing her on the screen. Extremely vivid and lively—and naughty. Devilish to the point of driving a man mad occasionally. That's what eyes denote that are nearer together than the rule prescribes.

But, frankly, did you ever think of Mae as being spiritual? Abstruse? Of possessing a sort of sixth sense that governs many of her actions? Did you ever think of yourself that way? It may be in your eyes, just as it is in hers. The real Mae is living in a *Lady Lou* shell, as it were. How so? Notice the deep placement of her eyes. When orbs are set like hers, almost anything might happen. She has super-feminine energy, and a will power that would do credit to a Napoleon.

Then there's the slight slant from the temple to the nose. It says some mighty nice things—about fineness of character and integrity. You're in no end of luck, if your mirror reflects eyes like Mae's!

Contrast hers with Jean Harlow's, that other s.a. siren and princess of passion. *Those shining sparklers of Jean's belie every sinuous movement of her body.* Even when she half-veils them in filmy love, they're contradicting the rest of her. For the Harlow

Your eyes do not have to be "veiled" to be enigmatic. Consider Carole Lombard's (below)—utterly passive, but "as full of mystery as the night"

If you have blue eyes, but extremely dark irises—like Joan Crawford's (above)—you are intensely emotional, determined not to fail in anything you attempt

If your eyes are round, they indicate intelligence. If they are also deep-set, they reveal an amazing vitality. Mary Pickford's (below) are both

Claudette Colbert's brown eyes (below) reveal the same things as Mary Pickford's blue ones. But, farther apart, they indicate greater tranquillity

If you have almond-shaped eyes like Gloria Swanson's (above)—which are rare—you aim to please, and you also aim to get whatever you may go after

If you have eyes that are "perfectly relaxed"—like Marlene Dietrich's (below)—you, also, have people guessing. Her curved eyelids most reveal her

eyes are straight across, as horizontal as any pair you ever saw, questioning. They're typical of the natural, outspoken young girl who has a very healthy take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward life in general and men in particular.

Almost what you might expect of Janet Gaynor, isn't it? With a dash of wistfulness and irresistible sweet girlishness thrown in. But wait—study Janet and you'll notice that her brown twinklers do not match. If her *left* eye were like her *right*, she would be entirely the Janet of our imagination. And if her *right* eye were like her *left*, this little girl would be Hollywood's most dazzling sophisticate! That left eye isn't telling all it knows. It announces in no uncertain terms, though, that Janet isn't being fooled by anything at any time. And that there is an undercurrent of fatalism and sadness in the Gaynor make-up. Eyes that are noticeably lower toward the temples relate these things—and Janet's left one definitely droops.

When both of them do, then you have a Pola Negri. All the slumberous fires of the North wrapped in worldly guise! A brooding melancholy that frequently is overpowering.

Lilian Harvey, it's easy to note, is the direct opposite. Her eyes go *up* with a grand swoop. Yours do, too? Then you, like Lilian, have tremendous zest and great physical endurance and a natural gaiety that could—or does—make you the center of things at a party. Her eyes are as bright as if a hidden electric current had been switched on . . .

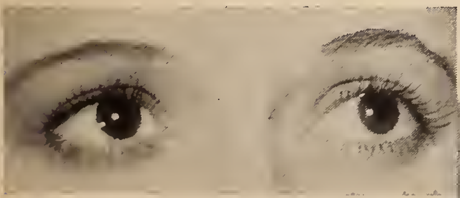
If he went to it, Willy Pogany could probably solve the mystery of the Sphinx—like the mystery of Garbo—by her eyes

Let Your Eyes Sparkle!

As a matter of fact, Willy Pogany, the gentleman who looks into people's eyes and captures their very soul to paint on canvas, says that brilliancy *is* an electric discharge. It is a sign of the extravert, and it means you have something to give out—a witticism or exciting news or something of yourself.

"That beaming look," remarks Pogany, "is especially advantageous for the young girl. Let your eyes sparkle

(*Continued on page 65*)



Eyes that are noticeably lower toward the temples reveal a sophisticate and a fatalist. Janet Gaynor's left eye (above) is that way—but not her right!

If your eyes go UP toward the temples, they're telling that you have tremendous zest, great physical endurance and gaiety—as Lilian Harvey's (below) do

If your eyes are flecked—like Kay Francis' (above), which are green, dappled with brown—you have high ideals and suddenly changing emotions and tastes

Maria's striking resemblance to Marlene was what led to her playing *Catherine, the Great* as a child

MARLENE

Picture the poised, impassive Dietrich the first time—on the day that her her first acting. Read this interview is Marlene, the mother

BY EDNA PERRY

PICTURE Marlene Dietrich in a rage, with golden hair ruffled and deep blue eyes ablaze, running, stumbling, across the studio lot, screaming at astonished executives, who could hardly recognize their most impassive star! For three years, Marlene had met rumors, lawsuits, criticism, misunderstandings and production troubles with a shrug, a lift of the eyebrow, a low-voiced "Who cares?" But this was not the exquisite, bored, impassive Dietrich, screen star, who faced them like a blonde fury; this was the mother of small, eight-year-old Maria Sieber, who had that day become a motion picture actress, playing Marlene as a child in "Catherine, the Great." I asked Marlene to tell me the story, and here it is:

My question was so simple: "How did you happen to let Maria play in 'Catherine, the Great' with you? Is she going to be an actress?" Yet it magically served to open the door to a reserve that is more disconcerting because it is so gracious. Marlene's eyes suddenly glowed. Her smile became something to remember.

"She is going to be what she desires," Marlene told me. "Who am I to say what she is going to be? She is not the kind of child who says, 'I am going to be this or that.' She has said that she does not want to be an actress. 'You have so many troubles that I would not want to act,' she has said again and again. She sees the long hours, the difficulty in getting stories, the worries—she lives the life of an actress with me, you see. And she does not want to be one. But, then, Maria lives from day to day—as I did as a child. I wanted only one thing—to become a mother. I always wanted a baby."

"And does Maria?"

Marlene smiled. "No. She says, again, 'I am too much trouble to you.' She sees how I worry when she is sick or something does not go right for her. Maria has no complexes. She just lives. I have heard her say, 'I want to be—anything!'"

"I understand that you lost your temper on the set yesterday, Marlene, when they attempted to make Maria study. Is that right?"

Why She Let Maria Act

MARLENE'S eyes flashed. She leaned forward. "Yes, I lost my temper. For the first time on this lot, I raised my voice. . . . You see, it is very unusual. I allowed Maria to work only because Mr. von Sternberg wanted her. He is directing. He wanted her because he had to have a child who looks like me." She shrugged. "I would not have done it for anyone else. But Maria would look like me—"

And Maria did. The rushes of the child's work are really startling. Even that fascinating little droop at the mouth, so like her mother's, is there.

It was just after Maria had made the bed scene (below) that Marlene lost the calm for which she is famous

in a Rage!

losing her temper! But she did—for eight-year-old daughter, Maria, did and you'll understand why. For this—not the star—talking!

"The nurse and the guards took her down to the city at seven-thirty in the morning to get her certificate to work," Marlene went on to explain. "I had to come to the studio so that if anything delayed her, I could fill in and we could take scenes with me. It was very hard on her because she does not like to ride in automobiles. When she got back, I got her ready. Then she was lying in a big bed for the scene three hours. The lines were in English. She talks English, but she *thinks* in German. I was afraid of them. When she had finished with the bed scenes, I wanted her to rest for the dialogue scene. Then, to my amazement, a teacher walked on the set and took her by the hand. 'I have come to take you to the schoolroom.'"

"What! Take my child to the schoolroom?" Marlene asked the teacher.

Maria has never been in a schoolroom in her life. Her teachers are private tutors.

"If you wish, I will teach her on the set," the teacher replied.

"But how can you teach her anything when she does not read or write English? It's perfectly ridiculous!"

The teacher insisted and pointed out a capital A to Maria. "Now, what is that, my dear?"

"Ah," answered Maria, with perfect German pronunciation.

"Not ah, but aye," answered the American teacher.

"Nein. *Ah*—" insisted Maria.

She Admits She Screamed

AND then Marlene Dietrich screamed and rushed to the front office. "I did," she admitted. "I screamed, I tell you. I wouldn't scream for myself, but for my *child*—"

Of course, the newspaper reports that the permit to work had been taken from the child were ridiculous. The child had a permit for two days only and she worked those two days.

"It was not the teacher's fault," Marlene added. "If the child were going to work in pictures, she would go to school on the lot, of course. Only she is *not* going to make more pictures!"

I told Marlene that people seemed to think that she had a complex on the subject of Maria.

"But that is ridiculous. When people have asked me to talk before, I have said, 'But why? I could only say what every mother would say. Mothers will read it and perhaps remark, "She is right"—but they will not be amazed. Each mother feels that way about her child.'"

Other actresses have stormed. But Marlene's deadly quiet—her amazing ability to keep silent and let the other fellow tangle himself in words—is the true secret of how she has handled each situation until the teaching-of-Maria. When Paramount wants her to sign a new contract that she does not desire, she says "No." She does not argue or threaten or

(*Continued on page 64*)

JAMES CAGNEY Confesses He Couldn't Be a Doctor!

Longworth

Remember when he walked out of films and said he might study medicine? That was "hooey," says Jimmy—who can't stand the sight of pain. (He even pulls those punches he gives girls on the screen.) Here's a slant at Cagney you never had before!

By GLADYS HALL

"I HATE PAIN," said red-headed James Cagney, looking as if he could give the first comer a good hearty bop on the nose. "I can't stand the sight of human suffering, mental or physical. I can't even sock a woman on the screen without feeling nauseated. Fact is, I've developed a socking technique of my own that makes for realism, but wouldn't hurt the pollen on a butterfly's wing. I don't even like to sock men in pictures. I've got a soft technique for them, too. Which is why all that publicity about my wanting to be a doctor was a lot of hooey.

"Yes, I did say I wanted to be one. I had to say something that last time I walked out on the movies and people asked me what I planned to do. I had to say I planned to do something. Two of my brothers are doctors and my sister is studying medicine, so it naturally popped into my head. But it was publicity and nothing more.

"*I couldn't be a doctor.* I can't stand the sight of a cut finger without wanting to bawl. I couldn't perform an operation or watch a man die to save my life—or the patient's. The amount of human suffering there is in the world is enough to drive me nuts.

"It started 'way back. When I was a kid of about six or seven, I used to sit on my mother's lap at the window, watching for my Dad to come home from work at the crack of dawn. One chilly, gray morning, we were sitting there like that when I saw a small boy, about my own age, slither across the street like a thin scared rat and start rooting around in a *garbage pail* for something to eat. It was my first contact with the appalling fact that half of the world starves while the other half gorges. I tell you, I grew old in that minute. I felt sick. I couldn't eat all day. For months afterwards I never sat down to a good, hearty meal that I didn't see that skinny little human rat, digging in the offal for a scrap to eat. It did something to me that I'll never get over. That experience helped to make me what I am to-day.

Things He Has Never Forgotten

"THEN, when I was about ten or so, we lived in a neighborhood where, on the other side of the street, were rows of dingy, dreary houses and they always had signs on the doors—'Contagious Disease,' 'Diphtheria,' 'Scarlet Fever'—strung along like signs of ill-omen. Kids were always falling off roofs, chasing pigeons, and getting smashed to bits. Women were screaming in the pain of childbirth, without medical care, in wretched surroundings. Crape appeared on the doors, rusty and limp and black, making death the dreadful end of a dreadful life. Windows were smashed. Drunken husbands came home in the middle of the night and beat up their already-beaten wives. Rival gangs of baby ruffians cut other gangs of baby ruffians into ribbons. The ambulance and the patrol wagon screamed their sirens down that street at all hours.

(*Continued on page 60*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS PICTURES

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Acme

Polly Moran rebelled. If she couldn't have romance on the screen, she was going to have it in private life. So she up and eloped—yes, eloped!—with Martin Malone, Los Angeles attorney (above)

It had to come—a fan dance in the movies, we mean. And Ginger Rogers (top left) is the girl who will wave the plumes in "Sitting Pretty." She carries less than Sally Rand, but wears more!

Acme Photos

Hollywood's most loving couple—Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson—are closer than ever now. He's at her studio, making "Wonder Bar"

From the looks of things, Carole Lombard and William Powell are on the verge of kissing and making up. Since their divorce, they have rediscovered each other's attractions. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," etc.!

All the comics are going romantic. Andy Devine has just joined the parade to Las Vegas—eloping with Dorothy House (right)

THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS PICTURES

Wide World

Are you wondering what became of last August's hot spell? Well, Dorothy Mackaill and Arline Judge lugged it down to Palm Springs, below Hollywood, where they are cooling off while you are shivering

Wedding bells will soon ring for Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Doris Warner, daughter of Harry M. Warner, the film executive. When the nuptial knot is tied, Mervyn and his bride will honeymoon in Europe and points East.

Wide World

Wide World

With the social season now fastened upon Hollywood, all the pretty visitors are being escorted to all the bright spots by movie bachelors. When Gwen Heller, a New York visitor, danced so often with Dick Powell (left), Hollywood spied a romance

The honeymooners, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee (below), have returned home after being married in a little white church back East. They hope to find a little white cottage

Acme

At the right, Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio and his sister, Carmen Samaniego, recently contributed to the program for the benefit of the Tampico hurricane sufferers. Ramon gave his first local song recital, while his companions did classical dances

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez are chuckling even yet about how they eluded reporters and were married secretly. Now, they're wondering if they can get away for a "secret" honeymoon—as soon as Johnny finishes "Tarzan and His Mate" and Lupe finishes "Joe Palooka." Reporters say "Nix!" and are watching them

Wide World

Whom did Max Baer—the surprise sensation of the year—take to the opening of "The Prizefighter and the Lady"? No one but Dorothy Dunbar, who divorced him not so long ago! Which proves that the new "It" Man has caught on to the old Hollywood customs fast. He may give up boxing for movie-acting, if tempted sufficiently

Suzanne Kaaren (right) is something new in "discoveries"—a Broadway actress, artists' model and champion college athlete, all in one. Twenty years old, she is signed up with the wily Fox Studio

Lazarnick

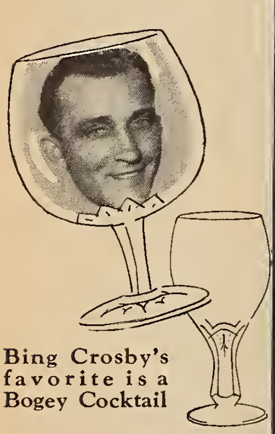
Wide World

They may step out to Hollywood parties, but Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames insist that it's going to be love-in-a-cottage for them. They wed the day after Adrienne divorced Stephen Ames

When George Raft and Marjorie King (below) go out to dinner together, they pick a spot as snug as a breakfast nook—which seems to give foundation to those rumors that it will be King for a lifetime, not just King for a day, with George. Other romance reports may come and go, but this one persists

Wide World

Hollywood Shakes a Tasty Cocktail



Bing Crosby's favorite is a Bogey Cocktail

WELL, as Ben Bernie says, the old United States has found the Eighteenth Amendment bad for the Constitution—and we are now entering the year 1 A. P. (After Prohibition). A hundred million parched throats are rejoicing over the return of the swallow—the legal swallow, that is. And Hollywood, which did its share in pointing out the abuses of Prohibition and bringing about repeal, knows how to celebrate it. Do you?

No Hollywood party is complete without its aperitifs, its highballs or its cocktails. Of course, that has always been true, only now Hollywood can talk about it. But don't get the wrong impression. Actually, there is less liquor consumption in the film capital than in most cities. This is due to the fact that motion picture stars cannot physically afford to drink. Careers and alcohol mix no more successfully than do Hitlerites and gentlemen named Cohen.

Still, with Prohibition all over, the stars are no longer reluctant to admit their occasional quaffings. For the benefit of you and *you* and YOU, a number of your screen favorites have divulged the secrets of their pet alcoholic concoctions.

Now, get your scissors and paste some of these in your recipe book. Or, if you insist, get your materials and your mixing utensils together, limber up the muscles of that old cocktail-shaking arm, and let's all have a great big party. Oke? Shake!

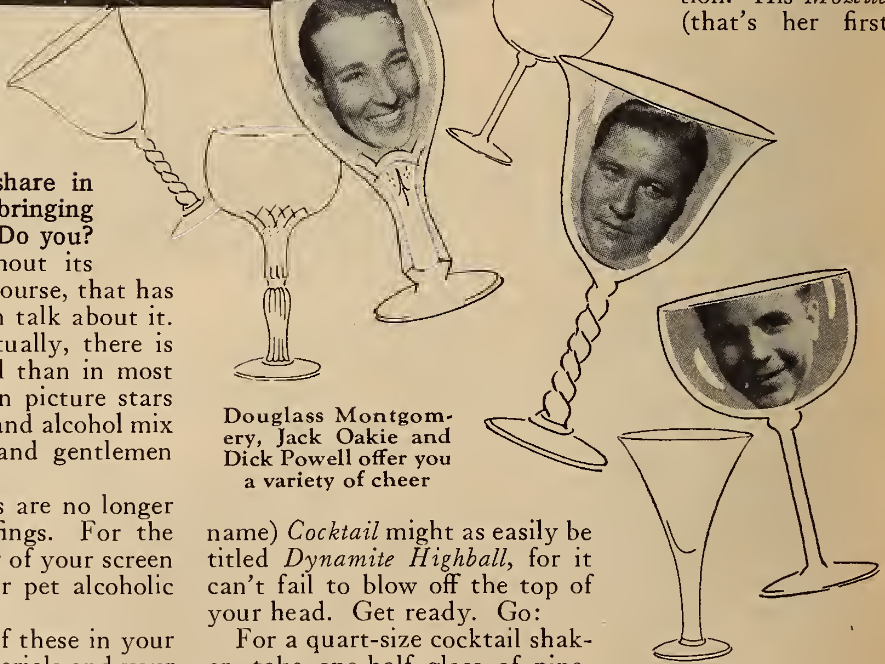
Would Make Anybody Croon

BING CROSBY'S favorite is called, by him, a *Bogey Cocktail.* (Bogey, in golf, is your mythical opponent whose score is par for the course.) Not long ago Bing entered a motion picture golf tournament. When the divots and the sand stopped flying and the air was clear enough to see through, Crosby had won the tournament. In celebration of the event, he invited all the boys into the club house and mixed his now-famous *Bogey Cocktail.* Here's how:

For each drink, served in a ten-ounce glass, take two jiggers of gin, one part of lemon juice and a spoonful of powdered sugar. Fill the glass with cracked ice, then add champagne until glass is full.

"No shaking; just stir," says Bing. "I guarantee this one will make you croon."

Trust Alan Dinehart, a newlywed, to concoct a cocktail in honor of his new inspiration. His *Mozelle* (that's her first name) *Cocktail* might as easily be titled *Dynamite Highball,* for it can't fail to blow off the top of your head. Get ready. Go:



Douglass Montgomery, Jack Oakie and Dick Powell offer you a variety of cheer

For a quart-size cocktail shaker, take one-half glass of pineapple juice, one-half glass of grapefruit juice, and the white of one egg. Mix thoroughly. Pour into shaker and add one full glass of either gin or whiskey, and a jigger of grenadine. Then fill shaker with chipped ice.

"Now, if you can find Mae West, put the shaker into her hands and strike up the band," suggests Dinehart.

Of course, if you can't find Mae, you will have to do

BY JAMES FIDLER

your own mixing—and keep it up until the outside of the shaker is thoroughly frosted. Then serve in glasses with cherries for garnishment. Sprinkle with nutmeg for special flavor.

Like a Clara Bow Kiss

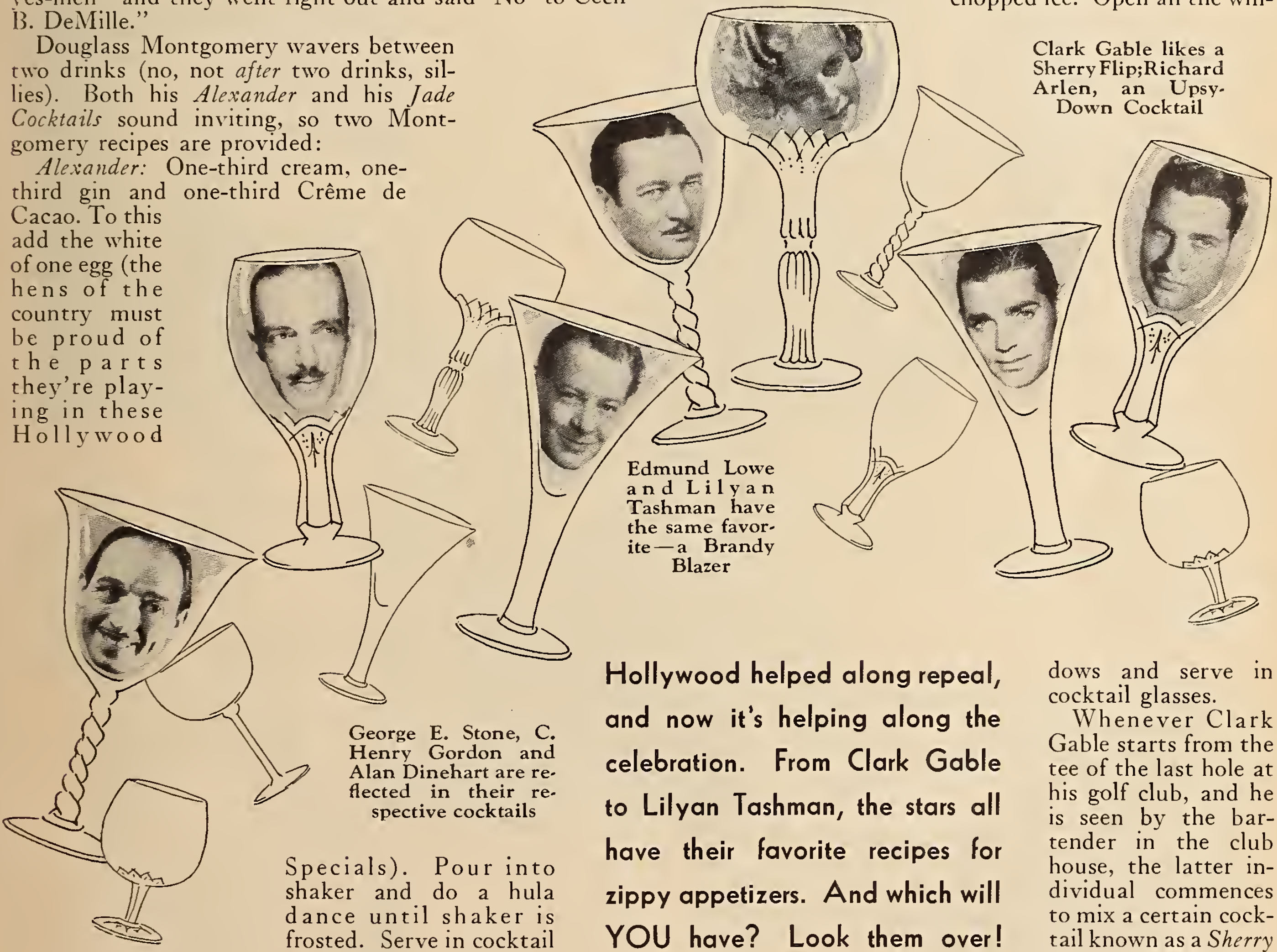
“MY *Upsy-Down Cocktail* has the potency of a Clara Bow kiss,” promises Richard Arlen. Probably you have never tasted a Bow kiss, but perhaps you've been kicked by a mule. The effects are the same. Dick's favorite mixture is thus concocted:

Take the juice of one lemon and disguise in four hookers (a hooker is a small glass about two inches tall) of Scotch whiskey. Add four teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and one egg. Season with two dashes of orange bitters.

“This should make enough for four people,” said Arlen, “unless they're college students, in which case you'll have only enough for two. I mixed this for four Hollywood yes-men—and they went right out and said ‘No’ to Cecil B. DeMille.”

Douglass Montgomery wavers between two drinks (no, not *after* two drinks, sillies). Both his *Alexander* and his *Jade Cocktails* sound inviting, so two Montgomery recipes are provided:

Alexander: One-third cream, one-third gin and one-third Crême de Cacao. To this add the white of one egg (the hens of the country must be proud of the parts they're playing in these Hollywood Specials). Pour into shaker and do a hula dance until shaker is frosted. Serve in cocktail glasses decorated with cherries. (Note: After three cocktails, omit cherries; guests won't be able to see them, anyway.)



Clark Gable likes a Sherry Flip;Richard Arlen, an Upsy-Down Cocktail

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman have the same favorite—a Brandy Blazer

George E. Stone, C. Henry Gordon and Alan Dinehart are reflected in their respective cocktails

Hollywood helped along repeal, and now it's helping along the celebration. From Clark Gable to Lilyan Tashman, the stars all have their favorite recipes for zippy appetizers. And which will YOU have? Look them over!

Jade Cocktail: Not such a green drink as you might think. Take one-half gin, one-fourth juice of limes and one-fourth juice of pineapples. Add one tablespoon of powdered sugar, and a jigger of Crême de Menthe. (If this drink is preferred tart, omit sugar.) Shake thoroughly with chopped ice, and serve in chilled cocktail glasses.

Montgomery says this *Jade Cocktail* is his own invention. A few years ago, he decided it would be fun to introduce a drink in the West Indies, and this cocktail is the result. To-day it is a popular appetizer in Havana, Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica and other play spots of the Caribbean. Montgomery denies that it was responsible for the recent Cuban revolution. But it certainly does make things go 'round!

Dick Powell's “Close-Up”

DICK POWELL'S pet cocktail (pet cocktails are like ill-tempered dogs; sometimes they bite their own masters!) is a harmless little thing he calls his *Close-Up*. “You drink it,” says Dick, “to the tune of that little song entitled, ‘Quick, get the stomach pump; Pop swallowed his glass’!” Make it this way:

Use one-third peach brandy, one-third Vermouth, and one-third gin. (Friends, this should knock the enamel off your teeth.) Add the juice of a lime and shake well with chopped ice. Open all the windows and serve in cocktail glasses.

Whenever Clark Gable starts from the tee of the last hole at his golf club, and he is seen by the bartender in the club house, the latter individual commences to mix a certain cocktail known as a *Sherry Flip*. The idea is, you *drink* a flip, then *do* a flip. (Note: They say Edward G. Robinson likes this same concoction, and his friends call it “*The Little Giant-Cracker Cocktail*” for Eddie's benefit.) These are the instructions for mixing:

Take one and one-half jiggers of imported sherry and pour into shaker. Add one whole egg. (No, not the shell, darlings. Now see what describing these drinks has done for me; I'm calling you darlings!) Anyway, add one whole egg, one and one-half tablespoons of powdered sugar, and

(*Continued on page 59*)

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

GRETA GARBO had an accident in the final days of filming "Queen Christina" that somehow failed to get into the daily papers. The stagecoach in which she was riding got too near the edge of an embankment and toppled over, rolling down a small hill. Garbo escaped injury, being only shaken up a bit.

John Gilbert does so well opposite her that he may now do the "Merry Widow."

Bachrach

With Winter almost here, they're turning on the heat in the movies. Reginald Denny (above) swelters as one of the all-male cast of "The Lost Patrol"

It looks as if another good lad is about to go wrong, what with Clara Bow turning loose those carnival wiles on Richard Cromwell in "Hoopla"

COMPARING top movie salaries with that of the President of the United States brought a storm of abuse on Hollywood's hapless head. Certain actors felt called upon to defend themselves and matters were made worse in the wordy disputes that ensued about the justice of the situation.

It remained for Fredric March to make the only succulent remark in the entire controversy. He said, "Perhaps it isn't our place to make salary comparisons, but it is my opinion that two recent Presidents were miscast."

WHAT HO! A short life and a merry one. Hollywood is again in the throes of civil warfare. And not so civil about it, either.

More or less united once under the general organization of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the various film groups are now divided into a score of camps. The actors have formed a Guild, following similar action by the screen writers. Even the assistant directors are getting together in an organized body.

It all came about with the decision that the producers were controlling the Academy. This was vigorously denied by Academy officials, but the damage was done. Several hundred resignations were tendered by actors and others who demanded the right to govern themselves.

Where it will all end, no one knows, though everyone guesses.

Between scenes of "A Man's Castle," Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young got along even better than in the picture, in which they co-star. They may do a stage play together. Can it be romance?

Fraker

Here's one of those scenes that make movies human—Helen Twelvetrees and Chester Morris removing shoes on rooming-house stairs in "King for a Night."

Marguerite Churchill—back from Broadway, wed to George O'Brien—is the latest to go frankly sex-appealish (right) in "Girl without a Room"

THEM OVER

By JACK GRANT

What actor hung up the year's record for playing in the most pictures? Comical Guy Kibbee—now in "Convention City"

BY the way, they say Garbo goes about all day singing. As it is the only popular song she has ever been heard to sing, the title should be of momentous importance to her fans.

It is "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" Next month she may get around to "Git-Along-Little-Doggie-Git-Along."

It takes a foxy young fellow to resist the ingénue charms of Jean Parker. And this one doesn't want to—between scenes of "Malibu"

DISNEY certainly started something with those "Three Little Pigs." This Silly Symphony is Mae West's only rival at the box-office. It has played more return engagements than Mae's "She Done Him Wrong." Several theatres have advertised it over the name of the feature and on more than one occasion, the "Big, Bad Wolf" has been put in lights with the trio of little porkers.

As far as the song is concerned, more than three hundred thousand copies have been sold. It tops everything in sheet music sale, the average popular tune being lucky to sell fifty thousand copies. Everyone is singing it.

A quartet of midnight vocalists raised their voices in a park in St. Petersburg, Florida, to chant the refrain and landed in jail. A passing policeman interpreted the "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" as a personal affront. His name was Wolfe.

Another casualty concerned a Brooklyn theatre manager who was haled into court recently on charges preferred by the S. P. C. A. for keeping three real little pigs in a cage. The theatre man said the piggies weren't afraid of the big, bad chills as each one wore his own little sweater.

Gloria Faythe, one of the dancing girls who helped put "Footlight Parade" in tins, will be dancing again in Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar"

William Gargan and Herbert Marshall may be two of De Mille's "Four Frightened People," but they aren't afraid of each other's rivalry

SPEAKING of affronts, serious consequences portended when Bette Davis gently thumbed her nose at Hollywood gossips by coming to a première escorted by the eight men rumored as her heart interests. One local columnist called upon the brothers Warner for whom Bette works and threatened all manner of dire retaliations.

It seemed that this writer was

(Continued on page 69)

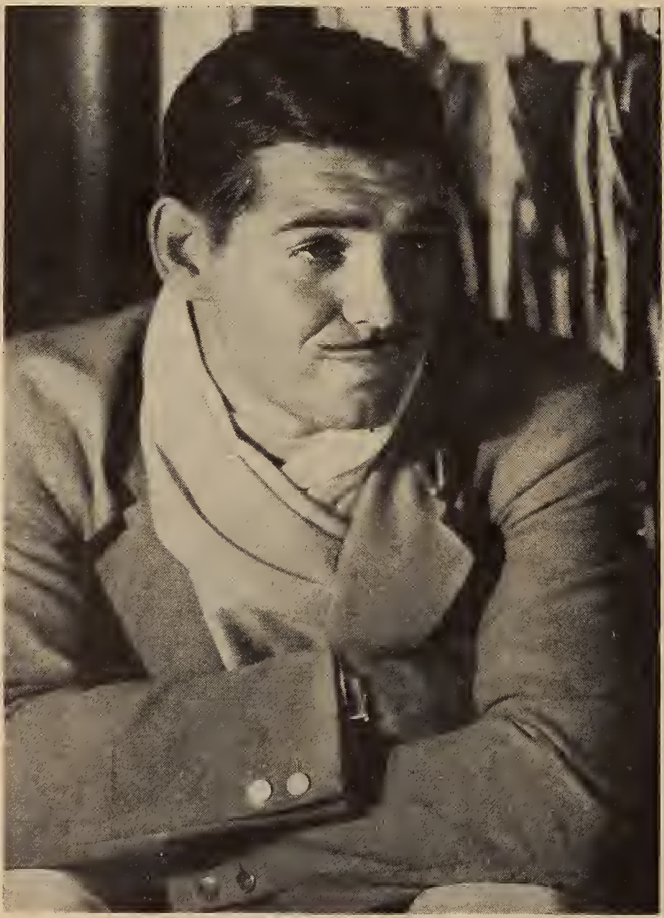
Acme

Estelle Taylor, back from a personal appearance tour, pays a call on a famous Broadwayite, now in films—Judith Anderson (right), playing with George Bancroft in "Blood Money"

Are Women to Lose CLARK GABLE?

Women have idolized him, and women have made him what he is to-day. "So what?" asks Clark. What matters except living his own life again? He wants to escape from Hollywood and all that it means. He had time to think it all over, when he was ill!

CLARK GABLE told me, "If I had enough laid aside so that I would have a sure income of a hundred dollars a week, I'd leave all this in a moment. I've said that before. But I know now that we never get all we want out of life, so I'll probably never get all of that hundred dollars a week. So when I get a part of it, only a *small* part—"



In other words, the moment that Clark Gable gets enough of that hundred dollars a week to protect him against starvation, plus enough to protect his family, he is leaving. He's going to live life as *he* desires, rather than as Hollywood, movie audiences, and perhaps even those closest to him desire.

"I'm bored. I'm fed up. I've lost my ambition. I just work here now. I do my work as well as I can, but I don't worry about it. I used to read everything that was written about me, but now I don't care what they say. The moment a picture is done, I jump into my car and dash away from everything. I go alone, hunting, shooting. Motion pictures are just a job to me—the same as any other job!"

We have heard other actors say similar things. We have elevated our noses a little higher. "Talking for effect. Biting the hand that feeds 'em. If they had their Hollywood chance taken away, we'd see how much they wanted it."

Therefore, it's difficult for writers to convince even themselves that an actor is sincere when he makes such a statement. Clark Gable didn't try to convince me. He didn't care whether I believed him or not. Perhaps that's one reason why I do believe him. Another is: Rita Gable, his wife, confessed in a casual conversation that she is worried about Clark. "He's not interested in all this—not as he used to be," she said.

By RUTH BIERY

Money Isn't Enough Any Longer

OF course, Clark has never become a true Hollywoodite as most actors do. He has always been a bit indifferent to the fame and the glory and the adulation given him. He told me once, "I am paid not to think," and behind the remark was a restlessness, a disappointed nervousness that said, more plainly than words, "What's a man doing in a game where he's paid *not to think?*"

But at the time he made this particular statement, he was content with the thought, "At least, I am *paid* not to think!" And the word "pay" came before the word "think." In other words, his salary of four figures a week was compensation for being in what he felt—'way deep in his heart—was not a man's game. But to-day not even *pay* is adequate compensation.

"Of course, lying in the hospital had a lot to do with it," he explained. "As I told you, I was paid not to think in Hollywood, so I didn't think. But after that operation—eight weeks! There are only two or three bad days and you don't remember them, anyway. The rest of the time, you *think*. You lie there, alone. You know that you very nearly didn't live and—well, only life and death seem to matter. You've escaped death; you have life. *So what?*

"And you think back to the days when you were 'down there.' And now you're 'up here.' *So what?* What have you gained—besides having things a little easier? And after you get them a little easier—*what then?* That's what I asked myself again and again in that bed: '*So what?*'

"The real values of life are better 'down at the bottom' than 'up at the top.' And down there, you have hopes, expectations. You keep thinking of the thrill you will have when you get 'up there.' And then you get there and there isn't anything to

(*Continued on page 52*)

Portrait by C. S. Bull

LUPE VELEZ

Lupe isn't just daring and dangerous. She's mysterious, now, too. And is she an expert at it! For months she kept even Johnny Weissmuller guessing whether or not she would elope with him. (She once said she would never mix movies and marriage—remember?) And when she did elope, she kept the secret three weeks—Lupe, who never used to have any secrets! She'll give plenty of life to "The Hollywood Party," not to mention "Joe Palooka," with Stuart Erwin and word-slaughterer Jimmy Durante!

JUDITH ALLEN

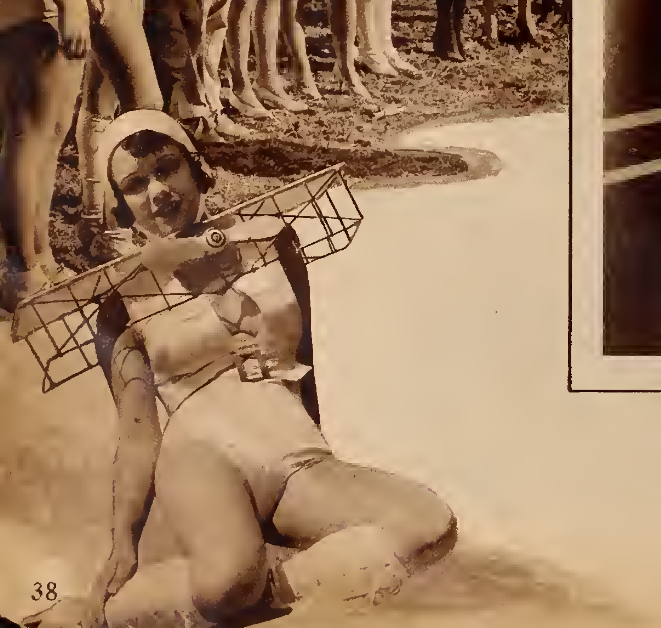
Judith is the latest in the long list of "discoveries" of Cecil De Mille—who changed her name from Marie Elliott and gave her the feminine lead in "This Day and Age." She's from 'way down East, where she learned her acting in stock companies—but didn't have to learn about sex appeal. "Hell and High Water" won't be holding Judith back!

Portraits by Richee

CLAIRE TREVOR

Claire is another newcomer who is going places on the screen—racing Judith to fame. She's also an Easterner, and a glamourous graduate of stock companies. After proving her mettle in two Westerns, she got her big chance opposite Spencer Tracy in "The Mad Game." And now she has replaced Sally Eilers, no less, opposite James Dunn in "Jimmy and Sally"!

Portraits by Carl Dial



ON TO RIO WITH 'PLANE AND FANCY STEPPERS

This rising generation of chorus beauties—well, they've risen to be mile-high steppers in "Flying Down to Rio," which features Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond (top left), Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire (right), and something novel in musical comedies. They'll be rolling down to Rio in an airliner, dancing on the breezy wings!

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Norma, the Queen of Sophisticated Charm, is back—after a year's absence that only made the moviegoers' hearts grow fonder of her, remembering her in "Smilin' Through." Her husband, Irving Thalberg, who was ill, meant more to Norma than her career—and only when he was well and had returned to producing did she want to return to the screen. You will first see her in "Rip Tide"

NORMA SHEARER

MARY ASTOR

Mary rose to fame in the old silent days when players were "typed," once they became popular. Mary always had to be a fragile ingénue. But those days are gone forever. She can act unsympathetic rôles now, as well as romantic ones. She can be—and is—different in every picture. And is she in demand? With "Convention City" finished, she's starting "Easy to Love"!

THE BEST-HATTED LOVERS OF THE SCREEN

Here are five lads who like to keep their sex appeal under their hats—and still they're hits with the girls. Sooooo! toppers will continue to adorn top-notchers William Powell (top left), now "The King of Fashion"; William Gargan (top right) and Herbert Marshall (right center), both among "Four Frightened People"; Lee Tracy (above), giving "Advice to the Lovelorn"; and Adolphe Menjou (right), who's "Easy to Love" in a hat!

Autrey

What's the Answer to CHARLOTTE HENRY?

To Hollywood, the little girl on the cover is a question mark. She not only looks like the drawings of *Alice*, but seems to fit Lewis Carroll's description of an "innocent girl with eyes of wonder." Is it acting, or is it real?

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

HOLLYWOOD is just naturally skeptical about Discoveries. When a girl is announced as a "find," the old meanies' comment is a derisive "Oh, yeah?" or "So what?" No matter where she comes from, or who she is, the "inside story" of how she came to be discovered is passed from booth to booth at the Brown Derby within the hour. But Charlotte Henry has even Hollywood guessing.

There is reported to be a scheme afoot to have Charlotte change her name to "Alice," because, as soon as the casting director saw her—the next-to-last of sixty-eight hundred girls who were tested for the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland"—he realized that here was *Alice*. He recognized her from the illustrations of the book. Fifty years before she was born, Sir John Tenniel drew Charlotte—her wide-open blue eyes, arched eyebrows, long, straight, naturally blonde hair and full, childish lips—peeking over the edge of the Mushroom at the Caterpillar . . .

And the funny part of this version of a first impression of her is that it's plausible. She DOES look like *Alice* come to life. But no one—not even a press-agent—is trying to say that this *Alice* dropped suddenly into a studio contract by way of a rabbit hole, or clambered into town through the looking-glass walls of Sardi's. For Hollywood has known Charlotte for four years, ever since Fox first brought the little Brooklyn girl to the West Coast in 1929, after she had scored in juvenile rôles in two Broadway successes

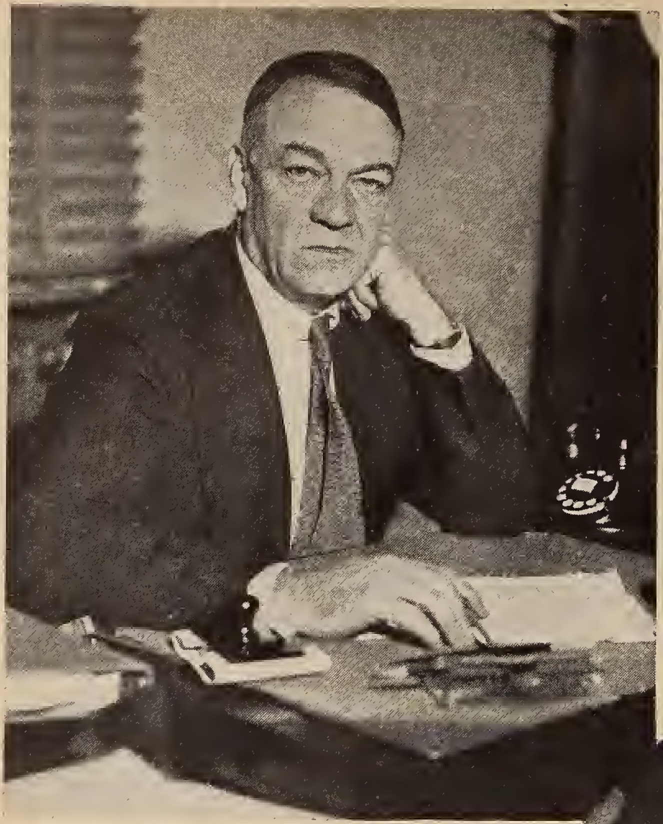
She played juvenile rôles in "Harmony at Home" at Fox, "Courage" at Warners, and "Huckleberry Finn" at Paramount. More recently, she proved that she was growing up by appearing as the leading lady of "Lena Rivers." But Hollywood didn't seem to pay much attention, and rôles seemed scarce, so she accepted a stage part in "Growing Pains" at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. She hadn't even thought of trying out for "Alice in Wonderland," but two other girls at the theatre had and persuaded her to make the camera and voice tests that made her famous overnight. Hollywood date addicts, whose chief occupation is to prove actors and actresses a decade older than they claim, will have a hard time adding many more years to the seventeen (or is it nineteen?) to which Charlotte admits.

Charlotte Henry is no novice as an actress. In 1929, when she looked as in center, she was lured West from Broadway. In 1932, she played the leading rôle in "Lena Rivers" (left). But fame didn't arrive till she won the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland" (right)

She Fits the Description

THERE is something quaint and old-fashioned about Charlotte in this age of sophisticated seventeens and knowing

(*Continued on page 67*)



Acme

Said General Hugh S. Johnson, NRA Administrator (above): "There is considerable feeling in the country that with all but one of the major companies in receivership, many of the salaries are grotesque"

MOVIE
Will

Washington has labeled Hollywood salaries
looks as if it intends to do something about
inch of the way. It looks like the biggest

The stars, for "self-protection," have organized the Screen Actors' Guild to fight salary cuts. Above, you see Ralph and Frank Morgan signing up

By MARK DOWLING

Acme

Sol A. Rosenblatt, deputy NRA Administrator for the movie industry, heard all sides—and left the salary curb in the code

WHAT'S Washington going to do about those high movie salaries? That's what Hollywood wants to know—half-mournfully, half-pugnaciously. Is the Golden Age all over? It began to look like it when Washington started planning an NRA code for the movie industry and said something about curbing "unreasonably high" salaries. And when it was hinted that the curb might not stay in the movie code, there still was no reason for cheering. For it was announced that the Federal Trade Commission "or some other agency" would look into the matter, if the NRA didn't take care of it!

When the battle started, a touch of slapstick comedy, on the Mack Sennett order, was added to the hitherto serious proceedings of the National Recovery Act. In the controversy that followed, characterized by "indignant" mass meetings, fiery protests from actors, and a generous exchange of rank-smelling verbal bouquets, observers could recognize the good old pie-throwing technique. And the affair was not made more serious by memories of the oft-repeated plaint of almost every actor in town, during interviews: "If only we could get back to the simple things—away from all this money, fame and extravagance!"

"This controversy is a pippin!"—and now we are quoting General Hugh S. Johnson, the NRA administrator, and the only participant who seems to have kept a sense of humor. Maybe he kept asking himself how the NRA would go about scaling down salaries to "reasonable" figures. How, for instance, would *you* set a value on torso-twitching Mae West? By the hour, by the box-office percentages, or at so much a twitch?

Hollywood, itself, has completely missed the chuckles in the situation, probably being too close to the sulphurous odor of the battlefront. But the country at large, mainly concerned with such problems as the nation's economic future, our ten million unemployed and the NRA, itself,

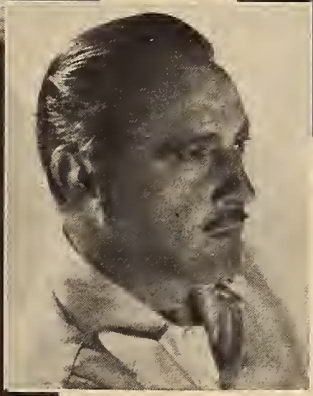
SALARIES—
They Be Cut?

"unreasonably high"—and them. But stars will fight every battle ever in movie history!

Greta Garbo (left) is said to receive six times more than President Roosevelt, whose salary is only slightly larger than that of Jackie Cooper (below)

If Morgan could "take it," how about Eddie Cantor (left)? Constance Bennett (below) once drew $30,000 a week

Acme



John Barrymore, who works by the picture, averages around $6,500 a week

has found itself unable to appreciate the pathetic wails of picture actors at the prospect of seeing their salaries limited to a mere $75,000 or $100,000 a year. The actors' complaints were received without much sympathy—as mere comedy relief.

A Few of the High Salaries

DUE to the secrecy that surrounds salaries, it is impossible to guarantee the accuracy of the figures in this article (except for President Roosevelt, who is willing to admit what *he* makes), but here are some of the earnings of picture players in the past, which may be lowered in the future:

John Gilbert was rated at a half-million dollars a year; Will Rogers, Harold Lloyd, Constance Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin were listed as above the $400,000-a-year mark; while Ruth Chatterton, Marion Davies, Richard Barthelmess, and Ann Harding came in the $300,000 to $400,000 per year class.

The *Los Angeles Times*, with the caution that the salaries quoted are "arbitrary," apparently has reason for thinking that Greta Garbo receives $9,000 a week; Will Rogers and Maurice Chevalier, $7,500 a week; Constance Bennett, $7,000 a week; John Barrymore, $6,500 a week; Norma Shearer, $6,000 a week; Wallace Beery, $5,000 a week; Janet Gaynor, $3,550 a week; and Jackie Cooper, $1,300 a week.

These may be some of the salaries of which General Johnson was thinking when he said, "There is considerable feeling in the country that with all but one of the major companies in receivership, many of the salaries are grotesque."

You see, the problem started seriously, with a question as to what became of the profits of films. Were they eaten up by the "overhead" of huge salaries? That was what stockholders in film companies, who feel that they haven't been getting a fair return on their investments, wanted to know. And about that time, some bright young economist suggested that the salaries should be reduced.

Actors Blame Producers

BUT at any talk of limiting salaries, actors cry, "Why pick on us?" and add that the whole situation is the fault of the producers, anyway. In fact, they have gone further, and have telegraphed President Roosevelt to the effect that "we deplore the attempts to saddle the sins of these financial buccaneers on the creative talent of the business."

(May we suggest to Hollywood gag writers that for the hero of a comedy to call his boss, in public, a financial buccaneer, would provide a brand-new humorous situation?)

(*Continued on page 54*)

Divorce? Well, CANTOR Is Getting Desperate!

Where could he ever find another woman who would burn a lamb chop as Ida can? Eddie asks—but he's sick of seeing other stars land on the front page, while he's stuck back on page five!

"WHAT'S this," I asked Eddie Cantor on the "Roman Scandals" set, "about you and Ida getting a divorce? Say it isn't so, Eddie."

Eddie looked thoughtful. "No," he finally answered. "It's so. And I'm going to miss Ida, too. No one can burn a lamb chop like that gal. Or throw important papers into the waste-basket. Or mix up my laundry. Yes, I'm going to miss Ida, but it has to be. We're going to get a divorce."

"When?" I asked.

"Right away," Eddie answered.

"Where?"

"Any place that guarantees the most cameramen."

"Why? Don't you love your wife any more?"

"Oh, sure," Eddie answered. "I love her all right, and she loves me, too. She'll never get another guy like me," he went on, showing the least bit of emotion. "She told me, herself, that she'd never find another man who can speak so loud or so much as I. Or mess up the living room more.

"And she'll never find three other men who use the word 'I' as often. She has told me that, herself. She says I'm in perfect health, but I've got 'I' trouble. Oh, she'll miss me all right, but I'm decided. We're going to get a divorce."

"But why?" I insisted. "You assure me that you love each other and that you'll have no one to mix up your laundry without her. Why the divorce?"

Eddie took a long pull on his stogie. "Well, I'll tell you," he started. "To be perfectly frank, it's a business move. I've got to get more publicity.

What Drove Him to Decision

"ALL my life, newspaper editors have stuck me back on page five with the want-ads. I practically never hit page one. And, to be perfectly honest with you, I'm pretty sick of it.

"Look at Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. Look at Mary and Doug. It's getting so that I can't pick up the paper without reading about them. It's enough to make a guy discontented.

"But who reads about Cantor? They've got me hidden under weather reports all the time. It's terrible. I've been brooding about this for a long time and last night I picked up the 'phone and got my wife in New York.

" 'Ida,' I said. 'Don't call me husband *no* more. We're through.'

" 'What do you mean—through?' Ida snapped. 'Say that again. Maybe I didn't get you.'

" 'I mean *through*,' I came back. 'Through, as in finished. Through, as in washed up. Through, as in quits.'

"Then I went on to tell her how I've got page-five trouble and how if she really loved me and wanted to see me get ahead, she'd divorce me.

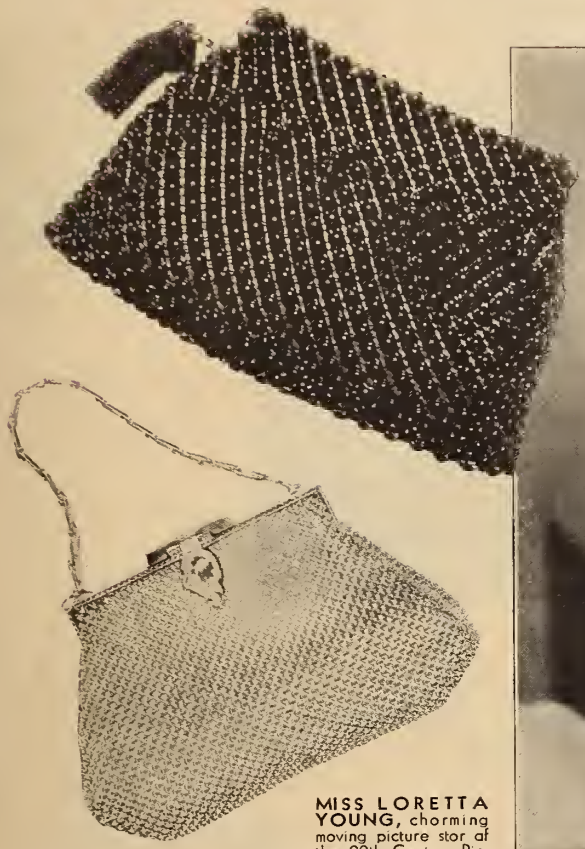
" 'Who will get the children?' she asked.

" 'I'll take Marjorie and Natalie,' I answered, 'because they're the oldest and will either be working or married before so very long. I can get them off my hands. You can have Marilyn

(*Continued on page 68*)

By ROBERT FENDER

Will *your* Christmas gifts bear the mark of *smart approval?*



Upper Bag: No. 1986. New Habnoil Metal Mesh, large envelope, pouch, and flat shapes. Talon slide fastener; silk-lined, double pocket, mirror, mesh tassel and back strap.

Lower Bag: No. 3561. Pouch style in Beadlite Metal Mesh, smart clasp frame, chain handle. Silk-lined, with mirror. Made also in Pearlized colors.

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"Hand in hand with Fashion," Metal Mesh gleams brilliantly on the smartest costumes of Fall and Winter . . . in complete ensembles . . . or in highlights of brightly cheerful contrast against newest fabrics! ¶ Bags in every type of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh. Ensemble effects in jackets, capes, belts, gauntlets, hats and jewelry . . . and **newest** . . . **shoes** in Metal Mesh! Fascinating opportunities for selection . . . unusual, desirable, practical gifts, $3 to $10. ¶ Check them at your favorite store against your Christmas list. Discover how easily they will solve your Holiday remembrance problems.

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EDNA BEST
(Mrs. Herbert Marshall)

By
ELISABETH
GOLDBECK

Can HERBERT MARSHALL Have Sex-Appeal, *Now That He's a Daddy?*

Herbert, who has a sense of humor, says he DOES feel "changed" since the birth of his daughter. But he says he never wanted sex-appeal, anyhow. Which is a strange statement from a young screen romantic!

THERE is always a period of panic in the hearts of true movie fans when one of the great lovers of the screen has his first baby. Will he weather such blessedness with no damage to his sex-appeal? Or will fatherhood get him? What, for example, has it done to Herbert Marshall?

Not long ago, a crisis was reached in the Marshall career. He returned to Hollywood, a father for the first time on American soil. In England he was already a veteran at the job, since Sarah Lynn Marshall was six weeks old when her parents bade her a temporary goodbye to fulfill movie contracts in America. Plenty of time for parental stuffiness to have set in. And he was looked over anxiously for signs of domesticity and change.

Though he doesn't conform to the accepted standard for great lovers, Herbert Marshall has always rated aces high with the romantics, both personally and professionally. He is the hero of a true love story that began when Edna Best, the mother of twin boys, fell in love with him ardently enough to disentangle herself from her first marriage and become his wife. He has never failed in power and appeal since then.

Hollywood ignorantly gasped when Edna walked out of a John Gilbert picture because she couldn't bear to be separated from her husband, who was in New York. But after getting that first glimpse of him in "Secrets of a Secretary," everyone understood and would have jumped at the chance to follow him anywhere. Now fan mail heaps upon him, and every woman who meets him comes away in virtually a daffy condition.

He Does "Feel Changed"

"DO you think the baby has had any effect on your sex-appeal?" I therefore asked, as reluctant spokesman for the anxious millions.

It was apparently a new idea to Mr. Marshall, who was looking and behaving exactly as he had pre-parentally.

"I hadn't thought of that possibility at all," he mused. "You mean, people might say, 'Oh, he's married and a father. There's no romance about him!'?"

He pondered that a moment. "I don't know," he said, "I do feel changed, rather. I got a great thrill from the birth of my daughter. I can't predict what it will do to my screen personality—but I assure you that it wouldn't have stopped me from becoming a father, if I had thought it would have some effect one way or the other on my sex-appeal."

He used the word with amusement.

"'Sex-appeal' has become such a loose term. We use it for a quality that hasn't a great deal to do with sex. And I don't think that's the basis of my appeal, anyway. I hope not.

"I can't analyze what I am on the screen, but I have a fairly definite idea of what I would like to be. I would choose to be known and liked for a certain forthright quality, an honesty and directness. And humor. I would like to be subtle in humor.

"But I'm horribly bored with being called 'polished.' That has become the curse of my screen career, the adjective I'm always tagged with. I made a point of writing the vice-president of Paramount a special request that I be allowed to spit in somebody's eye in my next picture. I'm so tired of kissing hands, and being a gentleman."

I've heard producers regretting that Herbert is so inevitably well-bred, so very Mayfair in his speech and manner, that as an actor he simply can't do justice to the lower classes. His innocent desire to spit is therefore very understandable—it's just the Marshall version of the comedian wanting to play *Hamlet*.

The Actor He'd Like to Be

"WHAT I would like," he said, "if I were this person I'd like to be, would be to appeal to women (after all, women have got to like you, haven't they, for success in pictures?)—but without being loathed and despised by the husbands or whoever the men are who are sitting beside them in the theatre. I'd want to be able to have women like me, and say they like me, without getting a sneer from their escorts."

Herbert went on with his self-portraiture. "I'd want to treat women on the screen as they like to be treated in life, and still have the men like me. That's pretty difficult, of course, because women would like to be treated in ways their husbands and lovers might not approve of at all.

"But the main point and the greatest safeguard is to avoid screen glamour—that is, any of the qualities that have made the glamourous males of the screen. Of course, I couldn't be glamourous anyway, even if I tried. I haven't a rich smile—" he said that with an unction that recalled all the pomaded heroes of the past—"or that kind of strong physical sex-appeal that consists of—Ooosh!!"

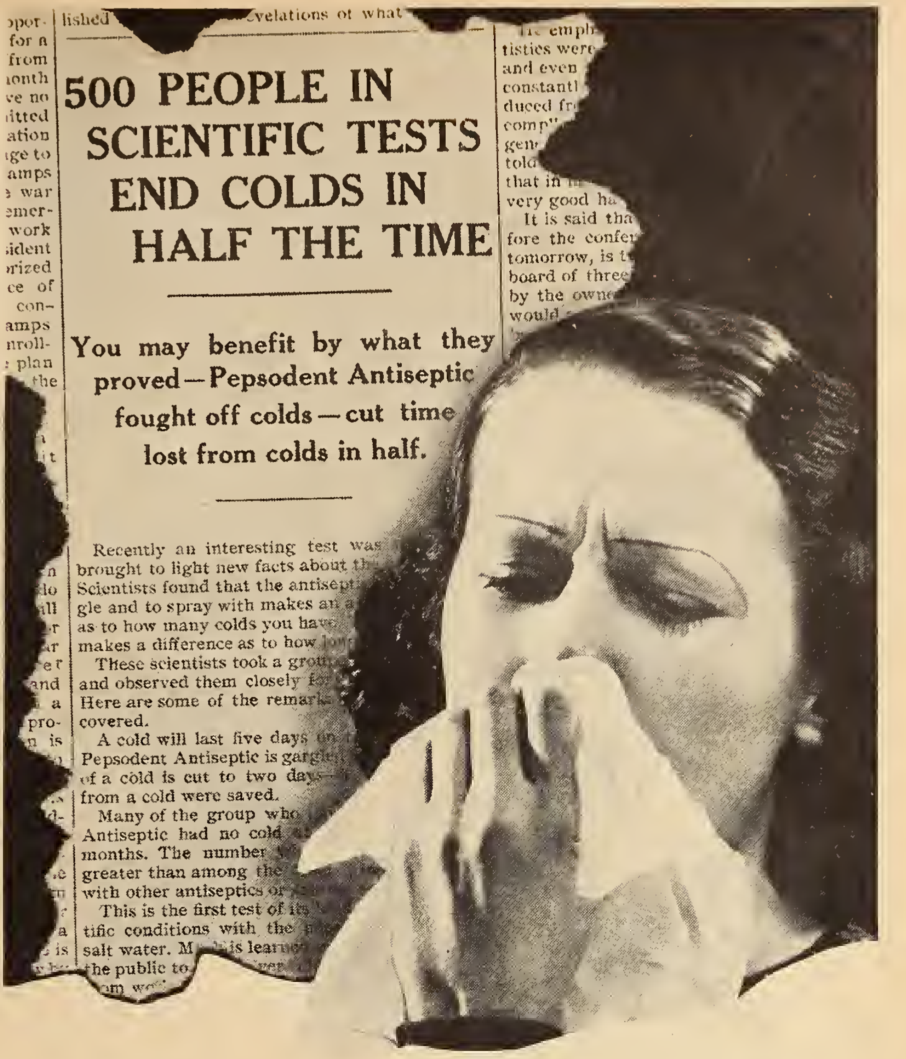
He supplemented his sound effects with a movement of the shoulders that embraced all the animal magnetism that has been let loose on the screen from the earliest days to date.

"That sort of thing is what the men hate and resent. If I were this ideal creature, I'd want women to like me for some other reason than that. I would want my sex-appeal to be concealed, or at least to come to them in some other guise. I wouldn't want to be without it entirely, of course—I just wouldn't want to trade on it alone."

But He'd Hint of Embraces

THE Marshall idea is so close to the reality, you'll notice, that it must be a great satisfaction to everybody, including

(Continued on page 51)



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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

"Hollywood Is a Chain Gang—But I Don't Want to Escape," Says Warner Baxter

(*Continued from page 19*)

glance. No one paid the slightest attention to me. Why should they? I'm just one of what Clive Brook called 'the chain gang' here in Hollywood.

"That was a swell interview with Clive, but I don't entirely agree with it. Hollywood *is* a chain gang, all right, but don't you fool yourself, or be fooled—not one of us wants to escape from it. You couldn't drive us away. I know you couldn't drive *me* away. I hope I'm an actor until the last bell rings. And if I can't be in front of the camera, I hope to God I can be somewhere in back of it.

Would Be Miserable Elsewhere

"I'D be utterly miserable anywhere else in the world. I wouldn't know what to do or where to go. It's getting worse all the time. There was a time when I liked to take trips and be away for a few weeks or a few months. Now, I chafe at the bit after a week at sea or wherever I go. I think I may be unique among actors in that I have never said, because I have never thought, that I want to be out of it all, to escape.

"Hollywood is not only the safest place in the world for an actor from the point of view of going unmolested and being allowed to live his own life, if he really wants to live that way. I even do the marketing and bring home bundles of spinach and steak off and on, and no one thinks it odd. But it is also the safest place for a *married* actor.

"They say, and write, that there are matrimonial dangers in Hollywood; that divorce is epidemic; that marriages cannot last here, among the film people. Well, I only know that mine has lasted for more than fifteen years and I know, too, that these same people who have divorced here after a year or two would have divorced within three months anywhere else in the world. It was the people and not the place.

"Here, an actor is subject to temptations from beautiful girls and seductive women, of course. The world's most beautiful girls and most seductive women are not gathered together in any other one spot. But that's one safety valve—there are so many of 'em that, after a time, it is like working in a candy shop and disdaining to eat a gumdrop.

"Here, also, one actor is only one among many. He shares the spotlight, so flattering elsewhere, with all the Ronald Colmans and Clark Gables and Robert Montgomerys and Leslie Howards of the place. I, Warner Baxter, share with these men. I get only a very small percentage of the attentions and a correspondingly small share of the temptations. If I were anywhere else in the world, I would be a center of attraction—not because I am I, Heaven knows, but because I am *Warner Baxter*, a publicized name, a recognized 'attraction,' fresh from the Midway. A curiosity.

Don't Need Romance for Escape

"HERE, too, we are among our own kind, people with the same interests as ours, who speak our language. We talk things over—the Ronald Colmans and I. We know what these flattering girls really want when they flatter. We know how much of it is for us as *men* and how much for us as possible stepping stones to bigger and better parts. As men of all crafts talk over the various problems they encounter, so we here in Hollywood talk over our problems and the things we are up against and why. We'd be lonely if we couldn't.

"Then there is the little matter of escape. Bankers, brokers, merchants, commercial business men of all kinds are forever seeking what the psychologists call 'escape' from the humdrum monotony of their lives. Some of them escape by traveling. Some of them 'go back to the land.' Some of them go in for hunting, for golf; a good many of them distract themselves by playing about with delightful women—lovely women who are to them what food would be to a starving, isolated man, for they are novelties and not a part of their every-day, workaday lives.

"In Hollywood we do not have to seek escape—we are escaping all the time, every day, every week, with every new part. I am never Warner Baxter for more than a week or a month at a time. I live a thousand lives and know a thousand loves. I don't have *time* to get tired of being myself or of being my wife's husband. Before there can be any palling, any monotony, I escape again into some other character with all his problems and passions and troubles and delights.

"I can't get tired of making love to my wife. I can't wonder what it might be like to hold some other women in my arms, to kiss her, to make love to her because I *have* to make love to other women, year after year on the screen. I have to keep shifting from one woman to another. In real life I can—and do—love just one woman. And the permanence of that one love seems marvelous, almost miraculous.

"When I played *The Cisco Kid*, for instance—well, by what other means could a man know such romance, such high adventure, such complete departure from himself and all of his habits and life and love? I WAS *The Cisco Kid* for the duration of that production, and when I came back to being Warner Baxter again, it was rather a novelty.

"I always escape from myself when I am working. When I made 'Six Hours to Live,' for instance, I was absolutely that man. I slept with him or *in* him at night. I thought as he thought. I had, I knew, only six hours to live and I lived, more or less, accordingly. I found new values in my life and in the people around me. I did things differently. Certain layers had been peeled off life and a new aspect of things was revealed to me.

The "Escapes" Hollywood Offers

"SO, there is no real excuse for a man in Hollywood to seek pastures new, either domestically or any other way. Hollywood gives him travel—location trips are always taking us hither and yon. Hollywood gives him release into other characters, and Hollywood gives him the escape of making love to other women and yet remaining true to his wife and safe in his own home.

"From the purely materialistic point of view," thundered Warner, "it is idiocy to complain about Hollywood. It is very fine to believe that men should work for the joy of working—and creating. But men don't. We work for money and we want the money to buy us beautiful homes, give us leisure and travel and fun and importance. Where else in the world could a man *of my age* be as secure and as successful as I am to-day, here in Hollywood? The answer is, precisely, NOWHERE.

"I had one other ambition in my life—I once thought that I would like to be a surgeon. If I had been—where would I be to-day? Unless I were the most successful surgeon living, really, I wouldn't have a tenth of what I do have. And as far as the mission of it all is concerned—the satisfying sense of feeling that you are doing something in this world to benefit your fellowmen—well, I think we of the screen are rather by way of being surgeons, too. Certainly, we do help to amputate the blues and we do benefit the circulation and we do serve as psychological outlets and emotional releases for millions of people. We do not use the knife—we use the mighty scalpel of entertainment. There is no mightier weapon.

"A man in Hollywood, an actor in Hollywood, is safely married for another reason, too. You may say that it is a too-materialistic one, but you must take into consideration that with human beings, who are, after all, *both* body and soul, the materialistic is very closely allied with the spiritual and the psychological. What I'm getting at is that there is this reason for safety—the *wife's* reason.

Wives Have Dreams Fulfilled

"ALL women, if they are really feminine, love luxury, love beautiful homes and cars and jewels and entertaining. The actor in Hollywood is usually able to give his wife these things and at an earlier age than men of other occupations. And when he does, when his wife is luxuriously housed and clothed and made to feel secure, it is rare, indeed, that she will want or try to escape from so warmly feathered a nest. If she does want to escape, it is usually into another, and equally warm nest.

"Winnie and I"—he is married to Winifred Bryson—"are building our permanent home here in Hollywood, the kind of home we have dreamed of all our lives. Into this house we are putting all the fancies and ideas and notions we have picked up after years of watching other peoples' homes, the things they had in them and the things they didn't have. I've always thought, for instance, that it's rather silly the way large houses have the kitchen on one floor and no facilities for even making a cup of tea in any other part of the house. So, we are having an electric plate installed in the living room. It will be behind a carved wood panel and it won't in any way mar the appearance of the room, but whenever Winnie and I feel like making a cup of tea for ourselves we won't have to go into the kitchen to do it.

"I've always felt it was rather silly, too, and decidedly inconvenient to have to move around a house, to different rooms, for games, cards, music, reading and so on. So I've built an enormous living room and put all these things and facilities into it.

"But the things that go into it—outside of the comfortable chairs and plenty of them, and the smoking tables with matches and full regalia and plenty of *them*—are incidental to the fact that it will be a home. Such a home as only Hollywood could have given us, safely, bought and paid for—*our own*.

"I tell you, Hollywood is the only safe place in the world for an actor. He can't be an egotist because there are too many other actors crowding into the spotlight with him. He can't plead that he wants to escape because he *does* escape all the time. He can't plead boredom with marriage because he has too much of love-making and outside 'romance' on the screen. He can't complain because he is *comfortable*, for Heaven's sake—and if he does, then he is a fool and may the thunders and lightnings strike him! I want to stay in Hollywood for the rest of my life. It would *take* thunder and lightning to blast me out of it!"

Can Herbert Marshall Have Sex-Appeal, Now That He's a Daddy?

(*Continued from page 49*)

Mr. Marshall. Most women, when required to describe the essence of Marshall's charm, say it's his sweetness. This diagnosis makes Herbert both squirm and wince. The word "sweet" is always loathsome to men when applied to themselves. But it's only the word, and not the meaning, that offends them. For Mr. Marshall means exactly what his lady admirers do when he says,

"There must be a kindliness, a sympathy, a tender quality in this person I'd like to be. But it musn't be just kindness. That would be fatal to romance. There must always be something more powerful behind it, and tenderness must always have the suggestion of—ah—an embrace."

He laughed because he was choosing his words with great delicacy, which didn't deceive anybody. What he meant was—sex. You always get back to that, whether it's Mae West with her cards on the table, or Herbert Marshall with his subtlety and (excuse it, please Mr. Marshall) polish.

I considered it all very encouraging in a new father, and was ready to go out and report to the world that he was practically unmarked by the miracle of procreation, when he observed ominously,

"I'm determined not to go on too much about my child, as fathers are wont to do. I've made up my mind to that. It's very painful for everyone else."

Scarcely had I agreed, when he said, "I like her tremendously, and I spend just as much time with her as the nurse will allow. She's always shooing me out of the room. She's fairly stern about it, but she realizes that I have some rights."

In all justice, I must admit that he spoke less like Sarah Lynn's daddy than her best beau.

His Own First Impressions

"SHE has a definite personality already," he continued. "She's a gay little thing. Bright and jolly. And she always was attractive. Never went through that mottled stage. Even when she was first born, she just looked as if she had a nice even tan—from the sea. I don't know where she acquired it."

I began to feel that parenthood was better than sex-appeal any day. Ever since his marriage to Edna Best, Herbert has been a sort of step-father, though Edna's twin boys, who are eleven now, live with her ex-in-laws.

"They're glorious," Herbert commented, "and they're with us a great deal. When our baby was born, they wired, 'So glad to hear of the arrival of Sarah Lynn. Does that make us triplets?'

"We wouldn't have been heart-broken if this one had been a boy, but we were about sixty-forty for a girl. We thought we'd rather have a girl in case of the next war. We'd much rather have her rolling bandages for the Red Cross than fighting in the trenches. For anyone who was really in the last war, and for anyone who can realize what the next one will be like, it's unbearable to think of having a son involved in it.

"I'm going to have even more fun with her a month or two from now when she comes over, or I go back, whichever it is, and she has developed a lot and much more can be done with her."

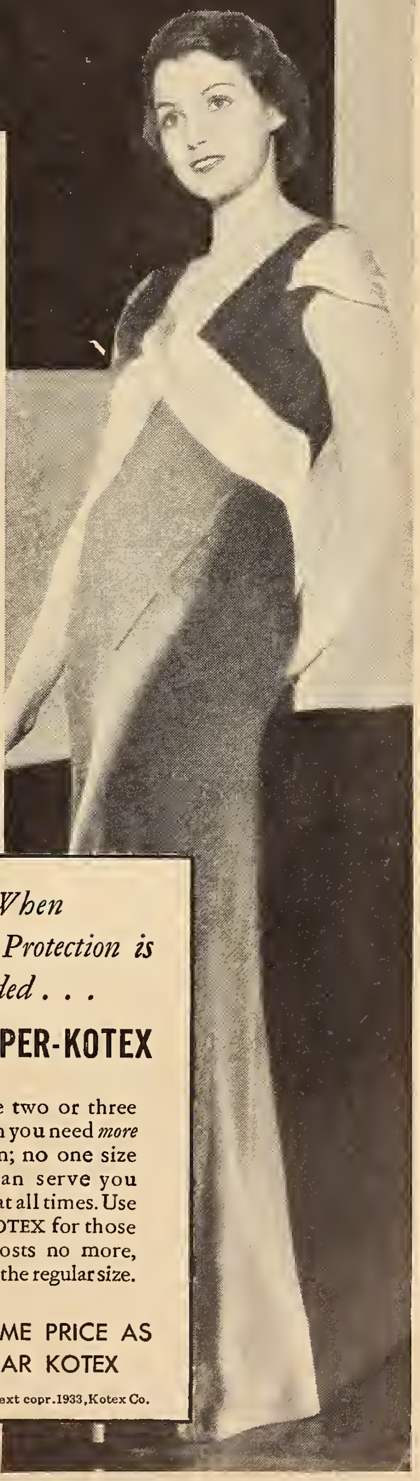
His enthusiasm carried him on and on. But there's no need for the fans to worry. Any man who can talk at length about a brand-new baby you've never seen and make you like it must have preserved his glamour intact.

Nothing Like It!

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

greater protection — untold extra comfort



EVERY woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of the Patented Equalizer—a specially-processed center. Read just what it does. An intimate explanation is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

No pad can be like it!

Examine this new Equalizer. It may look simple, but that processed center took 2½ years to develop. Imitations can be made. They will be made. But they cannot be the same—and this is why: this pad took months and months of research to develop; a board of three hundred women tested it; medical authority of high repute checked their findings; AND the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 for the use of Kotex, exclusively.

Ends, of course, "phantomized"

Rounded ends serve a purpose; but they must also be flattened and tapered, so that the "phantom" effect is certain. In Kotex this is done.

And all the other great advantages are retained—softness, absorbency, disposability, and the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. You want all these features. In Kotex, and Kotex only, do you get them.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort ... designed to give wearing ease never before possible.

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When Greater Protection is needed . . .

USE SUPER-KOTEX

There are two or three days when you need *more* protection; no one size of pad can serve you perfectly at all times. Use SUPER-KOTEX for those days. It costs no more, now, than the regular size.

NOW SAME PRICE AS REGULAR KOTEX

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Are Women to Lose Clark Gable?

(*Continued from page 34*)

long for and yearn for and have visions about. *So what?*

Has Begun to Feel Carefree

"I TELL you, I've lost my ambition. I will do my work. And if, after I've done my best, a scene is not good, I'm going to say, 'So what? That's *your* worry. Not mine. I'm only paid to work here.'

"Life and death! You're here a short time. Why not enjoy that time? I'm carefree, now, I tell you. If a picture is bad and I've done my work as well as I would chop down a tree—the best I could—why worry? *So what?*

"And when a picture is finished, my car is ready and I jump in and start going, leaving Hollywood and the studio and everything in the world behind. And I stay away until the studio calls me back.

"Listen, the happiest friends I have are a couple that I met when I was 'down there.' They have scarcely a roof over their heads. Yet, they are the most happily married couple I know. I have never met anyone to equal them for character and happiness up here. *So what?*"

"And what will you do when you have a trust fund that will give you a hundred dollars a week, and can leave this business?" I asked.

"I'll travel. And meet people and—"

"But it takes money to travel."

"Not the way I'll travel. I told you we don't get all we want. I won't get that hundred a week. I'll get a part of it. Perhaps, I'll have to work part of my way—"

I have known Clark Gable since he entered pictures, this time. I know that he is telling the truth. All the restless, nervous agitation has left him. He's carefree. That's the best word to describe him. Carefree. *So what?*

Mental Picture of His "Escape"

I DON'T think we'll have Clark Gable among us much longer. Not any longer than his contract demands. Some day, he'll be cited among those listed at Hollywood's Bureau of Missing Persons. And if you want to find him, you'll have to hunt on the decks of tramp steamers, in the seaside huts of tiny tropical islands or in the jungles of South Africa. He'll have a gun slung over one shoulder, a fishing rod over the other and a pad of paper in the hip pocket. And every once in a while, you'll see him hunch himself onto a tree stump or throw himself flat in the shade of a coconut palm. His pencil will scribble across the paper yanked from his pocket. And if you ask him what he's doing, he'll answer, "*I'm thinking!*" He'll be writing what he thinks. Perhaps he'll send the words to a publisher. But he won't worry about them. If the regular rejection slip catches up with his ever-changing address, he'll shrug his broad, brown shoulders and say, "*So what?*"

For Clark Gable is a *man's man*, whose rise, by a perverse trick of Destiny, has been influenced by one woman after another. He is a lone wolf who has been forced—and forced by women—to work in a pack. But some day, he's going to be what Nature intended—a man's man, working alone. And he's going to be so far away from life as he has lived it in recent years that no woman in the world will be able to catch him.

Understand, this is no reflection upon any or all of the women in Clark Gable's life. Out of love for Clark, they have done what women have done for the men-they-love since Eve tempted Adam. It is no reflection upon Clark. He was born an individualist.

Women the world over will put themselves in Joan Crawford's place in "Dancing Lady"—and be enthralled by Clark Gable. When the picture started, he was ill, but Joan would accept no substitute and waited for him to get well. Who could replace him as the Great American Lover?

Hurrell

Selfish, you say? All true individualists are selfish. What modern civilization calls "selfishness" is as much an integral part of an individualist as are his blood, heart and arteries. And, strangely enough, such individualists have always been the strongest magnets for women.

Talks of His First Wife

IN Oregon, he met Josephine Dillon, who became his first wife and about whom Clark has never been quoted till now. "Why?" I asked him. He answered swiftly, "Because no one ever asked me before!"

Josephine was a dramatic teacher. Clark went to her for instruction. "I paid her for each lesson that first year. I paid her for each lesson until we were married."

It is nothing unusual for a teacher to influence a pupil. This teacher influenced Clark—his career and his ambitions. Can't you hear her saying, "If you go to Hollywood, Clark, you can get into pictures"? They were married after they came to Hollywood, remember.

One time, in talking to me about his first experience in Hollywood, Clark told me, "One man did help in my career. Nobody ever prints that, though. I wish you would." A wistful note in his voice! "He was an old director playing in that Jane Cowl production in which I carried a spear. He used to come down to the theatre each morning and help me study lines of famous plays. He did it for nothing; simply because I wanted to learn. He taught me much."

One man helped Clark Gable. And it is this masculine help that he will remember most vividly when he is scribbling his thoughts upon his pad in the desert or jungle or mountains.

"Undoubtedly, it was my first wife who secured me the appointment with Chamberlain Brown in New York. She has said she did. I did not know it at the time. I never thought to inquire why he saw me so quickly. She *must* have paved the way for me. Seeing Arthur Hopkins, then, was like seeing God. I saw him, too, at once, through Brown. And my first Broadway part, in 'Machinal,' came from that. Yes," he mused, "what they have written about the influence of women upon my career must be true. I suppose I owe them a lot!"

How Second Wife Aided Career

IT was the present Mrs. Gable who kept him in the acting profession. A play in which he had appeared with Alice Brady had been a flop. He was discouraged. Mrs. Gable had wanted to be an actress herself. But she had married and become a mother at seventeen. She still kept up theatrical contacts, met many actors and actresses who were on the New York stage. She met Clark in 1928.

"I want to go back to Ohio where I came from and go into the automobile business," he told her. "The stage isn't for me." But Mrs. Lucas (as she was then known) saw in Clark the same possibilities as had Josephine Dillon. She talked to him by the hour, coaxing, persuading, encouraging. And he—capitulated.

Clark Gable had merely carried a spear on the stage when he appeared in Los Angeles with Jane Cowl. But Lilyan Albertson, manager, had remembered him. When she was casting "The Last Mile," she wired for him. There were plenty of men in Los Angeles who could have played that part and yet—another woman had remembered Clark Gable.

And when motion picture producers saw him in that play and clamored for him to sign—ah, I wish we had photographs of a scene between Mr. and Mrs. Gable in a San Francisco hotel upon the evening that Clark had to make his decision.

"I don't want to stay out here. I don't want pictures. I tried. I failed. I know I can make five hundred dollars a week on the stage—"

"No, Clark. No. You must remain. Think of the opportunity. Five hundred dollars will mean nothing in a couple of years. You can do it if you try—"

Again, it was woman's ambition, rather than Clark's; woman's vision, rather than man's.

A Woman First Ballyhooed Him

AND here is still another story of a woman's influence on his career—a story that has never been told till now. It has not even been hinted. This woman brought about the final success of Clark Gable in pictures. No—not Joan Crawford in "Possessed"; not Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"—but a far-sighted woman in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department.

Clark Gable walked into her office one day in answer to a summons to tell his story. He was a nobody. His first picture with Constance Bennett ("The Easiest Way") had not set box-offices on fire. He was just one more stock player on that big lot, one more person who would probably remain six months and return to—wherever he had come from.

But as he stood in that doorway, all of his rugged independence, his virile individualism flashed across the room to the woman seated behind the desk.

And the next day, this-woman-of-the-publicity-department commenced telephoning the women of the press. "We've got a man down here who has more sex-appeal than any man I've ever met. You'd better come out here and have luncheon with him. You'll get a real thrill, I tell you!"

I was the first woman to answer that call. But the next day, there was another and the next, another. About ten days later, we women writers were huddled together around the luncheon table at the regular meeting of the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

"Have you met Clark Gable? Isn't he—I was never so thrilled in my life—"

For two hours, we talked of nothing but Clark Gable. For two months, we wrote of Clark Gable, who had only small rôles in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six" and "Night Nurse." We prepared the women of America, through our newspapers and our magazines, for a new sensation when *they* saw Clark Gable.

Then Came the Dawn of Stardom

THE producers were not blind. They could read these raves of the Press women. They decided that if women of Hollywood could go for Clark Gable, so could women of the world. They cast him with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul."

And the women of the world were prepared, through what they had read, to vibrate to Clark Gable! As Josephine Dillon and Rita Lucas and the publicity-department woman had felt that magnetic something, so had the women of the Press, so did the women of the world.

And as each individual woman had tried to mold him—so did the mass of us. We of the Press said, "You must give us *this* story. You must talk about *that* angle." And the women of the world sent him thousands upon thousands of letters. "You must play in this kind of picture. You must send me your photograph. You must—"

Hollywood is a town of *musts*. There are innumerable ways to secure fame; there are only a few ways to hold it. You must do as the public desires. If you are a popular, masculine hero, you must do as the women desire.

Yet Clark Gable had fought against doing anything except what he, himself, desired. "If I don't like it, it isn't for me!" He had told his own father that; he had told innumerable others. And now he was at the top, where no one cared whether he liked it or not.

He was a man's man, a lone wolf by nature, treading a path dictated by women because the pay was so great that he could count money as his compensation. But in the hospital, money didn't count. "Only life and death mattered."—He came away with life, determined to live that life as *he* wills it. "So what?"

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood

I COULD MAKE THAT GIRL A STAR IF HER SKIN COULD STAND A CLOSE-UP!
DARLING IF YOU'LL FOLLOW MY ADVICE YOU CAN CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN IN NO TIME!
OH, PLEASE TELL ME HOW!
AND YOU REALLY BELIEVE YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL HELP MY COMPLEXION?
I'M SURE OF IT! I'VE SEEN WONDERFUL RESULTS AND THIS KIND OF YEAST IS SO EASY TO TAKE!
6 WEEKS LATER
THERE'S JUST THE TYPE IF SHE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS WELL!
WHO-ME?
LET'S TRY HER, CHIEF—COME HERE BETTY!
SHE'S MARVELOUS AND BOY—WHAT SKIN!
HURRAY! SHE'LL BE OUR NEXT BIG STAR!
SUCH SKIN-AND THEY SAY SHE'S ENGAGED TO HER LEADING MAN!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL DEAR!
ISN'T SHE LOVELY?
PREMIERE TO-NITE
BETTY

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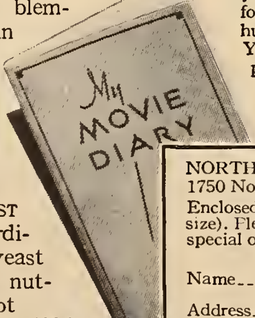
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Movie Salaries—Will They Be Cut?

(*Continued from page 45*)

It is interesting, not to say amusing, to recall at this point some of the ways in which these high salaries have been spent. Buster Keaton's "land yacht" was a luxurious craft costing $50,000, and he bought an admiral's uniform to go with it. Another star, Colleen Moore, whose hobby used to be the collection of dolls, once had a doll's house that set her back some $10,000. Clara Bow's pet white rat was air-mailed to meet her boat when she returned from Europe some time ago.

These are doubtless the sort of expenditures a movie star thinks of when he says that high salaries last only a short time, and that when they have departed, the actor is broke. "People forget that the actor is like the morning glory, which fades quickly," says George Bancroft in poetic strain. And other players, with considerable pathos, point out that the average "life" of a film career in Hollywood is just four years.

Unsympathetic persons immediately observe that all, or almost all, of those receiving big salaries have been dragging down the weekly pay envelope a good many years longer than that—ten years would strike a fairer average. Ramon Novarro recently celebrated his fourteenth year in pictures; Mary Pickford is still going strong after twenty years; Richard Barthelmess and Richard Dix are stars after fifteen years; and Garbo would have been "through" two years ago if Eddie Cantor's version of a four-year limit were true.

And even after the movie actress is through in Hollywood, even if she hasn't saved any of her salary, she still can make personal appearances, can make pictures abroad, where they are truer to their former favorites, and can endorse facial creams and soaps, all on the strength of her past triumphs. And any one of these activities would pay her well. Thus the cynics try to spike the "four-year" earning power argument, not without a chuckle of appreciation at the tears that the actor has always been able to jerk with his "morning glory" pathos.

Arguments for High Salaries

OTHER reasons advanced by actors, and their friends, to defend high salaries include, first, that they have to pay high income taxes. But this could be considered a *result*, not an excuse for big pay. Second, the interesting argument is advanced that actors have hordes of relatives to support. Well, who hasn't? Third, actors have bad business judgment, and should be well-paid because they're apt to lose on their investments. This hardly deserves comment, though it reaches a wild, wonderful height of fantasy, which augurs well for "Alice in Wonderland" and other whimsical stories that Hollywood is producing at the moment.

Fourth is the tried-and-true old-timer about Swank. It is necessary for an actor to own yachts, limousines, and Beverly Hills mansions. If he doesn't spend outlandish amounts entertaining, and keeping up a front, he won't get parts.

To this oft-repeated reasoning, the skeptics reply that Greta Garbo hasn't been seen giving any parties lately, has she? And they still let *her* into the casting office! Mae West lives in a small apartment, and Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, Clark Gable and Katharine Hepburn all live quietly. Most of the other big players in town avoid swank and still, strange as it seems, remain in favor at the box office.

In fact, one might observe that a good deal of the publicity sent out of Hollywood strives to show you of the public how simply your movie favorites live, what home-folks they are, and how they long to be housewives and wage-earners, instead of butterflies of fame. Apparently, far from finding million-dollar expenditures vital to stardom, stars believe the public wants them to be simple home-folks, in many cases at least.

Hollywood has been a seething, tumultuous place these last few weeks, and the actress who built a $500 dog kennel for her pet pooch during the hottest part of the controversy has not poured oil on troubled waters. One lady asserts that Constance Bennett's famous thirty thousand dollars a week (which lasted for ten weeks) created more Reds, Communists, and bomb-throwers than any other single thing in years. Anyway, people are audibly wondering at the comparative money value of human effort in a country where the average wage-earner makes less than three thousand dollars a year.

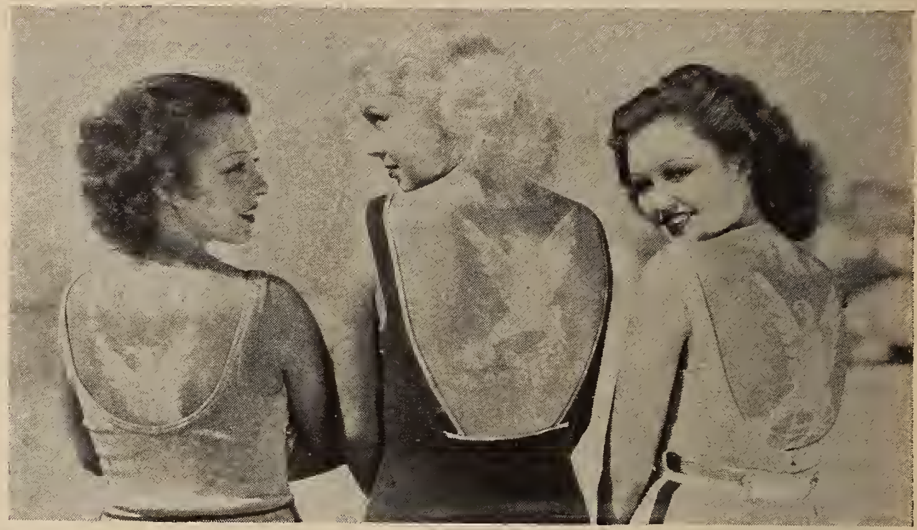
Talk of an Actors' Strike

MEANWHILE, we have rumors of an actors' strike, and the Screen Actors' Guild, over a thousand strong, with Eddie Cantor at the head, hints of other dire possibilities. Will Ann Harding go out picketing? Will Janet Gaynor carry a banner?

We have literary gents who point out that Milton got $35 or thereabouts for "Paradise Lost," while Mae West received approximately $50,000 for acting in "I'm No Angel," with $25,000 more for writing the story. And un-literary gents say it is worth every penny of the difference!

One producer admits that the salary talk has resulted in a "partial demoralization of the studios," and, boy, when you have a demoralized motion picture studio, you have something! "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!" is the theme song around Hollywood these days, and the suggestion of a high-powered delegation of movie stars to camp at the White House doors, in protest, is just one of the current notions.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the subject, we still have our rumors. President Roosevelt is rumored to have looked with questioning gaze at high salaries paid to "immature" persons, and Jackie Cooper and Baby LeRoy came in for much attention until the second rumor, that the White House regretted the embarrassment caused Mr. Cooper and Mr. LeRoy by the first rumor, which sort of singled them out.



There are many ways of backing the NRA and here are three Paramount cuties telling General Johnson in their own novel way, that they are doing their part. Left to right you see Frances Drake, Toby Wing and Lona Andre

Also, the President is reported as being unable to see why movie stars are paid in excess of his own stipend, $75,000 a year, and others maintain that there is a certain indecency in actors' dragging down a half-million every time the calendar turns, when men of high talent in other occupations do not earn a tenth, or a hundredth, of that figure. Thomas A. Edison, who invented motion pictures, didn't get the sensational rewards that some of the stars do to-day—not until he had worked a lifetime.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the subject, Washington is going to have one swell job figuring them out, compared to which the Wall Street inquiries will seem to have been a cinch. The actors defend high salaries by saying that they deserve the money, they earn it, and the public pays it to them because they're what they are.

They come right out into the open and assert they're even *underpaid*. If Mae West were to receive what she's really worth, a trade paper remarks, she would get more than the President, his Cabinet, and the whole Senate combined, and it would be money well spent. That *is* one way of looking at it.

What If Stars Did Strike?

MEANWHILE, producers seem to be prepared for a strike. They would develop new talent, they hint, and not be too sorry to bid farewell to some of the old. Incidentally, producers have shown themselves particularly adept at developing new talent lately, what with Mae West, Charles Laughton, Katharine Hepburn, Max Baer, Margaret Sullavan, Diana Wynyard, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and Charlotte Henry, of "Alice in Wonderland," now sitting on top of the cinema heap, whereas they were comparatively unknown a short time ago. If producers should concentrate on new talent, Fredric March might discover that the banker he was educated to be doesn't earn such dividends, and Clark Gable might find that, though a movie star must have a certain sum to live on, a telegraph linesman or stage actor can exist on less.

And the public, itself, may punish the stars for what it may consider an unsportsman-like attitude. If J. P. Morgan could take it, many feel, so can Eddie Cantor. "Naturally, many people in many walks of life resent such sums," admits Robert Armstrong. "But none of this resentful public, whether they be bankers or laborers, take into consideration the short career of the actor, especially in motion pictures." The morning glory theme again! They even made a picture about that theme.

How did salaries get so high in the first place? By rival studios bidding fiercely against each other for the services of this player or that—the highest bidder being the winner. And you have had the spectacle of many a star letting himself be wasted on weak rôles and weak pictures, simply because his weekly wage compensated for the loss of his self-respect. The cynics remark that if players' salaries were uniform and comparatively small (like stage salaries), you *might* see your favorites making better pictures. Any studio would offer them the same salary; so the studio that offered the best acting opportunity would be the winner. Also, the cynics remark, if salaries were lower, theatre admission prices *might* be likewise. And does *that* possibility appeal to the public!

But Eddie Cantor, invited by President Roosevelt to explain the players' viewpoint, says any attempt to equalize salaries, regardless of stars' earning power, would be "unjust."

Where Half the Money Goes

WITH Washington and the newspapers making much of the fact that fifty-one per cent of the total of movie salaries has been split among five hundred people, Hollywood senses that that condition is going to be changed. The New Deal seems to be determined to spread money out, to make it go to more people. And if their salaries are reduced, what can the poor players do to continue to get a king's ransom weekly? There is talk of stars' sharing in the gross receipts of pictures (as a few do now). But notice that they mention "gross receipts," not "net profits." The "net profits," if any, are small. And these cinema kings and queens aren't used to small-time stuff. But maybe Washington will also try to curb that "receipt-sharing"—as different from "profit-sharing." The movies have got to begin to show profits, somehow!

Several producers, too, are excited about the possibilities of a Washington investigation. With trembling alarm, a producer entertains all visiting Senators, Congressmen, and other government officials in the hope of creating good will, and one visiting diplomat is said to have been offered the company of one famous glamour queen at lunch, if he'd put in a good word for her boss back there in Washington.

They don't know what will happen, and some of them are scared, which seems to back up the actors' assertion that there has been a good deal of "buccaneering" in that quarter. We might even have the government stepping in to take over control of an industry which "is close to the point where it cannot control itself." In that case, m'dears, Mae West's next opus may be produced through courtesy of the United States Senate, while the House of Representatives turns its august attention to new stories for Westerns. The fun continues to get broader and merrier as it goes along. Practically no subtlety is indulged in by anyone concerned, and we are right back to the ribald days of slapstick.

Hitherto salary squabbles have been a private Hollywood amusement, but despite the actors' feeling that they should continue to be so, they're going to come out into the open now—and how!

GIVE YOUR HANDS, TOO, A LOVELY COMPLEXION!

Allure starts at the finger-tips.

Only lovely, smooth hands inspire romance! How vital they are to screen stars . . . how much more vital to you! For your romance is real romance. And it's so simple to give your hands a lovely complexion, in spite of work and weather. After exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream**. Hinds is much more than a "finishing lotion" for the hands. Hinds heals, softens, protects, because it is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form. And it costs so little!

HINDS CREAM
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

How lovely CONSTANCE BENNETT'S hands are! Shown with Gilbert Roland in RKO's film, "After Tonight."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too . . . by the same makers. Delicate, light . . . liquefies instantly, floats out dirt . . . 10c, 40c, 65c.

The Private Life of Mae West

(*Continued from page 21*)

writing the dialogue—that's easy. I just talk natural. But it's the plot, the theme of the story." She sighed.

"*And I've always got to top myself.* All my life, I've been topping myself. I've got one story to top 'em all. It's about a prize-fighter. It's good any time. First, I was going to write it for my next picture. Then I wouldn't. No sir! That's one story that's always good and I'm not going to give it to 'em now. I'm holding it in reserve. With it I can always top myself—or anyone else. I'm holding it until it's necessary. But to get another one now . . . I'm all worn out. I ain—I'm not in the mood to give an interview to-day . . . And they call me every day and say, 'Is it ready?' You can't turn on ideas like you push a button." She pushed an imaginary button on black-silk-covered knee. "You should know that; you write. It just can't be done. But I ain't askin' more than eighty-nine——" She stopped, quickly. "It ain't—isn't good for me to talk about salary."

I smiled. The printed reports of her salary are $8,500 weekly. I judged that the guess must be about $400 short.

"No, I can't talk about salary—" She sighed. "It's getting me down. Now, you take interviews. I gotta be careful. When I say, 'When I was a little girl,' then they quote me as saying, 'When I was a young brat'. I gotta remember. Don't you see how my life is? I gotta top myself in my pictures and I gotta watch myself in everything else. My private life has gotta be a model. I can't fall in love with any men. I haven't got the time. Perhaps if I can keep men out of my life for two more years —*then* . . .

Kept From Falling in Love

"YOU see, first it was my mother. If she thought I was falling in love, she'd stop it right like that. If I was liking a man too much or she thought a 'crush' was gettin' serious, she'd find a way. She knew me so well, she could always find a way. She wouldn't let me learn to really love. She wouldn't let me—and now Timony protects me. It's to his own interests to protect me. But don't you see? First my mother, whom I adored, and now Timony——"

She looked at me with wide eyes. And, suddenly, it was as though I saw Mae West for the first time. As I looked into those eyes turned so steadily and so abruptly upon me, I remembered the gaze of a lioness that had lain indolently in her cage at the lion exposition of a county-fair recently. She had not moved. While the others had paced restlessly up and down, shaking their heads nervously, pawing the air anxiously—she, the most beautiful creature of them all, had lain there and looked steadily at me. There had not been dismay or discontent or even longing in her steady eyes, but simply resignation. It was a look that said, "I'm here in this cage. What can I do about it?"

And I thought of that lioness yesterday afternoon as I looked at Mae West in her magnificent town-car. "I'm in this cage. What can I do about it?"

"I don't go anywhere," Mae said. "I've lived in the same apartment since I came to Hollywood I have the same maid. I see the same people. They wake me up to ask me if I have my story finished. I can't get to sleep, thinking about the story. I don't go to parties. I don't see anybody, I tell you——"

She, too, was not complaining. There was neither dismay nor longing in her eyes or her statements. She, too, was resigned to the rôle that Fate and herself and her mother and a man named James Timony had created for her. She was simply stating facts. As the lioness, in her silent way, had stated her condition to me.

Had to Dramatize Herself

AND this is the real Mae West—a woman of passion, highly-geared emotions, tense feelings, who has been forced over a period of many years to feed those emotions to a box-office. A greedy, wanting-to-be-shocked box-office. Urged gently at first, tempted cleverly, promoted subtlely, Mae West has put all the force of her cyclonic nature into bringing the thrills of love and life to others. To throw her hips this way and that was a natural gesture of her unusual personality. It was a natural outlet for the over-charged battery within her. It would have stirred her friends; it did stir her *friends*—but it was promoted to stir the front rows, and the gallery, in the creation of the shimmy.

Thousands flocked to see Mae West at the première of "I'm No Angel" (above), which was sparsely attended by other stars. Were they jealous?

The February issue

of MOVIE CLASSIC

will tell you the story

of the one great love in

"The Private Life

of Mae West"

"I have really loved only once," she has told me; she has told others. But never before have I heard her say, "They always found a way to break me up with a man before it became too serious. I was not allowed to *love*, really love. My mother and then Timony——

"When my mother died, it was as though everything had gone with her. Everything! I opened in 'The Constant Sinner,' my first play after she died. It was a huge success. The first night was tremendous. They found me in my dressing-room, afterwards, just sitting.

"'What's the matter? It's a wow, Mae. Seats are sold out for weeks in advance. It's a great success. And in these hard times. You should be feelin'——'

"'There wasn't anyone to play to,' I told them.

"'Why, the house was packed. Ten dollars a throw. What do you mean?'

"It was the first time I'd opened without Mother. I meant just what I said. She wasn't there. There wasn't anyone to play to."

And in this off-guard sentence, she gave, I believe, the key to the entire life and love-life of Mae West. Mae West, as you and I have come to know her, is not the real Mae West at all, but a public institution. Something that was inspired by a child who had the natural gift of mimicry, builded by a mother who had vision and—after that mother's death—protected by a Timony.

How She Was as a Child

EVEN her childhood, viewed in the light of these new revelations of the mature woman, proves that the real truth of Mae West, as we know her to-day, lies in those two words—*public institution.*

"I was different from my sister and brother," Mae told me. "My mother had to use the strap or show it to 'em to make 'em mind. But if she gave me an unkind word, I would sulk for days. I was sulky and stubborn. And Mother insisted upon my having my own way. 'Let her go. She's different,' my mother would tell my father.

"When I was just a kid, I was crazy about the boys. But I thought *I* was supposed to do the kissing. My father tried to stop me and tell me the boys should do that, but my mother said, 'Oh, let her go. That's just Mae's way.' She wanted me to be as I was——"

Mae's mother was French; she was born in Paris. There are no people more intuitive than the French. Mae's father was an American. A stolid American. A prize-fighter. To him, Mae was just one more child to be handled in the good, old-fashioned American way. Her instincts to capture the male-being were something to be restrained, strapped into obedience, if necessary. But to Mae's mother, they were something to be allowed full sway. "Mae is not like other children. Let her go. Don't make her like the others," she warned her husband again and again.

And Mae's mother suffered much to allow her daughter such freedom of spirit, *as a child*. To imitate guests who came into the home would have been an impudence in the other children, even to the mother. But in Mae, it was something to be encouraged—because Mae's imitations had so much *impudence and daring* as to be entertainment. And Mae's Parisian-born mother recognized that entertainment even in a baby. Mae's unbridled spirit was often embarrassing, however, even to her mother. Her friends could not understand the mother who would allow a child to be so spoiled.

Had a Will of Her Own

"BEFORE Mother died, she told me some of the times I made her nearly crazy. One day, for example, she was going through an old album. There was a terrible picture of me an' a white dog. I looked cock-eyed. Mother laughed and said, 'You loved that picture, Mae.' It was terrible, but I guess I loved it because I got my own way.

"They wanted to take me to a photographer. I wouldn't go unless they'd let me have a white dog. Argument didn't do any good. Mother knew it wouldn't, so she sent my uncles out after a white dog. They brought me two and I turned 'em down. I didn't like their looks. Then they brought me another. I said that one would do. We started for the photographer's.

"I guess the dog knew where he was goin' and got camera-shy. Anyway, he ran away. I sat in that photographer's shop and simply wouldn't budge. I wouldn't have one picture taken without that dog. My uncles chased up and down the streets of Brooklyn, hunting for it. It was dark before they got him. I just waited. His tongue was sticking out; he was panting terrible, but—I had my picture taken with him

"It was like the time I went calling with my mother. There was a spinster—you know, an old maid—in the house. There was one of those little figures under glass like they used to put in houses. I just touched it with my hand and she spoke sharply to me. People could never speak sharply to me. Never. I went right into the bedroom and got my hat and coat and my mother's. I wouldn't stay another moment in that house where that woman had spoken sharply to me. And I never went back again. No, never!

"There were other examples like that. Plenty of 'em. Mother often told me how I'd be playing around the house when she had company. I wouldn't seem to be payin' any attention. And then, when the company had left, I'd imitate 'em, saying everything they'd said in the same voice. I could imitate anybody."

Her Mother "Discovered" Her

AND her mother took her to vaudeville, to see all the headliners of that day—Bert Williams, Eddie Foy, Eva Tanguay, George M. Cohan. She'd come home and repeat the show for 'em. Her father didn't approve—entirely. He had the average American idea of a "spoiled child." But her mother encouraged. She did more; she instigated.

"I had a low, husky voice as a kid. Deep. My voice changed when I was about fourteen and became sweeter, higher. But my voice was like a boy's then." Mae's mother encouraged the use of that voice—in song and imitations.

Mae's mother began her daughter's career, at five years of age, by having her appear in imitations of Bert Williams and Eddie Foy and others at *church socials*. It was the beginning of *her training*. A mother

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"
PLEASE LET ME TURN OFF THE RADIO, AUNT VI. I USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THAT SONG BUT NOW....
"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"? WHY, DEAR, DOES IT REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE?
OH, I SUPPOSE SO... A MAN I MET ON MY VACATION. HAD DINNER WITH HIM IN TOWN AFTERWARDS — JUST ONCE
ATTENTIVE OUTDOORS — INDIFFERENT INDOORS!! WAS THE RESTAURANT CROWDED AND STUFFY? DID YOU DANCE?
YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANDY'S DROPPING ME?
SIMPLY THIS, DEAR, TO BE VERY FRANK...
YOU SAY HE MIGHT NOT NOTICE IT OUT IN THE AIR, BUT INSIDE..... WHY, AUNT VI, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN GUILTY OF "B.O."
JUST A HINT, DEAR
LIFEBUOY'S THE NICEST SOAP! MAKES ME FEEL SO FRESH AND CLEAN. NO "B.O." NOW!
FOUND — *one lost sweetheart!* (*since Lifebuoy ended "B.O."*)
SO THIS IS YOUR ANDY
YOU BET I'M HER ANDY. FOR KEEPS!
"I OWE IT ALL TO LIFEBUOY"
NRA
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

"YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY RAVISHING"

WANT *your* complexion to win compliments like this? Wash with Lifebuoy nightly—watch skin clear and freshen. Lifebuoy lather *deep-cleanses* pores. Leaves skin free to breathe—free to grow lovely!

"B.O." never warns

Any one of us may unknowingly offend. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deodorizes pores — stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

HANDS LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE

"MEN HAVE FUNNY IDEAS..."

The original Jekyll-Hyde must have been a woman—trying to live up to her man's strange notions. We women must be two entirely different people to please our men—busy and practical by day, "charming" and "adorable" at night.

BUT that's not as hard as it sounds. We use Frostilla Lotion—and then our night hands tell not what our day hands have been doing! And they do *plenty*. Household tasks and cooking are no respecters of beauty. But *on* goes a little of this famous, fragrant lotion—and *away* go chapping, redness, roughness!

A few drops of Frostilla Lotion each day do wonders in leaving our hands white, smooth, velvety, deliciously scented... so leisure-lovely that he probably thinks the house runs itself!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-&-10¢ stores.

(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)

fragrant
FROSTILLA
LOTION

"She Done Him Wrong" was "Diamond Lil" transferred to the screen. And her "swan bed" was a movie version of her famous stage one, which you saw on page 20

had allowed her one child who was "different" to run wild at home, because she wanted that difference to grow and develop and become the dominating characteristic of the tiny personality. That shrewd, French mother knew that the world would always pay well for *difference*, but little for similarity.

She recognized the potentialities in the impish, brazen, colorful little individualist, who sulked and pouted and screamed for her own way. She was determined not to ruin it by a too-early control. She was equally determined to divert it into channels where control would become automatic, eventually. She began control through public appearances at church socials.

Where She Got Stage Start

AT five years of age, Mae was learning the control that comes from ambition, a desire to please, a determination to make an audience laugh and applaud. A control that is more of a prison to self than the rules of families or parents. Mae's mother instilled in her baby an ambition to please *across the footlights,* to mold her life for those across the footlights.

In most of the life-stories written about Mae West, it has been said that Hal Clarendon saw her at one of these many neighborhood affairs and offered her a position behind real footlights in his stock company at the Gotham Theatre. But in 1929 Mae West gave an interview in which she said:

"The Hal Clarendon Stock Company of Brooklyn used to have an amateur night and when I was eight years old, I did an imitation of Bert Williams and Eddie Foy and won ten dollars. Clarendon knew my father, who was just giving up fighting, and he asked my father to let me join the company. Father consented and I became a regular member of the company. I played the prince in 'Richard, the Third,' *Eva* in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and a lot of other parts. When there was no kid part in the case, I did a song-and-dance act during the olio. My Dad, who was sorry I wasn't a boy, taught me gymnastics and acrobatics and used to box with me. I could sing, dance and play the piano, too."

Mae verified this. "It was a thrill. All those amateurs waiting to try out. So many of us. And me winning—right away. It was easy. You see, I topped 'em all!"

Mae's school days were sketchy. She was too much of a mother-nurtured individualist to remain just a placid member of more-than-forty children. She once said, "I don't read—never have read and guess I never will. I write in my books what I learned myself, from life."

She once told me, "I began to take an interest in boys when I was in the cradle. They took to me—we took to each other from the first. My father used to want me to come home and all that, but my mother used to say, 'Oh, let her go, she can take care of herself.' I guess she wanted me to learn all that right at the beginning!"

I doubt if there's a case parallel to Mae's in history. Here is a girl who learned all that was to influence her life in later years—at home, right on her own doorstep. Ambition may be born in one through a mother. But nothing can nurture ambition like the applause of those who are your neighbors, your friends.

She's a Home-Made Product

MAE WEST found that in church socials. She found it in stock company in her hometown—always before her friends. The adulation and praise and publicity among the *home-folk* carried out what a mother had started. The home-town boys taught lessons that every woman must learn. If Mae learned them early, she was learning what a shrewd mother understood must be known *well* if a girl were to continue to captivate a world across the footlights.

"At eleven there was a break—" and there was a slight break in Mae's voice as she said it. "I was too big for kids' parts and too young for grown-ups.' I was just in-between. I was a full-grown woman by fourteen. At eleven I stopped being on the stage and just lived for a while. Those are the only years in my life that I *just lived.* They were marvelous years——"

And it was during those years that she had her one great love-yearning—the one that comes to all women. Mae had to choose between becoming just a woman—or a public institution. Read about that choice in the February issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

Hollywood Shakes a Tasty Cocktail

(*Continued from page 31*)

a liberal dash of rum. Pour into mixer with fine ice and shake until creamed. Serve in cocktail glass and decorate top with nutmeg.

George E. Stone says: "My favorite drink is a *Romaine Cocktail*. Once I went hunting, and before leaving camp I mixed a Romaine Cocktail to warm me up. I went into the tent to answer the telephone. When I came out, a rabbit had drunk the cocktail. That bunny took one look at me and my three hunting dogs, and then came after us. I climbed one tree, the dogs went up another. At this moment a grizzly bear passed a few yards away. The rabbit saw the bear and went after it. The last I saw of either, they were going over the top of a mountain, and the frightened grizzly's hair had turned so white that it looked like a polar bear."

Three Sippy Sensations

NOW after *that* description, if you still want a Romaine Cocktail, here's how to mix it: Take equal parts of gin, Bourbon whiskey, orange juice and grapefruit juice, and pour into shaker. Add two dashes of grenadine, and one part of carbonated water (for life). Fill shaker with *lumped* ice and do your stuff. Remember, the carbonated water furnishes the zip for this drink, so do not use chopped or shaved ice. Serve plain —and pray for quiet results.

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman like the same cocktail, a thing they call *Brandy Blazer*. This is a novelty concoction, and may be served spectacularly, as follows:

For one drink, use one glass of brandy, add a lump of sugar, one piece of lemon peel, and one piece of orange peel. When serving, light with match, stir and serve. The serving of a tray filled with *Blazers*, all in blue flame, distinguishes this drink.

C. Henry Gordon's favorite drink he calls *The Fade-Out*, because, like a movie fade-out, it ends everything. It is simple to mix: Peel a fresh peach and cut in halves, removing pit. Place the two halves in a tall glass, previously frosted. Bury peaches beneath shaved ice, and fill glass with champagne.

And now, comes our friend, Jack Oakie, upon the scene. Jack wishes to offer a toast to the death of prohibition. And since a toast is what we need at this point, let's all raise our glasses and chant with Jack:

You came, you saw, you conquered;
You left us parched and mad;
You brought us gangs and bootleg kings,
And liquor twice as bad.
You stifled independence,
That's why I'm glad to say:
"Goodbye, Eighteenth Amendment,
DON'T COME AGAIN SOME DAY!"

International

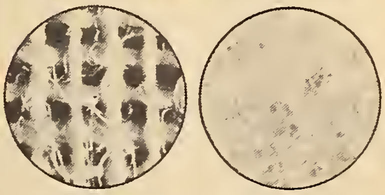
Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, bidding adieu to the old Dry Law at a recent repeal party

Hands catch GERMS as they slip through handkerchiefs!

KLEENEX

catches and holds germs; they can't escape to contaminate and infect.

WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE



Handkerchief magnified 64 times   *Kleenex magnified 64 times*

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

GERMS slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton handkerchief as through a sieve, contaminating everything you touch.

As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary, disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast; keeps fingers non-infectious.

Why add to cold misery?

And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it.

The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores.

Be economical—use Kleenex

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, and rolls; also in extra-size tissues—and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. . . . Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

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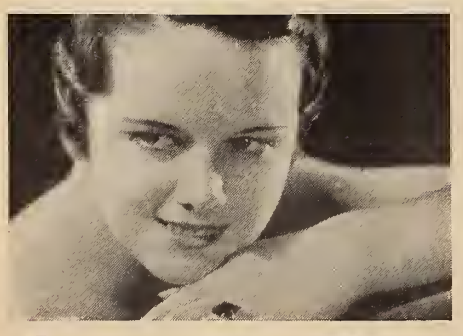
Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California



*Easiest Way To
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Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

James Cagney Confesses He Couldn't Be a Doctor!

(*Continued from page 26*)

"*You don't get over things like that. They eat the outer skin away.* That's what they did to me. I may be as tough as a piece of elephant hide on the screen, but I'm afraid I'm as soft as a talcum-powdered baby off the screen.

"People have asked me if it hasn't sort of calloused me, coated me over, taken the sting out of these memories since I've been in movies, making money, enjoying comfort and ease. No—a thousand No's. I can't enjoy them. Having them has made it worse. It has made me more acutely aware of the bitter contrasts there are in life and in lives.

"If I meet some fellow from 'way back—from my old hoofing days, perhaps—some fellow who hasn't made the grade and who can't seem, any longer, to meet me on the old common ground, it hurts like hell. It makes the appalling fact that *sixty per cent of the wealth of this country is controlled by one per cent of the people* a personally painful, personally shameful matter. A shame that is going to lead us—well, it isn't so good.

Jimmy Sees One Way Out

"IT makes me ache to know that on one street there are houses where good food and comfort and servants are the order of the day and on the next street there are houses with foreclosure notices and undernourished children and empty larders and heart-break. Stiff, isn't it, that we fortunate ones can and *do* eat hearty dinners and lie down in warm beds, while our neighbors go hungry and hopeless and cold? I could cry like a woman for the boys of to-day, coming out of colleges, hands out to seize their birthrights, and—there are no birthrights for them. Something, someone has stolen them . . .

"That is why the troubles of these past few years have hit me right between the eyes. The neon lights haven't given me astigmatism.

"There is only one 'out' so far as I can see, and that is—for all political parties as such to be forgotten. Scrapped. For all parties, Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Communist, whatever names they bear, to be merged into one—the HUMANITARIAN PARTY FOR THE RELIEF OF MANKIND. To forget the isms and osms and remember food and drink. To forget platforms and remember the crying need for enough to go around.

"These past couple of years have done terrific things to people. Not a day passes but what a half-dozen boys in their teens stop me on the street and say, in effect, 'Brother, can you spare a dime?' I don't need to ask them what for. Starvation, malnutrition, empty stomachs and licked nerves are written on their faces as plainly as ABC in a kid's primer."

I said, "What do you do? Give them the money?"

Jimmy said, abruptly, "*No.*"

How He Helps the Needy

AND I had to find out for myself what it is he does do; I had to discover by making a few inquiries, doing a little investigating here and there that Jimmy Cagney HAS, unofficially, founded the Humanitarian Party of one. The President and the People being—James Cagney and wife (who was formerly Frances Vernon and met Jimmy on the stage).

I had to find out for myself that in this "hard-boiled guy" (who neither smokes nor drinks—he says smoking makes him "morbid") is one actor who is not in any way affected by the glare and blare of fame and money and adulation. One actor who isn't either softened *or* hardened by luxury and stellar stuff. One actor, at least, who thinks of the world around him, of his fellow-men whose luck has run out on them, just as soon as he would think of himself.

I had to find out for myself that Jimmy has a charge account at a good restaurant here in town. When these boys stop and ask him for a dime, he sends them to this restaurant and—they go hungry no longer. You would be surprised to know of the empty stomachs that are filled by this "Lady-Killer" Cagney—and the broken-down nerves that are built up and recharged with courage by the mere fact of finding a Big Guy who has remained a genuine human being.

I found out one or two more things about this chap who can't hit a woman on the screen, even in good clean fun, even with a good clean grapefruit, without first working out a technique that will not hurt at all. I learned that when a friend of his wrote him recently about four families among the cotton-pickers up Tulare way, who were literally starving to death since the strike, they didn't starve for one hour longer than it took Jimmy to get a good-sized check to Tulare.

The Kind He Pities Most

THEN, again, there was that case of a wired request for five hundred dollars, supposedly from an old New York friend. This friend has a wooden leg. Jimmy was upset. He said to his wife, "He's probably had a fight or been in some sort of accident and lost or broken his artificial leg. In which case, he's helpless. 'Tend to this right away, will you?"

But Mrs. Cagney, shrewder, wired one hundred dollars, pending the arrival of the promised letter of explanation from "Leonard." Two days passed and they learned that the money had not been picked up in Chicago. Jimmy then telephoned a mutual friend in New York to ask what had really happened to Leonard and where he was. The mutual friend said that nothing had happened to Leonard, that he was right there in New York, had never gone to Chicago at all, and that Jimmy had been neatly bilked.

I said, "And how did that make you feel? Disgusted?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I felt sorrier for the fellow, whoever he was (and I have a pretty good idea), than I would have felt for Leonard. Anyone whose morale has gone so crippled as to have to stoop to stuff like that is more to be pitied than a chap with a wooden leg.

"This sort of thing," Jimmy said, "is the kind of human suffering that is the hardest to watch and to know about. You see, when things right themselves again—and they will—people can get back material things. Of all the losses, the material ones are the least important. They can recover their houses and cars and furniture. They can buy new stocks and bonds and railroads and yachts. They cannot buy back morale, if they let themselves lose it.

Will Never Be a Slave

"THE thing I'm most afraid of is the *slave-complex.* There is such a thing. I've watched it growing. Fellows who once had salt in their blood and steel in their nerves, who were four-square on their feet and as independent as all hell, have gone cringy and fearful. Fearful of losing their jobs. Cringy to their bosses and to those in power.

"I had an instance the other day. I ran into a chap who had something to do—never mind what—with the making of my recent picture, 'Lady-Killer.' I said to him, 'How is such and such a sequence?' He looked this way and that, furtively. He said, not meeting my eye, not looking at me, 'Oh, swell—swell.' I said, 'Come, now, look at me—*How is it?*' I knew damned well that it was rotten and had been cut out or should have been. He persisted, 'Swell—really, I'm tellin' you—swell.' And there was a chap who, a year or so ago, would have toid any man to his face that his work was lousy and ought to be on the cutting-room floor.

"The strikers—I've talked to them, tried to find out about their conditions, plans, state of mind. They balk at the question. They look as the other chap looked, furtive, afraid to talk, afraid to speak their own licked minds, afraid to call their poor, beaten souls their own. Afraid—because they are SLAVES.

"The only people who are comparatively safe to-day are the few people who, in their respective lines, happen to be in demand. The bad part of this is that the demand may not have anything to do with merit.

"I hate pain. The worst of all pain is slavery. The worst of all slave-driving is fear. I've never known it. I don't believe I know it now. When I was making sixteen a week, when I was making seventy-five and needed every cent I was making, I'd walk out on any job when the red was up. It's in me to be like that. I'd still walk out if pushed far enough, BUT—I'd walk out, now, with a gnawing worry about those dependent on me, my wife, my mother . . .

"I'd worry, but I'd never let it get me—the slave-complex. Banks may fail and prices rise or fall, stocks may collapse and Wall Street totter—or move to New Jersey. But if a man's spirit doesn't collapse, if his heart doesn't totter, he hasn't lost anything he can't get back.

"Because I hate pain as I do, I find this compensation in being an actor—that for an hour, here and there, we are able to make sufferers forget their own particular brands of suffering. We lift the load for a few feet of film."

How these movie youngsters grow up! Here, for instance, is Esther Ralston's erstwhile "baby" visiting her mother on the set of "By Candlelight"

AFTER MONTHS OF HOPELESS STRUGGLE AGAINST UNLOVELY FAT

I KEPT GAINING WEIGHT IN SPITE OF DAILY EXERCISE AND CONSTANT DIETING . . .

I TRIED TIGHT, CHOKING GIRDLES, TOOK WEAKENING SALTS, AND STILL I WEIGHED TOO MUCH

FINALLY, I FOUND A TRUE REDUCER . . .

"I Know a Remarkable Way to Reduce Fat!"

I TRIED a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

At last a friend suggested a *true* reducer called Marmola, that is based on a scientifically recognized reducing principle. I had heard of it before, of course, but I did not fully realize how the use of Marmola has spread thruout the world—into more than 12 foreign countries. I know now that it employs a tested principle that *does* reduce.

Marmola is so effective that it has become the world's leading remedy for fat. Over 20 million boxes have been sold.

Why should anyone wishing to reduce fail to try this famous remedy, when it has such a remarkable record? The formula is printed in every box. And it is so delightfully simple. Just 4 tablets a day. No starvation diets. No strenuous exercises. No foolish fads. You will feel better because Marmola acts the right way to help turn fat to vim. At all good drug stores. Do not accept substitutes.

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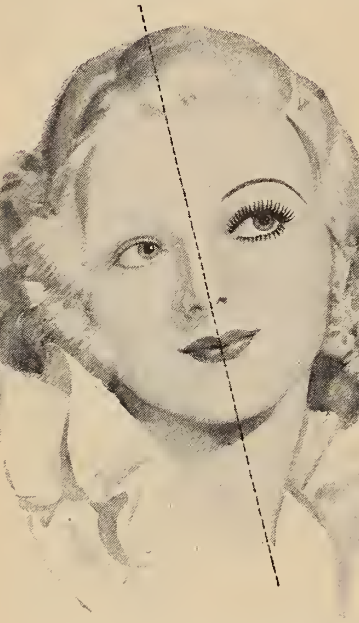

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What a truly amazing difference Maybelline DOES make

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect Mascara

The Hot-and-Cold Lovers of the Screen

(*Continued from page 17*)

Asther Heads the List

OF these, the foremost is Nils Asther. If there is a handsomer man to be found in the film boundaries than this Viking-like Swede, if there is a lover who can convey more color and romance with the single lift of an eyebrow than Nils, I have not found him in eleven years of looking them over. He has every attribute that should make for screen championship. He has proved that women can go crazy about him, because they *have*—for one or two pictures. But what happens? They can apparently forget him as easily as they fall for him.

His career has been a see-saw of hot and cold reactions. A rage for twenty-four hours, he has then been in eclipse for forty-eight. It has been that way from the very beginning and it may be that way right up to the finish of his up-and-down movie life.

When the ladies re-discovered Nils for about the tenth time in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," even blasé Hollywood figured that perhaps his see-saw career had finally settled and that now the Swede would remain on the top of the heap. For thirty days, producers and magazine editors were flooded with lavender-scented hosannas from old sweethearts, temporarily flocking back to the Asther fold. In "Storm at Daybreak," he even succeeded in making a normal leading-man rôle approach the sensational. Yet already the flood of letters had diminished.

And already the excitement must have waned. His contract with M-G-M has been allowed to lapse. And for the tenth time, so far as Hollywood is concerned, Nils Asther is temporarily in the shade—until his next "flash performance" comes along and he once more corrals the darlings into his fold again! It will come again, of course; it always does.

Cortez' Ups and Downs

UNDER Asther's strange movie fate, make ditto marks for Ricardo Cortez. Ric, who was originally ballyhooed as the "successor to Valentino"—and who *almost* was! Ric, who has been in and out of Hollywood, and on and off the screen ever since that moment when Jesse Lasky changed his name from *Kranz* to *Cortez* and started him on his hot-and-cold movie fate. Once, Cortez was so "through" as far as Hollywood producers were concerned that he left Movieville for eleven months, never intending to return.

Then came a flare of interest in him once more in "Her Man" with Helen Twelvetrees. They called him "re-discovered" and "the sensation of the moment." RKO starred him in "Symphony of Six Million" and it looked as though the Cortez days of minor rôles and "screen heavies" were over! He flared and flashed in a bonfire of newly-kindled excitement. And then? Wasn't that Ric in that heavy villain rôle opposite Loretta Young and Franchot Tone in "Midnight Mary"? The heavy lover of six months ago had turned merely "heavy" for the moment and another "flash player" had faded . . . until his turn to comet once more!

Gilbert's Eclipse an "Accident"

JOHN GILBERT is the one exception to the rule that "flash players" never quite achieve the top of the heap, even when enthusiasm for them is at its hottest. Jack more than achieved the top of the heap in the days of his silent screen glory; he *was* the top!

And unlike the temporary eclipses of Asther and Cortez, his eclipse was not due to that unexplainable public whim that can seat, and unseat, an idol for no apparent reason at all. There were two reasons for Gilbert's inglorious exit—the microphone and a deadly phrase, "his white voice." The public was told over and over that John Gilbert could not talk. In time, without real investigation, the public took it for granted that it was true.

He personally refers to his two years of persecution on that score as a "nightmare mistake." He is boldly insistent that there never was anything wrong with the calibre of his voice or with his diction, and he is willing to prove his claim before any voice authority in the world.

Evidently, Greta Garbo—once his co-star—believes Gilbert, and believes in him, for the queen of the screen had her pick of leading men for "Queen Christina"—and chose Gilbert, the man they had called the "idol" of the silent screen and the foremost "flop" of the talkies. It would surprise no one if the accident of Gilbert's flashing off the screen is completely forgotten by the public as he comets across the movie sky to take his place "on top" once more.

Farrell on Up-Grade Again

WHEN Charles Farrell made "Seventh Heaven" with Janet Gaynor, lo, those many years ago, he was referred to by Hollywood producers as "the most valuable piece of leading-man property" in the movies. And from that moment to this, he has been a flash player! One moment (in the pictures in which he co-starred with Janet) he was "hot." The pictures he did away from his red-headed co-star were "cold."

At the time that he asked for his release from the Fox company last year because he felt the rôles he was drawing (even with Janet) were uninteresting and dull, everyone, including Charlie, believed that he would move on to bigger opportunities at some other studio. What actually happened was that he did not make a single picture at any studio for more than ten months. Then the tune changed! You began to hear that Farrell was "cleaned up." They said he was great only with Gaynor; that, away from her, he was not worth the current of his name in electric lights. He might have fallen into the oblivion of Hollywood's numerous failures—except that he has suddenly come to life with two excellent performances in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men" at RKO and "The Shakedown" for Warner Brothers. Once more Charlie Farrell is "on his game" again!

In and out go these flash players' names on theatre marquees. Now you see 'em and now you don't. A cheer to-day and a jeer to-morrow, boots and bouquets . . . this is their fate.

Tearle Flashes Back

OUT at M-G-M they are saying that Conway Tearle will again be a sensation after his screen performance in "Day of Reckoning" with Richard Dix and Madge Evans. There's a funny one for you! For three years Conway Tearle has been considered deader than the proverbial doornail to Hollywood and the movie fans. He was not even considered to be a "flash player"! To the movie-wise, his day was over and his game was run. They said the fans (the women fans, of course) were "cold" on Tearle. They had passed on to other excitements, such as Gable and Raft.

And yet I can't help wondering how they accounted for the fact that the M-G-M fan mail department was swamped with letters for Conway Tearle, the moment it was announced that the screen's former most blasé lover—who had once scored with Corinne Griffith, Clara Bow, Norma Talmadge and Alice Joyce—was once more in the fold? These letters were from the same "public" that they figured had turned cold on Tearle. They were from the women fans supposed to be responsible for his premature exit!

Just before Conway Tearle left Hollywood to go to New York "for good" and leave the movies forever behind, he attended a première at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The picture, I believe, was "Grand Hotel." As he walked down the long line of fans who were tearing the buttons off Clark Gable's coat for souvenirs, not a single person seemed to take the slightest interest in his arrival.

A few weeks ago, he came down that same, jammed entrance again, this time to the première of "Dinner at Eight," in which he created the rôle of *Larry Renault* on Broadway. The moment he alighted from his car, the crowd let out a greeting that must have warmed his heart, and thoroughly surprised those executive gentlemen who had come to believe that Tearle was "through."

Greater idols of the moment were ignored as the fans surged forward to get the Tearle autograph. He was greeted from every side with "Hello, Conway Tearle! When are you going to make another movie, Conway?" A very cold lover had suddenly turned very hot again—which is the way with Hollywood's flash lovers.

The list might even be extended to include Adolphe Menjou and Gilbert Roland. Adolphe's suave, amused love-making had millions of women longing to meet a man like that. And then came talkies and featured rôles. Now he's zooming up again; every studio in town is after him. Opposite Norma Talmadge in silent films, Gilbert Roland was tempestuous and popular. Talkies took him off the screen. But recently, opposite Constance Bennett in "After Tonight," he has started collecting America's mash notes again!

Wide World

At last, the screen's most sought-after bachelor has fallen. Gary Cooper is bidding goodbye to his fiancée, Sandra Shaw, movie actress, as she leaves by 'plane for New York, where Gary will meet her soon and where the wedding may take place. (If it hasn't taken place already!)

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IT is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. So simple to use, too. Just like an ordinary cold cream. You need such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of each individual complexion.

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POWDERED SAXOLITE dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel quickly reduces wrinkles and other age signs. A refreshing, stimulating astringent lotion—most beneficial if used daily.

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Tinkling bells, and the clink of silver

IN A Chinese fairy story one reads about the Emperor's garden, where rare and colorful plants from all over the world were constantly flowering.

It was the duty of the honorable head gardener to watch for the most beautiful of the blooms and tie to the stem of each a little silver bell. As the flowers swayed in the breeze, the bells tinkled with sweet music. Thus the courtiers and the distinguished visitors, strolling along the paths, were sure to see the finest specimens.

This was the Emperor's way of saying, "I have something extra fine that you should see: Look this way and you'll be repaid."

In the advertising pages of this magazine are similar messages addressed to *you.* Read them and you will hear the clink of silver. Our manufacturers are saying: "We have some extra values. We have some especially seasonable articles that you should see. Patronize the stores that retail our goods and you will be repaid."

You have nothing to lose when you accept this invitation. In fact, when you fail to do so, you're missing some of the very news for which you bought this magazine!

Kissable?
"NOT EXACTLY!"...UNTIL

A new lipstick gave her more

NATURAL APPEAL!

LIPS of lovely shape . . . but somehow unattractive. Never "sweet enough to kiss" simply because she spoiled their beauty with a *painted* look. It wasn't until she tried a new lipstick that her lips glowed with natural, appealing color . . . without a trace of paint!

Keep *Your* Lips Kissable

End that painted look that comes from ordinary lipsticks. Give your lips the fresh, natural color that Tangee Lipstick brings! This amazing lipstick brings out your full natural color . . . and cannot possibly make your lips look painted!

Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula that changes color on your lips. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it is the one shade of rose for *your* complexion!

Use Tangee for alluring lips . . . fresh with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.

Rouge matches lipstick

Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Never causes an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick! Comes in refillable compact. Refills fit compact perfectly.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **SPECIAL 10c OFFER!** MP-1

The George W. Luft Co.
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Marlene in a Rage!

(*Continued from page 25*)

talk about her great box-office value. She simply says "No" until a contract is suggested that pleases her—and then she says "Yes" in the same, quiet manner. I can imagine the surprise of the Front Office when Marlene Dietrich, *the mother*, whirled in upon them.

They Say It With Flowers

THE dressing-room in which we were talking about Maria was packed with white flowers—Marlene's favorite. One of the largest baskets of white chrysanthemums that I have ever seen centered the table.

"I sent those to Maria, yesterday, upon her first day of work," Marlene said. "And she sent me these"—pointing to a dainty, smaller basket. "She insists upon paying for them, herself, from her salary. Her father sends her some money. They have a secret arrangement between them. I urge her to save it. But she *must* buy me presents.

"And when her father comes!" ("Her father" is Rudolph Sieber, young German director.) "Even the swimming pool was filled with flowers for his last arrival. She had them in every corner—white roses and white camellias."

"You have never sent her to school, Marlene?"

"No. That is because I am not settled anywhere. She would only get started—" Another shrug. "That is the problem, of course. She has no children with whom to play. I invited some in and I found them playing house. I heard them saying, 'Now, my brother is in love with your sister. When she comes in, he must kiss her.' Talking about love-making and playing love-making before they were eight! I could not have that, of course. I did not know what to do.

"Of course, when her father is here or when we are in Europe with him, everything is all right. He plays with her. They are like children together. They adore one another. If you think I have love for my child, you should see my husband! And when I am not working, I play with her here, too. I am with her so much because she has no children to play with. . . ."

"And are you raising her according to German or American customs?"

"German. Not exactly as I was raised, but with the same idea back of it. I never had one moment to myself. I went to a state school from eight until one o'clock. Then, after lunch came a piano lesson, followed by a gymnastic one. Then French and my English lessons. Then we took walks in the park. That was in Berlin, you see. And I was in bed at seven o'clock each night until I was confirmed at sixteen. Yes, Lutheran. But my husband is Catholic and Maria likes the Catholic church.

What Maria's Day Is Like

"MARIA has a German teacher in the morning. She teaches her everything in German. Maria *thinks*, as I said, in German. Then she walks with her nurse. At twelve she takes her piano lesson. In the afternoon, a teacher *talks* to her in English and reads her stories in English. She is not learning grammar and lessons yet. I want her to get well-started in spelling and things like that in German first, so that she does not confuse the two. Then, three times a week, she has her dancing lessons. She plays in the garden and studies her lessons for the next day. She loves to be outdoors. And she likes Palm Springs. I send her down there once in a while. Yes, I will tell you who accompanies her: There are the chauffeur and the teachers and the guards."

"How many guards have you now?"

"I have eight. I always had seven before, but since this NRA—I employ one extra."

My mind flashed to remarks that I had heard certain *American* citizens make about adding extra help to aid the NRA! I asked, "And is Maria's diet German, too?"

International

Just to prove that she has not given up her masculine attire, Marlene Dietrich attended a recent première in this outfit—camel's hair coat, white flannel trousers, white shoes, and white cap

"Yes. First, there is no white bread and her vegetables must be cooked in their own juice, not in water. She has meat three times a week and fish one day. The meat is boiled, always. And twice a week she has the insides—what do you call it?—of the animals. The livers and kidneys and sweetbreads and brains. I try to keep her from highly-seasoned foods. She loves them. And she adores your American pies. I keep her away from them as much as I can.

"Maria adores America. In Europe, when she saw an American flag, she stopped and threw out her arms and said, 'My home!' And she tells everyone in Europe about America!"

Denies Divorce Rumor

"MARLENE, do you know the latest rumor is that you are going to divorce your husband?"

She laughed. Marlene Dietrich laughs aloud seldom. She smiles, but does not laugh. But now—genuine, infectious laughter. "The only reason that my husband is not coming over here now is because I want to go back to Europe as soon as this picture is finished. I do not have to stay here between pictures. It is difficult for us all. But divorce? No! I would not separate Maria and her father, and I would not separate myself from my husband, either. Certainly, you can quote me!—Oh, it is funny!"

I changed the subject quickly. Somehow, her laughter had been convincing.

"And do you allow Maria to go to motion pictures?"

"But of course. She loves them."

"All pictures?"

"No, not all pictures. It is difficult. She wants to see them all. But you cannot let a child see a picture you cannot even explain; because, to explain, you must tell her things that you don't wish her to know so young—"

It was Maria Sieber's mother speaking, and not Marlene Dietrich, glamourous screen star.

What Do Your Eyes Betray?

(*Continued from page 23*)

and radiate spirit and health and humor. Don't be afraid of it. The eagerness of young life is always the greatest attraction. If a girl tries to do a Garbo, half the time she succeeds only in looking self-conscious.

"To be truthful," continued the artist, "I know that Garbo, herself, sparkles in private life! She does it often and well. But for screen purposes she becomes deliberately passive. A woman is more mysterious that way, when her eyes are completely relaxed. You feel that she is taking in something, that she has retired within herself, and you want to discover what that self is.

"The danger in cultivating detachment, of course, is that it makes some women look uninteresting. They cut off the thread from the outside world when they do it. The simplest method to find out what it does for *you* is to have a full-face picture taken of yourself. Do your eyes show mystery—or an inferiority complex? Do you look more attractive when you are thoughtful or when you are aglow? Full-of-life men are seldom interested in mysterious women. It's the poetical and imaginative fellow whom they intrigue.

Garbo's Eyes Make Men Wonder

"I WOULD say from Garbo's eyes that she is earth-bound—but able to wear many masks. Being so wide apart, her eyes lose in vivacity what they gain in calmness and gentleness. When she becomes stormy, she seems murderously cold. Why? You'll find the answer in those straight lids of hers. They explain that it will never be possible for her to express her innermost feelings. She can only agonize in trying to make others understand. *Eyes like Garbo's are man's eternal question mark* . . ."

They do not have to be veiled, however, to make them enigmatic, Pogany declares. Observe Carole Lombard's—so large and opened. But being utterly passive, they're as full of mystery as the night. Practise that in front of your glass, if you're the Lombard type. It's sure-fire, particularly where Cupid is concerned.

Another noted pair of orbs, said by many to be the most glamourous in the whole movie kingdom, are those truly marvelous spell-binders that belong to Marlene Dietrich. Her eyes are so perfectly relaxed that your curiosity is aroused to white heat. What are the thoughts lying behind them? What do they conceal? They keep you guessing, yet they're revealing, too. The curved eyelids—they denote what Pogany refers to as "the soft, inspiring mother complex." All in all, I say you're fortunate if you have that Dietrich look!

Willy Pogany doesn't analyze these eyes—but anyone who has ever seen them in action is conscious of them. They belong to Clara Bow. And what do they tell?

Are your eyes a fraction closer than normal? You have a way with you! If they are also deep-set, they show spirituality and will power—like Mae West's (above)

These unique combinations are what make women so fascinating. For example, take someone whose eyes are round and set deep in the sockets like those of Mary Pickford. Round eyes speak of intelligence and an abundance of cheer—and charm. Since they're deep-set as well, Mary's proclaim her to be profoundly religious, amazingly vital. Claudette Colbert's are very similar, but a little further apart—which signifies greater tranquillity and ease.

What Joan's Eyes Reveal

AND now consider the startling revelations in the eyes of Joan Crawford. Pogany sees in them an almost terrible tenseness—a fear of frustration—an anxious giving of herself to life. Even though her eyes are blue, notice how dark the iris is—signifying the intensity of Joan's emotions, the strength of her will. She is the only star in Hollywood who has the strange power to do what the Scotch call "threep at you." When she half-shuts her eyes and fixes you with her glance, you might be drawn by a magnet . . .

But don't think Nature has cheated you, if you haven't large eyes. Sometimes small eyes are much more harmonious to a certain type of face. Norma Shearer's could not possibly be called large, yet they're the center of her fascination. Why not imitate the splendid use she makes of them? The next time you see a Shearer play, watch how she relaxes her eyes for mystic moments and at other times permits them to flash spiritedly. The *narrow pupils* show unusual firmness and a driving ambition. The *clear iris* suggests graciousness, an eager joy of living.

Supposing you have eyes that are flecked. Then you come in the Kay Francis category. Her eyes are green, dappled with brown, and here's the character chart to *that:* Kay, beneath a thick layer of civilization, has an excess of feeling and at times is completely swept away by it. She is apt to go to extremes of emotion. The Francis ideals—and yours, if you have orbs of mixed tints—are highly elevated. But an irregular will is indicated; enthusiasms are short-lived.

Years ago, if you had studied the light blue eyes of that scintillating miss, Gloria Swanson and had read what they had to say, you wouldn't have been one whit surprised at her subsequent fame. *Almond-shaped eyes* like hers give evidence of a vehement wish to please and of sweetness and a desire for elegance. But that isn't all! The contour of the lids indicates that Gloria is the type who gets what she goes after.

Humanity is a pretty complicated affair and personalities are very involved—but there is a key to them. What kind of person are you? The answer is in your eyes!

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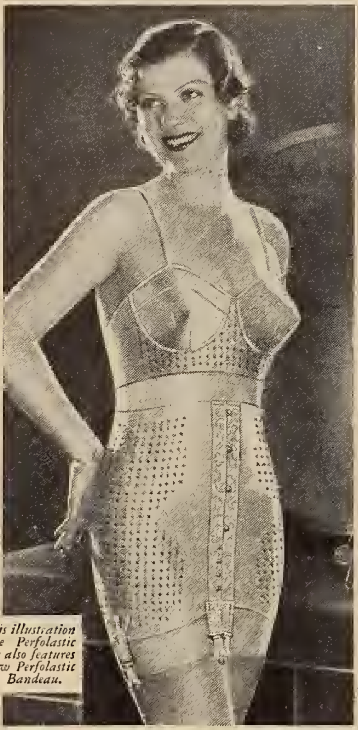
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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 6*)

IT will take exactly four new evening gowns for the picture gals to cut a snappy figure at the Hollywood Mayfair parties this year. There will be but four parties. Time was when these events were held every month during the Winter and Spring season. Maybe that was a bit TOO often. Perhaps the screen aristocrats got tired of seeing the same faces every month, and eating the same menus, and forking over ten bucks per plate for the privilege of being there.

The first Mayfair party this year will be held in December, and by that time Prohibition will be a thing of the past. We're not trying to hint that ANY star would take a drink—my goodness, NO. But just the same it was a nuisance to have to carry soda pop on the hip.

There's some talk, too, of making the parties smaller. On good nights, in the past, there were as many as six hundred guests. It was like bargain day in Macy's basement. Four hundred may be top for this season. You see, the old New York society influence is creeping in.

And, most important of all, it will probably be supper instead of dinner. No one ever dreamed of arriving at Mayfair before ten, and the dinner usually went to waste. Now there will be a tasty snack served at midnight.

So, if you're going to Mayfair this season, for goodness sake eat a hamburger before you start. Have onions on it. No one cares.

FOR some reason it struck us as a funny story—ANYWAY, it was funny the way we heard it.

A well-known Hollywood man-about-town, feeling in a mood of repentance or something, went to church one, fine Sunday morning. He listened reverently to the choir and to the sermon. He had his coin ready when the collection plate came along. Then he happened to look up and see who was passing the plate.

It was Vince Barnett. Could he be pulling his gags in a church?

If you don't remember Vince, he's the man who became famous as the "insulting waiter" at Hollywood parties.

WELL, the football season is about over now, and maybe Hollywood can get back to the serious business of making pictures, and getting married and divorced. It's almost to the point where pictures are filmed only when it doesn't interfere with the games. Almost every studio knocked off work the afternoon of the St. Mary's-University of Southern California get-together. Stars, and directors, and crews worked all night to make up for lost time. Then, too, there is actually a case on record when "Boots" Mallory and Bill Cagney hurried back from their elopement so they wouldn't miss the kickoff at 2:15.

Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer travel to the games in style. When U. S. C. played California across the bay from San Francisco, the Thalbergs chartered a yacht to make the trip. Buster Keaton reserves an entire floor at the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, when he goes North to the games.

That's what you call pigskin served with truffles.

PARAGRAPH denoting the admirable cultural tendency in and about the studios—

Paramount passed out biographical questionnaires to the winners in "The Search For Beauty" contest. It was just one of those routine affairs asking age, place of birth, schools attended, etc. One question proved a stumper to at least four of the young people. The question was—"What do you read?"

The answer came back—"Books." Just like that!

WALT DISNEY, and his, by now, famous "Three Little Pigs" are making things awfully tough for some of the producers. Especially on preview nights. The other evening a preview audience was more or less enthralled with a new, dramatic offering. The villain, after pursuing the heroine for four reels, had finally caught up with her. The heroine didn't look very frightened, and she was putting up a dandy scrap in defense of her virtue.

Then, from the back of the house someone caroled—"Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?" It broke up the show.

And, come to think of it, with every theatre playing repeats on the Disney classic, these must be tough days for the fellow who didn't happen to care for "Three Little Pigs."

IF we were looking for someone on whom to play a practical joke—which we aren't—we certainly would not select Lupe Velez as the victim. Jack La Rue knows it now, and he'll remember his lesson when he's as old as John D.

After the prizefights one evening Jack slipped up to the Velez limousine. La Lupe was sitting inside, at peace with the world, or what passes for peace with Lupe.

"Stick 'em up," said La Rue, in his best gangster manner.

Before he could bat an eye Lupe had produced a revolver from somewhere, and it didn't have the appearance of a squirt-gun, either. Quick explanation on Jack's part was all that saved him from a game of target practice.

Jack still gets cold perspiration whenever he thinks about it.

THE fellow that said history repeats itself was not talking through his hat. We know now that it's true. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are keeping company again. Time was when all the folks thought "Rich" and Lois would wind up at the parson's house. Well, maybe they will yet.

Now if some of those famous authors would again come out and play dominoes with Aileen Pringle it would be dandy. And if Pola Negri would just come back and start going places with Charlie Chaplin, it would be the good, old days, for sure.

Come to think of it we'd like to interview Theda Bara—how she was born on the banks of the Nile, and all that sort of business, you know.

TALK about novel experiments, M-G-M is biting off a big chunk with "The Good Earth," the picture version of the tremendously successful Pearl Buck novel. The players will be Chinese, and the picture will be filmed in China. Somewhat to our alarm we understand that dialogue will be spoken in the Mandarin tongue. We're not even much comforted by the reassurance that an American translation of titles will be used when necessary.

We'd like to tell M-G-M right now that, as far as we're concerned, it will be necessary pretty darned often. Geez, we can't even handle a menu in a chop-suey parlor—and as for those laundry marks—.

What's the Answer to Charlotte Henry?

(*Continued from page 43*)

nineteens that makes her quick selection for the rôle of Lewis Carroll's "innocent girl with eyes of wonder" seem natural enough, despite the fact that the object of the search had been, supposedly, to find a newcomer. By this time even the public must realize that screen newcomers are seldom new to the screen. Betty Bronson, long supposed to have appeared magically from the Never-Never-Land for "Peter Pan" was already well-known to Eastern casting directors when she got the rôle, and had played "bits" and "extra"-girl parts for several years.

What baffles Hollywood's best rumorers is the fact that, despite the most earnest and industrious digging into Charlotte's short past, it has been impossible to bring to light anything to contradict her artless studio biography. It is too good to be true. To be sure, one writer had "heard that she was married and had a baby," but that has been a favorite rumor ever since a Broadway flapper "find" was revealed to be a long-time resident of Hollywood with a husband and child. After diligent inquiry, I must admit that I have not been able to unearth even a boy-friend in Charlotte's life, much less a husband.

Can You Believe It?

AND yet I am wondering whether Charlotte Henry can be true, and whether the artless replies she made to my questions were her own or a part that she had memorized. For instance, still probing after that love interest, I asked her about her social life, and Charlotte replied in her little, meek, soft voice, "I don't go to parties much. I've never had a boy-friend. I'd rather take a walk with my mother, or *stay at home with a good book*."

She said exactly that. I know it is hard to believe in This Day and Age. She said it distinctly, too, like a nice little girl reciting poetry, and afterward took a large bite of her ham sandwich—and didn't choke.

She said other things, too. She said that she loves to fly in airplanes, and spends her time between scenes at the studio scribbling on a blackboard with chalk. She has a pet dog and a "Little Flower" religious medal in which she has absolute faith. (She was educated in a convent and then in private schools, not to mention a dramatic school.) Her birthday is March 3, she is just five feet tall, weighs one hundred and four pounds, and does not have to diet. She likes swimming, tennis and ham.

She thinks she was very lucky to get the coveted rôle and hopes everybody who likes *Alice* won't be too disappointed when she comes on the screen. She discounts all the fuss that is being made about her, saying that it would have been given to any girl who had won the rôle. She tried two tests, really, before she won it, herself. The first time, she recited two verses of "You Are Old, Father William." When director Norman McLeod—who has had a ten-year ambition to make this picture—saw this first brief test, he called her back for a lengthier one. This time she was asked to enact the scene between *Alice* and the Caterpillar. That decided matters.

She's "On Her Own" at Studio

SHE told me, softly, that her mother, who was once an actress, herself, brought her to the studio in the morning and called for her at night, but wouldn't come onto the set because she didn't want to be "one of those studio mothers."

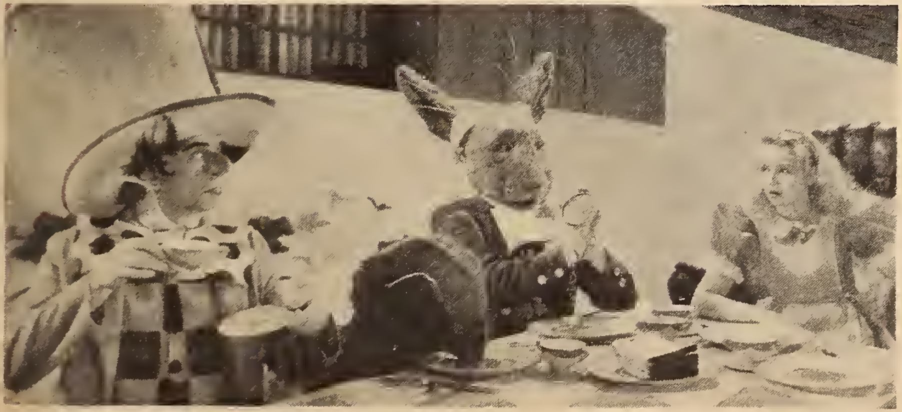
Charlotte said, "I've been to the Cocoanut Grove just once. We had friends from the East who wanted to see some movie stars, so Mother and I took them there. I'd *much* rather stay at home with a good book."

The book, she admitted, was not "Alice in Wonderland," though she had read it once "quite a long while ago," when she was sick with chicken pox. She likes history and biography, and she likes to read the encyclopedia and look up things she doesn't know.

"If you're giving me an act," I told her, "you're doing it well."

"Oh," said Charlotte Henry, softly, "I'm not a good enough actress for *that*."

Is this tiny, self-contained girl deliberately—or just naturally—keeping everyone guessing? Can any normal modern girl of nineteen (or even seventeen) really talk and think in sentences that would make the most shameless press-agent blush? If so, they have discovered something more remarkable than an *Alice* whom an artist drew feature for feature, to the very life, fifty years before she was born. They have discovered the last and only surviving specimen of nineteen-year-old alive who doesn't use powder or rouge, has never been out with a boy-friend, and spends her evenings reading a good book!



The big scene in "Alice in Wonderland" is the Mad Tea Party. Here you see *The Mad Hatter* (Edward Everett Horton) and *The Dormouse* (Jackie Searl) enjoying the repast, while *The March Hare* (Charlie Ruggles) shows *Alice* (Charlotte Henry) the watch that tells the year

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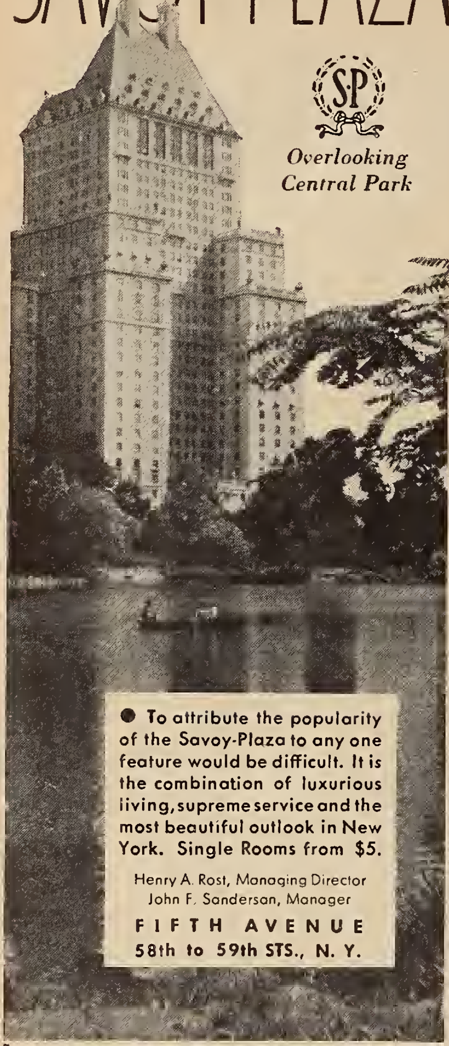

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Divorce? Well, Cantor Is Getting Desperate!

(*Continued from page 46*)

and Edna, and no hard feelings, darling.'

"'How,' she asked, 'about the baby—how about Janet?'

"'We'll roll for Janet,' I answered, 'and I hope you're lucky.'

"'Now, Ida,' I went on, 'I want to be fair about this, so I'm going to let you get the divorce. I'm going to be generous with you, too. I'm going to give you all my old jokes.'

"'All your *old* jokes?' Ida chirped. 'That means *all* your jokes.'

He's Keeping Only One Thing

"'NEVER mind,' I snapped. 'I *thought* you'd take advantage of me. But I'm going to be big-hearted with you. I'm going to give you my favorable press notices, too.'

"'*Both* of them?' Ida flipped.

"Ignoring her, I went on, 'And all I'm going to keep is an autographed photo of Rubinoff. Even you, Ida, wouldn't take that as a gift.

"'I'm going to miss you, Ida,' I continued. 'I'm going to miss your noodle soup. You know I went off my . . . '

"'You went off your noodle about my noodle soup,' Ida whipped out, 'and if I hear another gag like that, I'll yank the 'phone off the wall.'

"'It's a good gag,' I protested. 'Not bad at all. You say, "Are you going to miss my noodle soup?" And I come back with, "You know I went off my noodle about your noodle soup, Ida." Not bad at all. I sort of like it.'

"'You always *have* liked it,' Ida snapped. 'You like the gag better than the soup.'

"'Well,' I huffed, 'I didn't have to taste the gag. But Ida, my dear, let's stop fighting and get on with the divorce. I want to be fair with you, Ida, because you've been a good wife to me for—for how many years?'

"'I've been a good wife to you for over thirty thousand bum jokes. Oh, longer than that. Thirty thousand is just one season with Cantor.'

"'Let it go,' I answered weakly. 'Let it go, and let's get on with the details. Now, I've figured it all out. We're both going to use the same lawyer to save expenses. But you've got to have a co-respondent. Who's going to be the third point in the triangle?'

The Co-Respondent She'd Name

"'I'LL say the co-respondent was a batch of joke-books,' Ida answered. 'I'll just say I lost a big joke to a joke-book. I'll simply relate some of the puns and gags you always get off when company arrives. Any judge in the country will understand and grant me my decree. I'll get my divorce, all right. Don't worry.'

"'Okay,' I answered. 'But I haven't any money to leave you. My entire savings are tied up in funny sayings. Not bad, eh? My entire savings are tied up in funny sayings. That's got possibilities. I'll work on it later.'

"'Work on it,' Ida put in, 'and then throw it out the window.'

"'Now, Ida,' I went on, 'I don't want you to feel too badly about this divorce. As a matter of fact, if the papers don't play me up the way I want, I'll call the whole thing off and we'll stay married.'

"'What,' Ida asked listlessly, 'do you want the papers to do—get out an extra?'

"'Well,' I answered, 'they don't exactly have to get out an extra, but they've got to put the story on the first page. And it's got to appear on a Monday, when everybody reads the paper. And they can't have any stories about the Lindberghs, President Roosevelt, the NRA, the Cuban trouble or repeal on the same page. The big story on that page has got to be about Cantor. And if my photograph doesn't reproduce the way it should, the deal's off. I want a good likeness. And I want it to be a profile, too.'

And here's the proof that Ida and Eddie are still happily married and the only stage and screen couple who can boast five (count 'em) daughters

"'Any way they look at you, it'll be a profile,' Ida came back. 'And anyway, Eddie, you don't want a good likeness. Give the papers something they can use.'

Might Write Story, Himself

"I IGNORED her and continued, 'And I want to read proof on the newspaper story before they print it. They've got to mention my career, and the big things that are in store for me, and how I've worked and slaved and was on the point of giving up, when reluctant fortune at last came my way and . . . '

"'Are you going to write the story?' Ida asked.

"'Well, if they ask me to,' I admitted, modestly.

"'Impossible,' Ida came back. 'There aren't enough "I's" on a linotype machine for you.'"

"Now, listen, Mr. Cantor," I managed at this point. "You aren't really serious about this, are you? You wouldn't divorce poor Ida, would you?"

"Sure, I'm serious," Eddie snapped. "Sure, I'd divorce Ida. I'm going to put on a divorce that will have class. Something different. And the space I get in the papers will make Bill's and Carole's look like a footnote in a stamp album. I want the best divorce that Ida's money can buy. I may get Sid Grauman to handle the prologue. Then maybe editors will know I'm news and put me up on page one where I belong after this."

That was several days ago. Since then Eddie has had a ton of publicity about his "Roman Scandals" and he's happy. Ida and Eddie are still married and will continue to be for thousands and thousands of more jokes. The five daughters are still intact and by this time are with Ida and Eddie on that long-prolonged jaunt to England.

But the publicity department had better be good to Eddie, because he has found a way to land in print, if they don't put him there first.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 33*)

the only one who had mentioned all eight men, and she was sure that Bette was holding her repertorial abilities up to ridicule.

THE irony of Fate was never more impressed upon us than last month when MOVIE CLASSIC published an interview with The Queen of the Night Clubs, under the title, "Texas Guinan Says Hollywood is Dead!" And three days before the issue could reach the newsstands, Texas, herself, was dead—in Vancouver, following an operation. But that interview was peculiarly fitting. It revealed her mordant wit, her shrewd appraisals of human nature, her love of laughter and gaiety—and that's how Texas would have wanted to be remembered.

Plenty of people probably have been and will be attracted to "Broadway Through a Keyhole" just to see what she was like in her last picture. Few of them will remember her first pictures—in which she was "The Female Two-Gun Bill Hart." But the movies never revealed the real Guinan. Even in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," which does show the night-club Guinan, her resort looks as big as Grand Central Station; in reality, her clubs were small and intimate, where she could get chummy with the customers, who were willing to pay plenty to have her show them how to forget themselves. And even at the end, that mordant wit flashed forth. She wanted to be taken back to Broadway to lie in state, so that, "for once," the Broadway crowds could get in to see her "without paying a cover charge."

ALSO, this past month, Hollywood has worn mourning for Hugh Trevor, dead at thirty, following an operation for acute appendicitis. It shakes Hollywood when they go that young . . . Two stars who recently faced the same tragic threat, but underwent operations in time, are Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who, by a striking coincidence, are about to co-star in Columbia's "Night Bus."

Irene Biller, Hungarian musical comedy star, was the toast of Budapest—but Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas persuaded her to come to Hollywood, which is constantly searching for talented foreign personalities. And Hollywood has used her in only one picture to date—"The Man Who Dared"!

DID Hollywood celebrate Election Night? Did it! Every night club in town was jammed to the doors—and each new batch of returns from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Utah, sounding the knell of Prohibition, was greeted with cheers, not to mention toasts. But over in one corner of one joy spot, one group was crying over its highballs. The incentive was all gone out of quaffing now; it wasn't against the law any longer.

WITH "Dancing Lady" finally finished after four hectic months, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone rushed off to New York for a vacation. But rumors of an elopement were premature, to say the least; the gossips forget that Joan's divorce won't be final for some months yet . . . Their first night in the Big Town, they attended "Men in White," the hospital hit, put on by Franchot's old buddies of the Group Theatre. He said he was homesick for them . . . Wonder if they got around to seeing the sell-out revue, "As Thousands Cheer," in which Marilyn Miller and Clifton Webb satirize Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., bickering about a divorce—and especially about which should have the more publicity?

BUT Joan and Franchot didn't get away from Hollywood by going to New York, for most of the plays now running—and the Broadway stage is making a big comeback this season—boast names associated with the movies. Alexander Kirkland, for instance, is in "Men in White"; Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond are in "The Green Bay Tree"; Lois Moran is in "Let 'Em Eat Cake"; Jean Arthur is in "The Curtain Rises"; Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews and Frances Fuller are in "Her Master's Voice"; Helen Hayes is in "Mary of Scotland"; and Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn are rehearsing new plays.

THE picture player who has been tempted farthest from Hollywood by a stage offer, however, is Harpo Marx—who is headed for Moscow, to play a month at the Moscow Art Theatre, showing the Russians his celebrated pantomime. And Harpo is a bit awed by the prospect, for he is scheduled to be on the stage alone, with no blondes on his side of the footlights. On his way, he is making a sentimental pilgrimage to the little fishing village of Etretat, France, near Le Havre, to hear "The greatest harp player in the world." Harpo, the Silent, talked long enough to a *New York Times* reporter before his departure to explain:

"She's an old woman who lives alone in an attic and is hard of hearing. I first heard her two years ago when I was in Paris, and I went down to see her. It was like trying to get an appointment with the Pope. It took me three days to get a reservation to see her. She shrieked from the top of the stairs, 'Come on up!' I climbed up there and she said it would cost me fifteen dollars an hour to listen to her. Well, I thought that

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There were great doings in Hollywood recently, when M-G-M threw a huge birthday party for Marie Dressler as she became sixty-two years young. Helping Marie celebrate the festivities were Governor James Rolph, of California, Louis B. Mayer and millions of fans who listened in on the broadcast

I might as well stay for an hour, having come that far. I stayed in town five days . . . Harp players from all over the world come to hear her. Once a season she gives a concert in Paris and then goes back home. The old lady gets up at six every morning, goes to mass, has breakfast and spends all day with her harp."

MARIE DRESSLER, Charlie Chaplin and other stars have done their share toward helping the Unemployment Relief and Buy Now campaigns, with national broadcasts. But what star has aided recovery like Mae West? The farmers are selling more products to grocers, bakers and butchers, who in turn are selling more to the rest of us, because Mae has broken down the ban on curves and has put diets in the discard. Cloth manufacturers are selling more cloth. Girls are going for jewelry again—imitation preferred. Corsets are seeing a new vogue. Think of the industries that Mae has helped! If Governor Laffoon of Kentucky made her a Colonel, General Hugh S. Johnson of the NRA ought to make her a Brigadier-General! Mae, by the way, has finally agreed to go on the air, for something like $6,000 a week. And the radio has more censors than the movies!

YOU hear the carping critics insistently saying that every Hollywood studio copies every other studio. Which may be true, in a sense. But it so happens that this past year every single studio has started something; there isn't a single studio that can be accused of just sitting back and waiting to imitate the others.

Fox launched a cycle of great screen sagas with "Cavalcade," found a potent new way to tell a story in "The Power and the Glory," and took America back to the soil with "State Fair."

Warners brought music back to the screen in a bigger and better way with "42nd Street" and "Gold-Diggers of 1933."

RKO flashed something ingenious and brand-new in "King Kong" and proved with "Little Women" that the sentimental 'Sixties have great picture possibilities.

You don't have to be reminded about what Paramount started with "She Done Him Wrong." And now they're launching a cycle of fantasies with "Alice in Wonderland."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer revealed something new in prize-fight pictures in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." and something new and honest in faraway adventure pictures in "Eskimo."

Universal topped even its own previous horror tales with "The Invisible Man"—giving terror talkies a new boom.

Columbia have brought down-to-earth great romance to the talkies in "A Man's Castle."

And United Artists started a portrait-of-royalty cycle with the devastating "Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth."

IN fact, the screen is getting all cluttered up with royalty. Marlene Dietrich is making "Catherine, the Great," and over in England Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has just played *Czar Peter, the 3rd* in an English film about the selfsame Catherine, the Great. Edward G. Robinson is about to portray The Little Corporal in "Napoleon: His Life and Loves." And Bonaparte is also scheduled to appear in "The House of Rothschild," starring George Arliss. It looks as if we're in for a season of making comparisons.

AND 1934 promises some more pictures that will be worth seeing. Will Rogers' generation is going to await him impatiently in "David Harum." And Helen Hayes, who delighted in light comedy on the stage, will be happy on the screen in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Eugene O'Neill's new play—a comedy, strangely enough—is coming. "Ah, Wilderness" is its title and George M. Cohan its Broadway star; if the terms suit him, he might be tempted out to the hinterland of Hollywood again. "The Prisoner of Zenda" is in the offing again—and this time it will have music. "The Merry Widow" is about to be filmed again, too—with either Maurice Chevalier or John Gilbert (who does swell work, they say, opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina"). "Show Boat" is about to be remade—probably with Irene Dunne singing her original stage rôle. Somerset Maugham's great novel, "Of Human Bondage," is awaiting Leslie Howard. And either he or Paul Muni will make "Anthony Adverse." Another recent best-seller that is even now being filmed is "As the Earth Turns," which gives two virtual unknowns—Jean Muir and Donald Woods—a great chance. "The Good Earth" is about to be started—in China, with a Chinese cast. There is a hint that Katharine Cornell will finally heed those movie offers next summer and make the long-awaited "Barretts of Wimpole Street." Lilian Harvey is to make "Music in the Air"—in French and German, as well as English. And Margaret Sullavan's second picture will be "Little Man, What Now?" from the sensitive novel of the same name.

IF Katharine Cornell does end her long hold-out, which has been prompted by her unswerving devotion to the stage, it will be almost as big news as the fact that George Bernard Shaw has finally sold one of his plays to Hollywood, which, he once said, would not be equal to filming them for twenty years yet. The play in question is "The Devil's Disciple"; it is about the American Revolution; and it will star John Barrymore.

THE Great Lovers of the screen to-day are doing something that their predecessors never thought of doing and never dared to do. They are sharing honors in pictures with other prepossessing heroes, they are even appearing with their "most dangerous" rivals. Thus, you have the spectacle of Clark Gable and Franchot Tone *both* in "The Dancing Lady," both making love to Joan Crawford. And in "The Trumpet Blows," you will see not only George Raft, but Jack La Rue. And in "All of Me," you will have a chance to choose between the technique of Raft and Fredric March, while in "Design for Living," you can choose between March and Gary Cooper. The top-notch sirens don't face any cameras together, however. And can't you imagine the box-office stampede there would be if Paramount should co-star Mae West and Marlene Dietrich, or M-G-M should co-star Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford, or RKO should co-star Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett?

LUPE VELEZ might be another good one to team up with Jean Harlow. If all the reports are true—and they're all in, except the one from the 19th Precinct—Johnny Weissmuller turned down a rôle opposite The Blonde Bombshell, because his Missus (sounds funny to call Lupe that, doesn't it?) strenuously objected. Well, it's probably a good sign if Lupe really is that jealous.

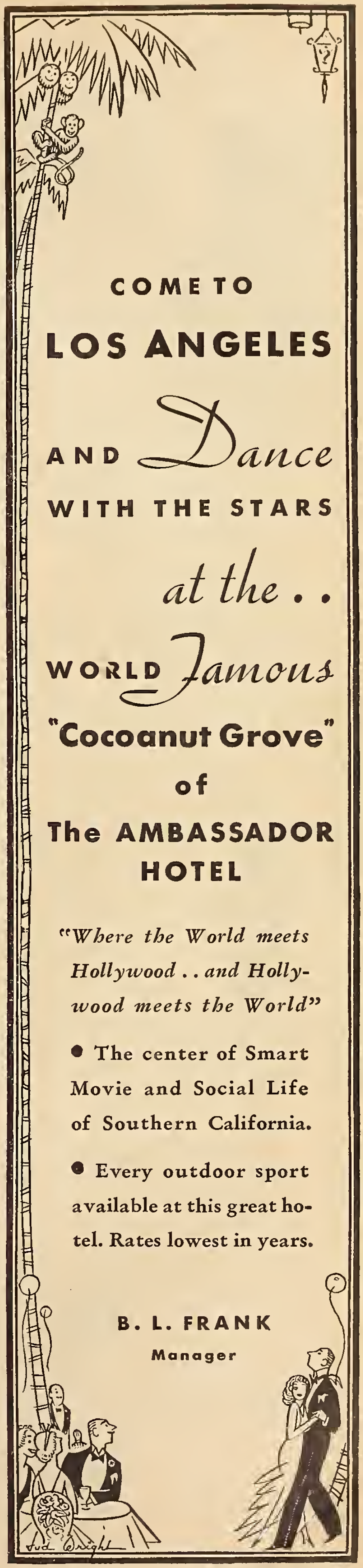
LUPE, by the way, is about to play an Indian squaw again—opposite Ramon Novarro in "Laughing Boy." And Lupe proved that she knows how in "The Squaw Man." If Ramon, also a Mexican, can be as convincing a young Indian brave, it should be a love story to remember. But they aren't the first Indians of the new season. Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak are, in "Massacre." Still another chance for you to make some comparisons!

WHAT with the persistent rumors from abroad that not only Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., but young Doug contemplated seeking British citizenship, their American press-agents are dripping cold beads of perspiration—and sending out frantic denials of any such contemplations.

And Hollywood wouldn't be a bit surprised if Doug *should* suddenly return—in time for Christmas at Pickfair. He always gets homesick at Christmastime and has proved it twice, rushing half-way around the world to light the Yule log in the Beverly Hills manse. He and Mary Pickford own so much property jointly that it's difficult to see how they can help getting together sometime—and once they *are* together, there might very likely be a reconciliation!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, always a bit of a mystery to Hollywood, is becoming THE mystery man of Movietown. *Is* he married to Paulette Goddard, as rumored? *Was* he kidnaped last August, and held for

When you see Ramon Novarro in "The Cat and the Fiddle," you'll hear him burst into song. The ladies of the ensemble certainly go for his voice in a big way when he entertains them 'tween scenes. Better watch your step, Bing!



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$20,000 ransom, as also rumored? He has denied both reports. But there is now a new Chaplin mystery; What is his new picture, in which Paulette plays his leading lady, going to be about? Will he keep or abandon his famous mustache, clothes and shuffle? Will it be silent or a talkie? Charlie isn't telling. Orders of strict secrecy have gone out from headquarters. And does he know how to whet public curiosity!

SPEAKING of kidnaping, Hollywood is now doing that very thing—with commendable boldness. Once it mentioned the subject only in whispers, with shudders. But "The Mad Game" fired a broadside in the general direction of the snatch-racketeers, and now it looks as if other studios are going to join in the cannonading. Dorothea Wieck's second American picture bears a title that hints as much: "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." Exposing the liquor racketeers helped to get rid of Prohibition and bootleggers. The surviving racketeers now seem to be taking to kidnaping. Let the movies educate the public about how to combat them—and something will be done to exterminate their new racket, too.

GRACE MOORE came back to town to sing in "I Pagliacci," remained for a visit with friends, and has signed to make one picture for Columbia. Lawrence Tibbett also returned to sing in the opera of "The Emperor Jones"; he couldn't stay, because of concert engagements—but in the Spring, he'll be listening to movie offers, too. And Lily Pons, the French operatic soprano, has been visiting hereabouts—which means that she is being talkie-tempted. If all three sign, you're in for some real singing. And it so happens that all three also know how to act.

WISECRACKERS have remarked that Jimmy Durante has a copyright on his Schnozzle. And that, it turns out, is no joke. By applying to the U. S. Patent Office he has had himself protected against unauthorized use of his "schnozzle" (and that's a word that Jimmy, himself, invented) on jig-saw puzzles and other games. And he has copyright petitions pending in regard to clothing, foods, jewelry . . . Jimmy isn't "mortified" by his outstanding proboscis; he has made it an asset. And there, for those who want to take it, is a little moral for you and you and you, if you have some physical feature that has saddled you with self-consciousness . . . .

EXPENSIVE though beauty and talent contests are—considering the small proportion of winners that get anywhere on the screen—Hollywood is continuing to sponsor several. But Columbia gave up the attempt to find an "unknown blonde" to star in "Let's Fall in Love," their ambitious musical, and signed Harriette Lake. They *knew* she could play the rôle; there wouldn't be any guesswork. And who is Harriette Lake? Those with good memories, who remember that early epidemic of musical talkies, will remember that Harriette was among those present. When the epidemic died out, she went to Broadway and made a name for herself. It was there that she was re-discovered. Now she is returning in triumph.

WITH agitation rampant for reduction of their princely salaries, stars are trying to think up reasons why they should be maintained. The best argument we have heard to date is that of George Arliss: "I don't see how the government can control star salaries. This, to my mind, is only possible if the government eliminates competition and controls all the motion picture producing companies." (And *that's* an idea, George!) "Star salaries should be increased, because through the medium of

Against the picturesque wintry background of Switzerland's St. Moritz, you'll find Lilian Harvey making merry in "I Am Suzanne." She is assisted by not only Gene Raymond, but a bevy of girls who know their sleds and skates. Sliding along gracefully is Betty Bryson, with Bianca Vischer tugging the rope motion pictures a star reaches a great field of appeal, and having once produced a picture, is immediately relieved of participating in its financial success. However, on the stage a star's salary continues as long as the show lasts and his appeal cannot be compared to that of the picture star."

But his appeal apparently can—for practically all of the big sensations of the screen to-day (including Arliss, himself) won their first fame on the stage and have displaced most of the stars who were strictly of the screen.

AND who are the screen favorites of America for 1933? The *Hollywood Reporter*, a trade journal, asked exhibitors all over the country that question and their answers testified that the five women stars who are first in the hearts of their countrymen (judging by box-office receipts) are: Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor and Mae West. The five leading men stars are: Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers and Fredric March. The second five among the women stars are Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding and Helen Hayes; among the men, George Arliss, Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, James Cagney and Robert Montgomery. Garbo's name, many will note, is not on the list—but don't forget that Greta has been on a year's vacation. The big surprise (or isn't it a surprise?) is the fact that Mae West is already among the first five and making a strong bid for the very first position. No other star in screen history has ever won a nation-wide audience that fast!

NO one is accusing **Joan Blondell** of a publicity stunt in petitioning her employers to change her name to Joan Barnes—which is her married name. Joan apparently was sincere in requesting the change. But a trade paper advances some publicity ideas built around the incident. It suggests that when one of Joan's pictures comes along, exhibitors advertise her as "JOAN Blondell? Barnes?", inviting patrons to attend the picture to see which name they would prefer, and taking an audience poll (which would be forwarded to her). Also, it suggests that there is a possibility of a news story in the fact that Harry Bannister and Ann Harding were divorced for the avowed reason that he was being called "Mr. Harding"—and Joan was out to safeguard *her* marriage. Such is life in the show business!

IF **Busby Berkeley** and **Merna Kennedy** go through with announced plans (and haven't eloped already), their friends will be wishing them Marry—instead of Merry—Christmas. The famous dance director, who's building a bridal cottage on Lookout Mountain, says "Nobody ever understood me before." Another couple who are on the verge of a walk to the altar are Tom Brown and Anita Louise—Hollywood's most glittering example of Young Love. And Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner (the boss's daughter) are scheduled to start a honeymoon immediately after January 3.

WITH **Mae West, Katharine Hepburn,** Margaret Sullavan and Max Adelbert Baer receiving the plaudits of the crowd, who will be the next sensation of the screen? Hollywood is getting careful about making predictions—for few expected these four to be the sensations that they are. But Eddie Cantor boldly states his opinion that the next one will be Anna Sten, Samuel Goldwyn's Russian discovery, who has just finished "Nana."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and **Norman** Foster aren't the only Hollywood couple who have discovered that the way to stay happily married with two careers in the family is to have two separate homes. Gloria Stuart and her sculptor-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, tried the experiment for three months and liked it so well that they are continuing it indefinitely. Norman has dinner with Claudette practically every evening when both are in Hollywood; and Gordon spends his evenings over at Gloria's apartment. So they still see each other almost as often as suburban wives and commuting husbands do!

DID you notice that spiritual, languishing look that Frances Dee cast across George Bancroft's shoulder at the party in "Blood Money"? That wasn't just acting! Joel McCrea was standing right behind the camera. He haunted the studio while the picture was being made, pleading with Frances to set the date. And you and you and you can see how thrilled Frances was!

When the Hollywood edict went forth—"let there be curves!"—the call was answered by Lya Lys (no relation to Fleur de Lys) and she displays 'em in "Jimmy and Sally," the newest picture to present your old pal, Jimmy Dunn. By the way, his love interest this time is Claire Trevor

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Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard or stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse re-growth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

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For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

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Your Name..

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Druggist's Name..

Address...

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INSTRUCTIONS

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Enlarge your bust; mould your form to shapely beauty; restore sagging tissues to firm, rounded contours. It is so easy with my famous Nancy Lee treatment.

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Let me PROVE to you that you, too, can fill out your bust to firm, shapely contours. Try my simple, harmless treatment for yourself under my Money-Back Guarantee.

- FREE -

"A Beautiful Form"

My illustrated book is yours free. Bargain Offer Now! Send only $1.00 for the Nancy Lee treatment including instructions and large container of Miracle Cream, with Free Book—all in plain wrapper. Send name, address and $1.00 TODAY. Money back if not satisfied.

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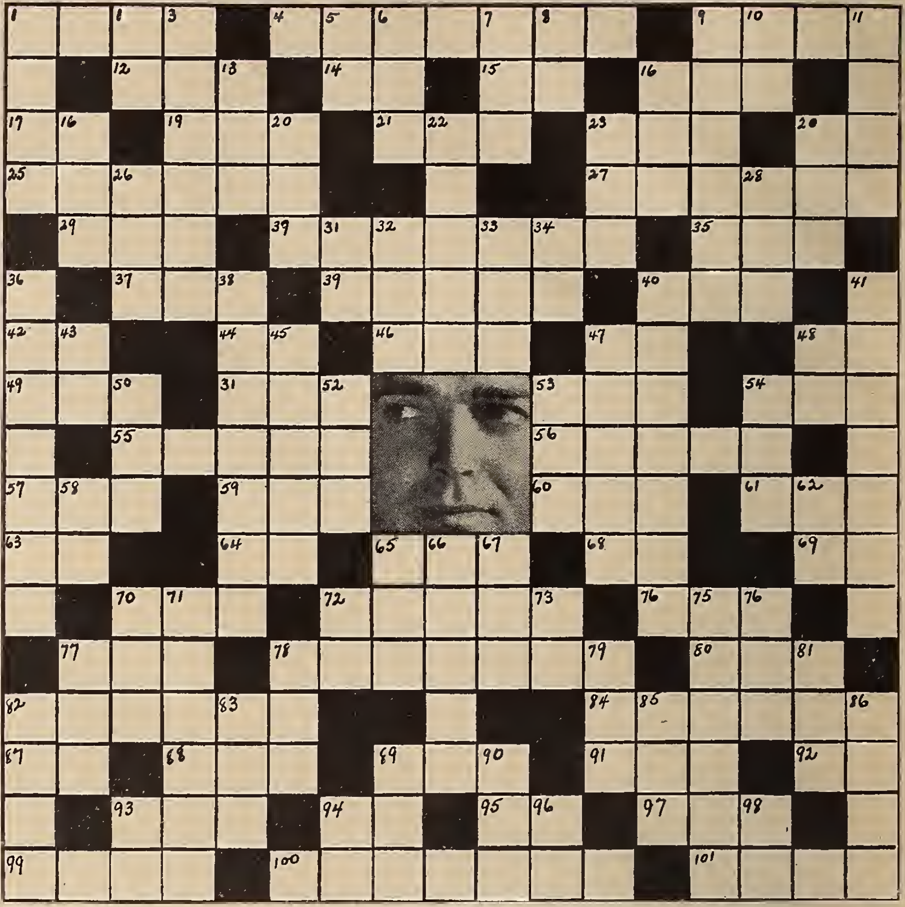
**DORIS KENT, Dept. K-1
80 East 11th Street,
New York, N. Y.**

For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



HORIZONTAL

1. Exclamation
4. A famous screen family
9. *Dracula*
12. Where movies are made
14. The (Fr.)
15. First syllable of Cantor's new picture
16. Territory (abbr.)
17. And (Fr.)
19. Move slowly
21. Day (Latin)
23. Last syllable of Genevieve's last name
24. Three-toed sloth
25. *Jennie Gerhardt*
27. She was in "I Loved You Wednesday"
29. Wild or tipsy (Scotch)
30. He was "The Man Who Dared"
35. Insider's advice
37. Editors (abbr.)
39. Small kits (Fr.)
40. What movie gangsters sometimes take
42. "——Husbands Go"
44. "——Who Gets Slapped"
46. Edge of garment
47. Clothes appeal (abbr.)
48. Baby word
49. Meadow
51. Printers' measures
53. First three letters of Maria's name
54. The first syllable of Fifi's last name
55. First name of star of this puzzle
56. Last name of star of this puzzle
57. Insect
59. First name of Director Del Ruth
60. Three-quarters of Linden's first name
61. First woman
63. Company (abbr.)
64. Initials of well-known juvenile actor
65. Hail
68. "Storm——Daybreak"
69. "The Devil's——Love"
70. Each of "Eight Girls in a Boat" has one
72. What Uncle Sam takes to Hollywood
74. Watering place
77. Deep hole
78. She's in "The Right to Romance"
80. Metal
82. He's in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
84. He was in "The Song of Songs"
87. Fourteenth letter of alphabet
88. Island (Fr.)
89. What Hollywood says movies are
91. "——Had to Say Yes"
92. Parent
93. Noah's boat
94. Prefix (two)
95. Each (abbr.)
97. An extension to a house
99. Joan Crawford's leading man
100. He was in "The Narrow Corner"
101. He was in "Dinner at Eight"

VERTICAL

1. She was in "Disgraced"
2. First name of famous blackface comedian
3. In the movies, murder mysteries always are——
5. Initials of red-headed English star
6. He's The Caterpillar in "Alice in Wonderland"
7. Period of time
8. Toward
9. She's in "The Worst Woman in Paris?"
10. Esther's initials
11. Tune
13. Taic
16. Until (abbr.)
18. God of war (Norse)
20. *Ruggles* came from a red one
22. To release a picture
23. He was in "I Cover the Waterfront"
24. What Cleopatra used to commit suicide
26. He was in "The Blonde Bombshell"
28. How to drink wine
31. Prefix—again
32. How a lisping heroine pronounces "S"
33. A screen cowboy who is Irish
34. Onslow's initials
36. He is making "Viva Villa"
38. Wife of Thalberg
40. They bring the Easter eggs
41. She wears the pants
43. Initials of young comedian who drawls
45. To enlist
47. They "Call Her Savage"
48. When two romancers go to Yuma, each says, "I——"
50. What you have to do to get a screen break
52. The real stars are here
53. Stars seldom reveal this
54. She was in "One Man's Journey"
58. What "yes-men" never say
62. Six (Roman)
65. Aaron (abbr.)
66. Director of "The Stranger's Return"
67. First name of founder of Yale
70. This is poured on troubled waters
71. Clothing
72. College degree (abbr.)
73. Stannum (abbr.)
75. *Philo Vance*
76. Abbreviation of state to which movie stars most often elope
77. What you do to a picture you don't like
78. Holy Roman Empire (init.)
79. What even a movie star's car needs
81. A tree
82. She made *Diamond Lil* famous
83. Antlered Animal
85. "——Way to Love"
86. Her first name is Lola
89. To be indisposed
90. Served at the party in "Alice in Wonderland"
93. Indefinite article
94. "——Mine Tonight"
96. Morning (abbr.)
98. Behold

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

		M	A	D	G	E		G		T	O	B	I	N		
	P	A	T	I	O		E	R	E		D	A	V	I	D	
J	O			X		B	E	E	R	Y		Y			U	R
E	D	E	N		P	E	L	T	A	S	T		M	U	N	I
A	S		E	A	R			A			E	T	A		N	O
N		E	I	L	E	R	S		P	A	C	E	R	S		T
	P	A	L	E	S		O	B	I		H	A	Y	E	S	
L	O	T			S	A				U	N			T	R	I
O			J	O	A	N				N	I	R	A			N
N	I	P			G	O				A	C			I	R	A
	F	A	R	C	E		E	A	U		I	R	E	N	E	
L		L	I	O	N	E	L		P	L	A	I	N	S		H
Y	E		T	O	T			G			N	B	C		N	O
O	N	C	E		S	T	R	A	N	O	S		E	V	T	L
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		I	D	E	A	S		O		C	O	L	I	N		

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!

She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY
TIFUL WOMEN

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women ★

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

TO BE A FOOTBALL REFEREE

(*Above*) **IF YOU WANT TO SEE** nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke *Camels*. I have tried them all—given *every* popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. *Camels* don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the longer I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their *mildness* and *rich flavor*."

☼ ☼ ☼

Many smokers have changed to Camels and found that they are no longer nervous... irritable... "jumpy." Switch to Camels yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that Camels do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

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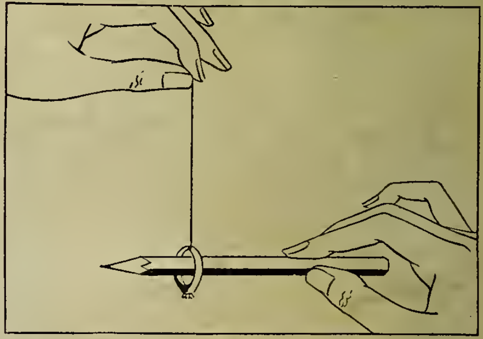
How are YOUR *nerves?*

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for *you* to make a full-arm swing downward and up... and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli, (Camel smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

—THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

MARCH

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In Canada
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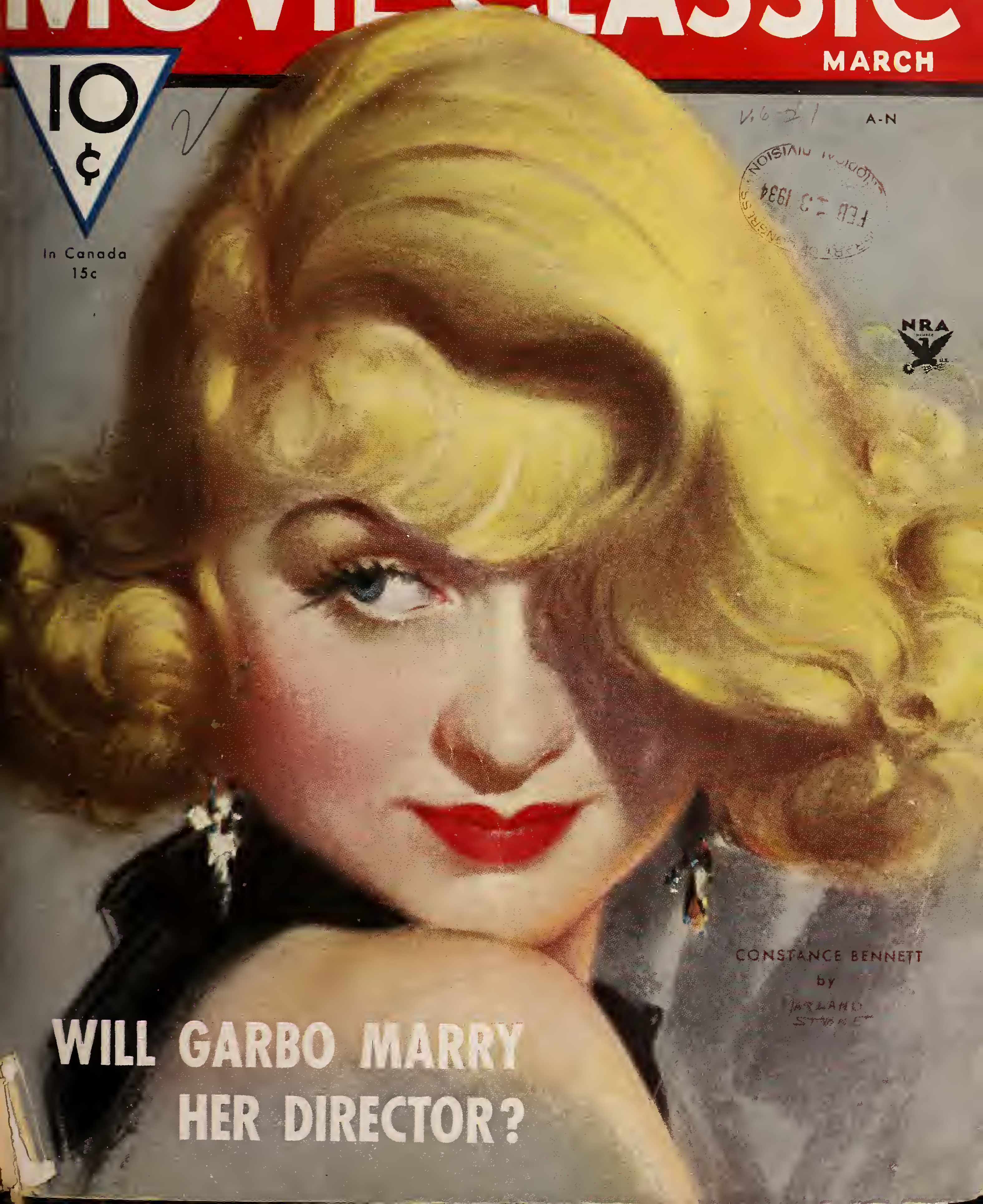


CONSTANCE BENNETT
by
MARLAND STONE

WILL GARBO MARRY HER DIRECTOR?

Day-Dreams come True for *Joan* · · with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

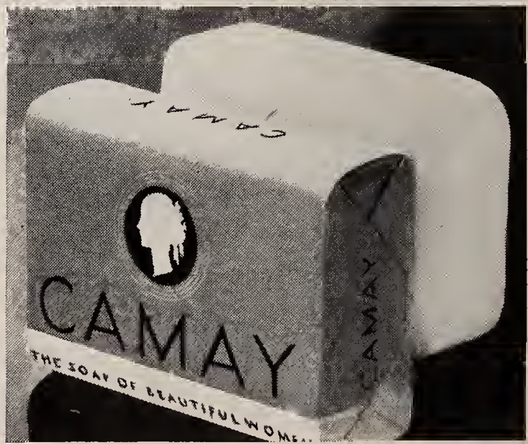
For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!

Don't let

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way. Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-34
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

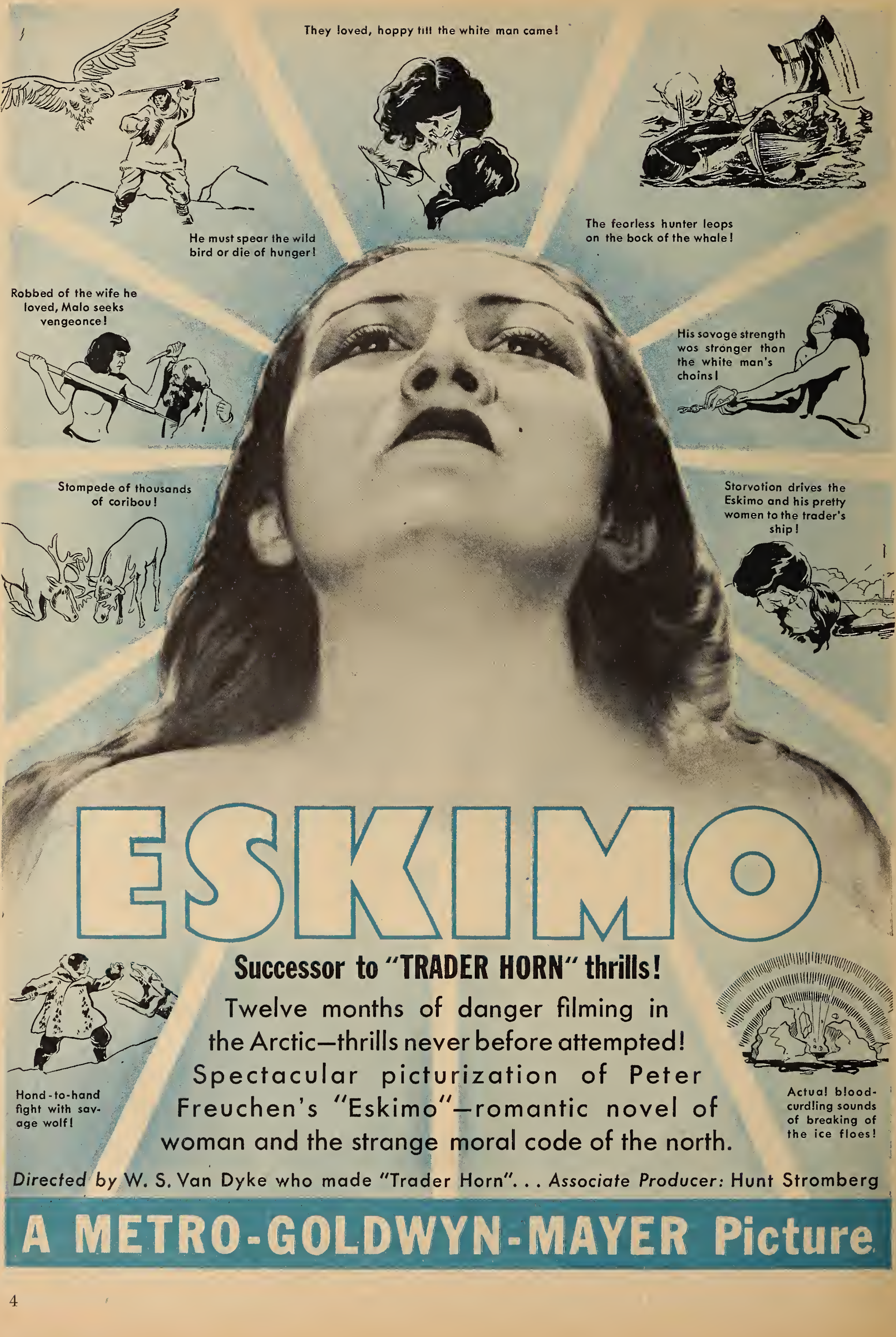
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

NRA MEMBER WE DO OUR PART

Name...

Street...

City..State.................



They loved, happy till the white man came!

He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!

The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!

His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!

Stampede of thousands of caribou!

Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!

ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!

Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... *Associate Producer:* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

FEB 15 1934
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MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 6 No. 1 MARCH, 1934

CAN CONNIE KEEP HER CROWN?

Constance Bennett, whose new pertness caught your eye on the cover, doesn't look a bit worried—but she's involved in one of those popularity battles that make Hollywood history. The feud is with Katharine Hepburn.

Connie reigned supreme as queen of RKO until Katharine appeared on the scene—and jarred the crown on the blonde Bennett head. Katharine hadn't planned to do it, of course—but when she did, it brought on the battle. Connie means to keep her crown and Katharine means to become a queen. RKO may have to declare them both queens! Anyway, Connie is branching out and being sensational in new ways. Did you see her dance, sing and play both a blonde and a brunette in "Moulin Rouge"? Now she's going to co-star with Fredric March in "The Firebrand"!

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COVER DRAWING OF CONSTANCE BENNETT BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor
STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor
HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

NO ROMANTIC RÔLES for DOROTHEA WIECK?

A Short, Short Story Of The Loverless Lady Of The Screen

By DOROTHY DONNELL

DOROTHEA WIECK, newest German star to follow the seductive Dietrich to Hollywood, is the first loverless beauty of the films. She is young (in her middle twenties), with patrician features and strong emotional capacity, yet her first three pictures shown on an American screen portray her as a woman without a man in her life.

In "Maedchen in Uniform" she played a repressed school-teacher with the strange power to arouse passionate devotion in the inexperienced hearts of her girl pupils. Her cryptic smile and smoldering eyes singled her out of the usual ranks of screen "discoveries" and put her in a class by herself.

The rather daring, one-sex plot of "Maedchen in Uniform" seemed to demand a follow-up film from Wieck in which she would enact, more or less, a similar portrayal. As the beautiful nun of "Cradle Song," she was again seen in a world composed solely of women, isolated behind high stone walls. The inward emotion of a passionate personality was lavished on the waif left in her charge.

That the studio was fully alive to the woman-appeal of their new star seems apparent from the posters which were distributed for "Cradle Song." One of them showed the actress as the nun with downcast eyes. "WHEN SHE LIFTS HER EYES," enormous letters proclaimed in effect, "TEN MILLION WOMEN WILL BE THRILLED."

Now in her latest picture, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," Dorothea Wieck plays a beautiful Hollywood movie star—a far cry, one would think, from a love-starved school-teacher and a cloistered nun! Yet, once again her screen love is turned upon—not a husband or a lover—but a baby son. There is no suggestion of romance in the whole picture except for one brief love scene.

And her attraction for the feminine is emphasized again in this picture. A desert woman is a thrilled spectator of the great *Miss Fane* at work on location and becomes her adoring fan, keeping a picture of her where she can gaze, worshipfully, at it in intervals of her drudgery—despite the jeers of her husband.

"I suppose, after 'Maedchen in Uniform' I shall be typed," the star remarked, resignedly, on her arrival. And typed she has been, a type completely at odds with her years in German plays and films. Seeking to brighten Dorothea's fragile beauty her first director at the German studio put a fluffy, blonde wig on her. Instantly, it transformed her into a sweetly romantic young woman, and, as such, she immediately won fame in pictures where her chief duty was to be wooed by heroes in uniform.

When "Maedchen In Uniform" was being cast, the director, a close friend of the Wiecks, chanced to call at their home. In a family album he saw a picture of a girl with dark, closely-cropped hair, and somewhat tragic features. He did not recognize her as the fluffy-haired heroine of a hundred German films, but he did recognize her as an entirely new personality perfectly suited for the intense, difficult rôle of the school-teacher. And so the career of "loverless rôles" began with the removal of the unsuitable wig.

And yet the change, giving a far greater opportunity for emotional acting, is just as misleading in identifying her real personality. Dorothea Wieck is not at all a woman's woman. She is the recent bride of a young German baron, Ernst von der Decken.

Yet the legend of mystery which her one-sided rôles have fostered, hangs around her in Hollywood. She is given, the studio admits, to moods, "as strange as the eyes that have brought her fame." She is, alternately, gay and sad, vivacious and quiet. She is—they whisper—unhappy in Hollywood. She is homesick for something. Perhaps it is for her husband, her native tongue, her old friends. Perhaps it is for the blonde wig—and gay romance.

They say that her next picture may have a love story. If it does her women-fan mail, now filled with such ardent letters, will be augmented by letters written in masculine hand, and she may become just another foreign temptress, photographed in passionate embraces, clasped to uniformed chests. A happier fate? Perhaps—and yet, as the loverless lady of the screen, Dorothea Wieck is unique and without a rival.

Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"*Please Keep Out of My Marriage,*" says GARY COOPER

And Other Hollywood Happenings

By JACK GRANT AND MARQUIS BUSBY

Acme

Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw—glimpsed at the recent ball of the Screen Actors' Guild—are serious about staying married. That's why they want everybody to "keep out" of their marriage. Sandra, a New York society girl who made good in films, is giving up her screen career to be plain Mrs. Cooper, housewife

GARY COOPER and Sandra Shaw came back from New York to find all Hollywood awaiting eagerly the "inside story" of their surprise marriage. Yet the newly-weds returned to town so quietly that they were here four days before Hollywood knew of their arrival.

"There is no 'inside story'," said Gary when we cornered him in his dressing-room. "Before I went to New York for a vacation, I slipped the engagement ring on Sandra's finger. We knew then that we wanted to marry, but we didn't know when the ceremony would take place.

"Sandra's parents live in New York and she came on to visit them while I was there. One evening I said that we might just as well get it over with. I didn't say it quite like that, of course, but it meant the same thing. The minister called next day and we were married in her apartment with only her relatives and my manager present.

"Funny thing, I wasn't even nervous in the traditional manner of bridegrooms. I have said 'I do' so often on the screen that I was familiar with the routine. I even got the ring out of my pocket on schedule. They tell me that is something to be proud of.

"There wasn't much time for a honeymoon. We decided upon Arizona, where Sandra's parents have wintered for the past few years. They took the train with us and we all came out together. Then Mother and Dad drove over from Hollywood to join us in Phoenix. Sandra and I drove back with them. That's how we got by the professional train-meeters," Gary smiled.

"I hope we can continue to stay out of the limelight. You see, I don't want my marriage to become *self-conscious.* I have seen too many marriages fail because people thought and talked too much about them.

"It's courting disaster to be labelled the happiest couple in Hollywood—or the happiest in Podunk, either. Hollywood takes the rap for the failure of a lot of marriages when Hollywood isn't really at fault. It's the system of labelling couples so that they become self-conscious. Then, first thing you know, they aren't happy any more. They have been trying so hard to live up to their label that it becomes an irksome task.

"All I ask is that we be let alone to work things out for ourselves. I want to avoid every interview I can that has to do with marriage. I don't want to have to offer reasons why we are happy. I just want the chance to continue to be happy without thinking or talking too much about it.

"Sandra has given up her career on the screen. She says she doesn't care about it any more. I am going on, of course. I have, in fact, some pretty ambitious plans for the next few years. As long as I am before the public, seeking its patronage, the public has a right to know about me.

"Perhaps it is not my privilege to ask favors, but I ask only one—please keep out of my marriage."

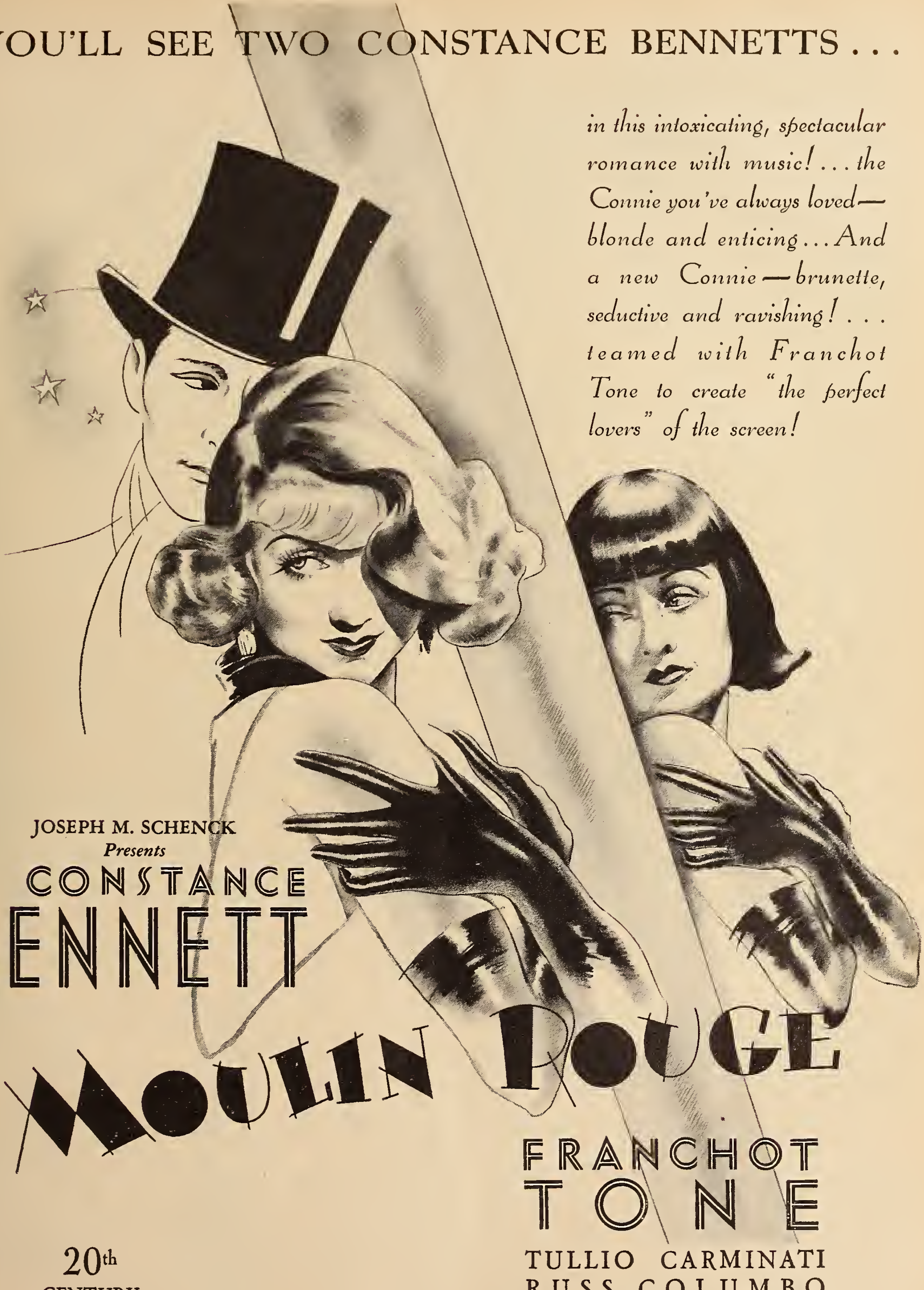
Now is as good a time as any to tell a swell story we heard recently about

(*Continued on page 10*)

Remember Charles Boyer (left)? The European star has come back to America for Fox

Meet Carl Brisson (right)—the latest foreign star to listen to the blandishments of Hollywood. Paramount expects him to be a new kind of lover

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS . . .



in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music! . . . the Connie you've always loved—blonde and enticing . . . And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing! . . . teamed with Franchot Tone to create "the perfect lovers" of the screen!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents
CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

FRANCHOT
TONE
TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS
Directed by Sidney Lanfield

20th
CENTURY
PICTURE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production . . . Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

QUICK SURE RELIEF

CORNS

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES

Easy Feet in ONE Minute!

How needless to suffer from these foot troubles when in *one minute* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you real comfort! These cushioned, soothing, healing, thin, protective pads stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters; relieve sore toes, chafed heels and irritated insteps; keep you rid of corns, and make new or tight shoes comfortable.

Remove Corns and Callouses

To quickly and safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box. Double value now at no extra cost! Sold by dealers everywhere.

Ask for the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore heels; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—guaranteed to give relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 56 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES

BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET. UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 668 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

3 Perfumes

(*Exquisite new odors*)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—*A single drop lasts a week!*

Send only 30¢

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER
194 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Hollywood Happenings

It's news when a film company stages a big musical without staging a beauty contest to get a chorus. But Fox didn't raise any hullabaloo in searching for girls for "George White's Scandals"—and yet look at the promising results that they got! A hundred girls were tested for every one selected

(*Continued from page 8*)

Gary Cooper. It has to do with a promise he made Sam Goldwyn.

Goldwyn, if you remember, gave Gary his first break, taking him out of the extra ranks to play a small rôle. So impressed was Goldwyn with the way young Cooper handled the assignment that he signed him to a long-term contract. Then came Gary's hit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and several other companies sought his services.

Gary approached Goldwyn to tell of the offers. He said that he thought Paramount could do a lot more for him and asked for his release from Goldwyn. Sam agreed that the young actor could probably get along faster with a company making more pictures and the contract was torn up.

"Let me know, Mr. Goldwyn, if you ever want me," said Gary gratefully. "I'll come back to see you when I'm free again."

That was many years ago. Gary Cooper, in the meanwhile, has become one of the movies' biggest box-office stars. His Paramount contract was to end with one more picture when he called on Goldwyn.

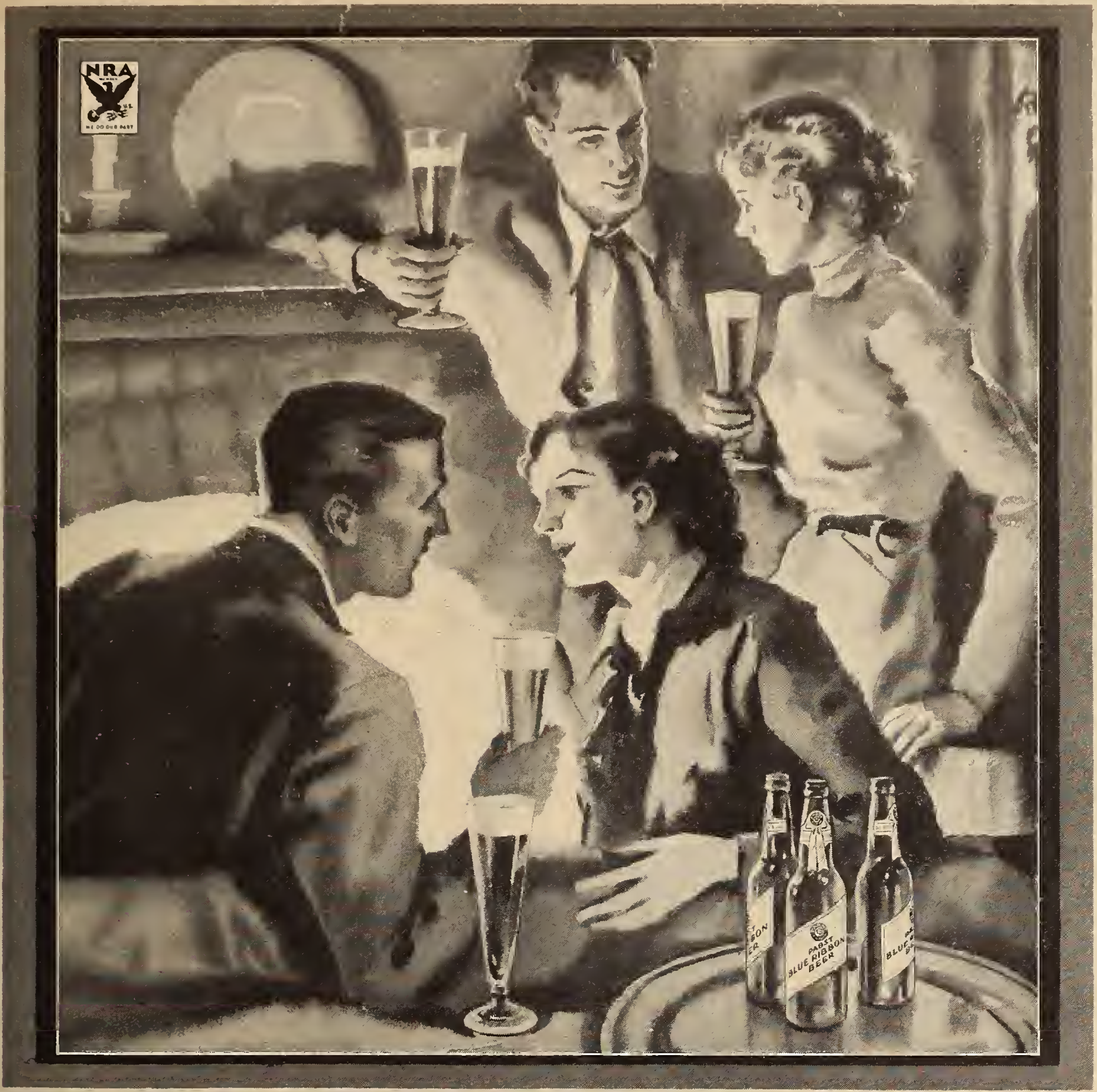
"I'm not signing with Paramount again," he announced. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

There was. Goldwyn, about to produce "Barbary Coast," was seeking a male lead. Gary would be an excellent choice for the part. They shook hands on the deal, that being enough assurance for both of them.

We like this story of a man who made a promise and *remembered* to keep his word. And it is Goldwyn, not Gary, who tells about it.

(*Continued on page 12*)

Doris Warner, daughter of producer Harry Warner, and director Mervyn Le Roy have just starred in a real-life wedding talkie. The whole ceremony was filmed!



GOOD BEER FOR GOOD FELLOWS

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

HOME from the ride to the cozy warmth of the cabin . . . a crackling log of flame and gold . . . good fellows . . . good beer . . . Pabst Blue Ribbon. Its full-bodied vigor and vibrant full strength are relished in town and country, wherever men and women work hard, play hard, and live life to the full. Blue Ribbon Beer responds to their most exacting demands. It will satisfy you too—completely.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. NBC Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

"DREADFUL HAGGARD LOOK"

"WHAT JONTEEL DID FOR ME"

"I couldn't BELIEVE just the wrong shade of powder made me LOOK SO OLD!"

"Instead of improving my appearance, my old face powder just made me look white and tired. Sometimes it seemed to sort of cake in the wrinkles and then I looked simply dreadful. And I always *appeared* so 'powdered'.

"It really seems to me that I look years and years younger since I started using Jonteel. Goodness knows, enough people tell me so! Jonteel lasts for hours, and I chose a shade that tones in with my skin perfectly and makes it look as clear and soft as a baby's. It veils all the ugly little lines and blemishes that I guess everybody has . . . and yet it is invisible, itself!"

You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores . . . without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder — two sizes, 25c and 50c . . . and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Hollywood Happenings

(Continued from page 10)

Gallant Gesture

THEY say the marriage of Sidney Fox and Charles Beahan was on the point of breaking up long before they came to Hollywood. If this is true, it makes all the more gallant their grand gesture in going through the marriage ceremony a second time on the occasion of their first wedding anniversary. They told the newspapers they planned to observe their anniversary in the same way every year.

Less than a month later, a separation and impending divorce were announced.

Where Was the Guest of Honor?

RONALD COLMAN, back from his lengthy European vacation to make a new "Bulldog Drummond" picture for 20th Century, was greeted by a hearty welcome home. Among the many hostesses who gave affairs in his honor was Betty Compson. Her cocktail party was attended by nearly all of Hollywood—except Colman. The guest of honor just failed to put in an appearance. Bill Powell, who was sent to fetch him, was another absentee. Bill, a bachelor again, is glad to have his bachelor pal back.

After trying for weeks, Ricardo Cortez finally got time off from pictures to be married—to the former Mrs. Christine Lee, of the Connecticut smart set

Girls who step out with Hal Le Roy (no relation to Mervyn Le Roy) have to step fast. He's the peppy youngster who's in a dancing class all by himself on Broadway. The movies have finally captured him for the title rôle of "Harold Teen," based on the collegiate comic strip

A and B and C

RUTH CHATTERTON, on her final picture under Warner contract, wanted to play a scene with her back to the camera. The script called for a large close-up. Patiently, Ruth explained her reason for wanting to turn her back and repeated it to several people before they saw her viewpoint and the change was authorized.

When things had quieted down again, Ruth uttered the *bon mot* of the month, "That's the trouble with pictures. You always have to spell."

Only yesterday, Margaret Sullavan left Hollywood for a long vacation. But she had to come back right away—the public insisted—to make "Little Man, What Now?" with Douglass Montgomery.

A Marx Has An Answer

SOMEONE was congratulating Zeppo Marx upon the success of the Marx Brothers in "Duck Soup."

"It's nothing," he replied. "Just a little thing we tossed off in six months."

Mae West's Strange Complex

AFTER a goodly amount of sleuthing, I have finally learned what Mae West does in her spare moments. She hasn't very much time to herself and one would imagine she would spend it shopping for feminine doodads. She doesn't. She goes house-hunting.

A home with a "To Let" sign on it is irresistible to Mae. Whenever she sees a vacant house, the car is stopped

(*Continued on page 73*)

Let's talk about Something Pleasant!

A delicious bit of chocolate, for instance. For it so happens that a delicious bit of chocolate is changing the ideas of millions about laxatives. And *you* ought to know it!

It's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative. It looks like chocolate and it tastes like chocolate, but through the pure, smooth chocolate is distributed uniformly a world-famous laxative ingredient that is perfectly tasteless. All you taste is chocolate. But no nasty-tasting, harsh violent purgative was ever more effective!

It makes no difference whether one is six or sixty—Ex-Lax is effective. Everybody loves chocolate—so every age likes Ex-Lax.

Why, then, clutter a medicine cabinet with a whole row of laxatives when one tiny tin of Ex-Lax will serve the entire family? And serve them *better!*

Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! For you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective—but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

Twenty eight years ago Ex-Lax was just an idea—today it's America's leading laxative. That tells you how the nation has swung to "the pleasant side."

So next time when you "need something" get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take—and how much better you feel afterwards.

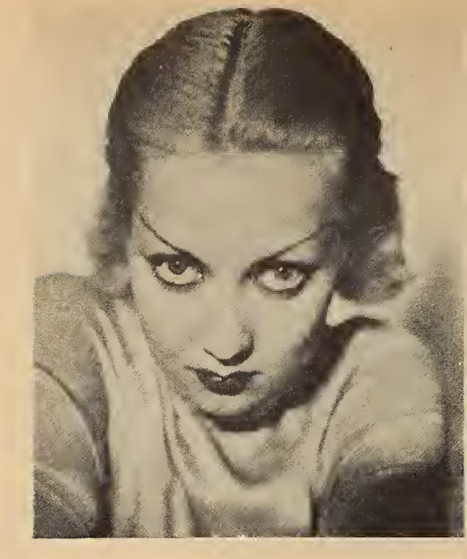
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

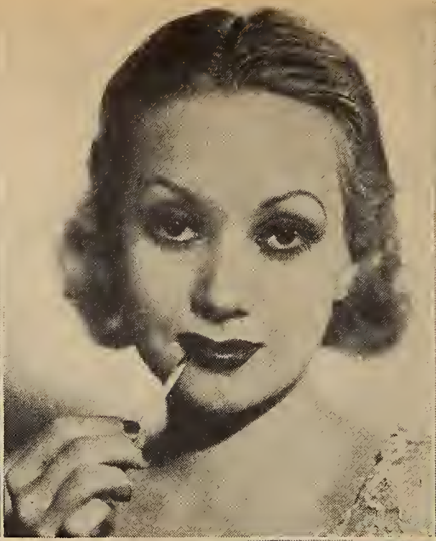
At all druggists. 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

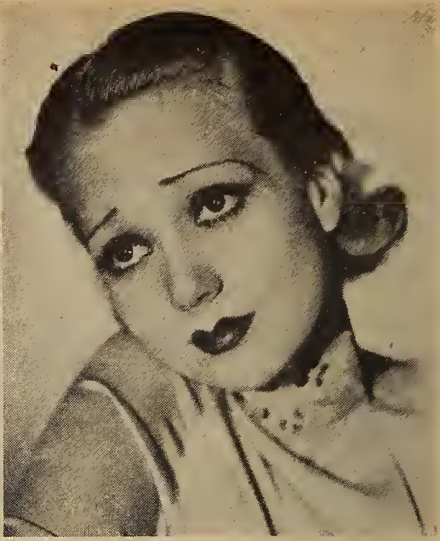
Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

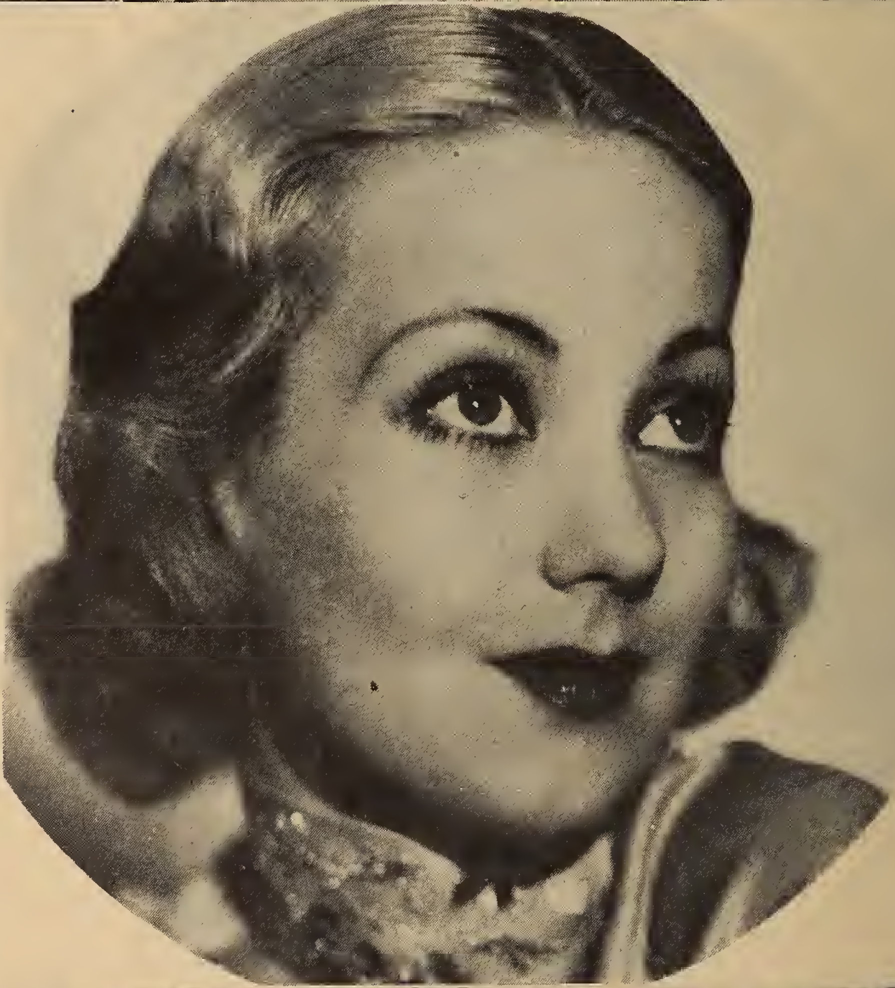


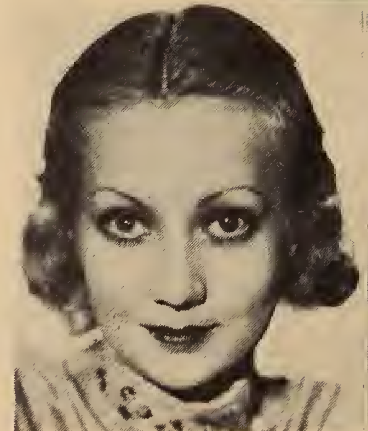


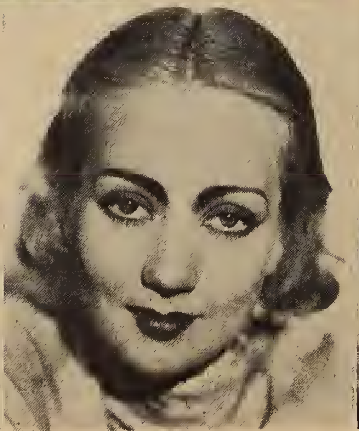


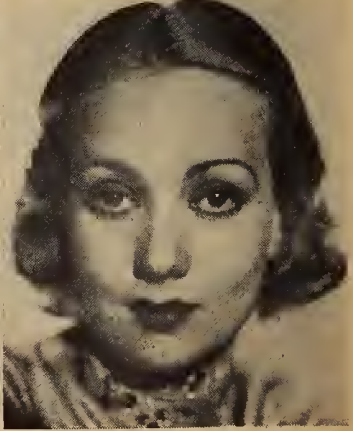
Beauty Tips for Eyebrows and Lips

Try these tricks, then decide how you want to wear your eyebrows and lip rouge. Experiment before plucking your brows; pencil on different shapes as Ann Sothern has. When you decide which fits your face best, pluck your brows. Experiment with your lips by applying lip rouge to discover the best shape. Top left, the exotic Chinese eyebrow, thin upper lip and full lower; top center, extremely curved brows, heavy upper and lower lips; top right, almost straight brow and rosebud-like lips. Lower left, thin eyebrows and thin lips; lower center, heavy, close-together brows —to be avoided; lower right, an almost natural eyebrow with a downward sweep at ends and lips not too thin or too thick. In circle, Ann, the star of Columbia's "Let's Fall in Love," with eyebrows and lips made up by closely following her own natural lines, as they are the most becoming.









Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!

"42nd Street"..."Gold Diggers"..."Footlight Parade" . . . and now the most spectacular attraction the show world has ever known — "Wonder Bar". Sensation of two continents on the stage, it comes to the screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!

"WONDER BAR"

Starring

AL JOLSON
DOLORES DEL RIO
RICARDO CORTEZ
FIFI D'ORSAY
HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY
MERNA KENNEDY
KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL
HAL LEROY
GUY KIBBEE
KATHRYN SERGAVA
ROBERT BARRAT
HENRY KOLKER

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture

They Stand Out From the Crowd This Month

By MARK DOWLING

DOROTHY WILSON stands out because of the fine sincerity of her performance in "Eight Girls in a Boat." Her rôle, that of a young schoolgirl facing the realities of life for the first time, was a difficult one. But did you notice how she avoided overstressing her own emotions and made the audience act for her, instead? Hollywood's only two-time (but not two-timing) Cinderella, Dorothy had her first break when a featured rôle in "Age of Consent" lured her from a stenographer's desk. Then "Eight Girls in a Boat" lifted her out of the ranks of "among-those-present." Single, quiet, cool, and composed, she originally came to California (from the Middle West) not to be a movie star, but because of the climate.

FRANCHOT TONE stands out because he has so sensibly disregarded attempts to make him a matinée idol, and proves himself a farceur of the highest order in "Moulin Rouge," in which he plays that much maligned-character known as an author, but makes him human. His *playwright* will be copied by other stars as much as was Warner Baxter's *director* in "42nd Street." Also, because of his plausible personality; because he is a college man, and looks it; and finally, because his highly-publicized position as Joan Crawford's boy-friend has not prevented audiences from applauding him strictly on his own merits.

(*Continued on page 69*)

Tullio Carminati (top) is the new king of charm after "Gallant Lady." Hugh Herbert (next to top) writes, directs and acts—and does one as well as another. Alice Brady (circle) steals her newest picture in a *dramatic*—not a comedy—rôle. Dorothy Wilson (above) rises to a great opportunity in "Eight Girls in a Boat." The performance that Franchot Tone (near right) gives in "Moulin Rouge" is due to be copied. Fred Astaire (right center) has made dancing mean something on the screen. Janet Beecher (far right) is completely what she seems in "Gallant Lady"

Janet
GAYNOR
Lionel
BARRYMORE
"Carolina"

Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**

Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

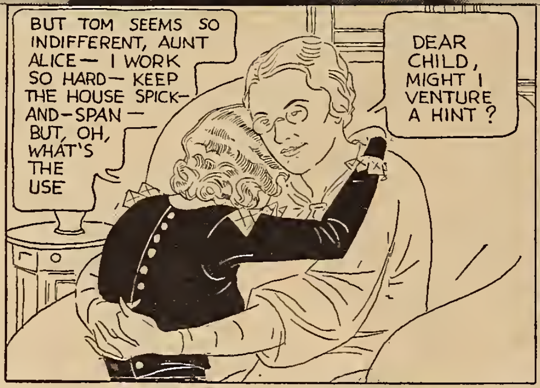
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

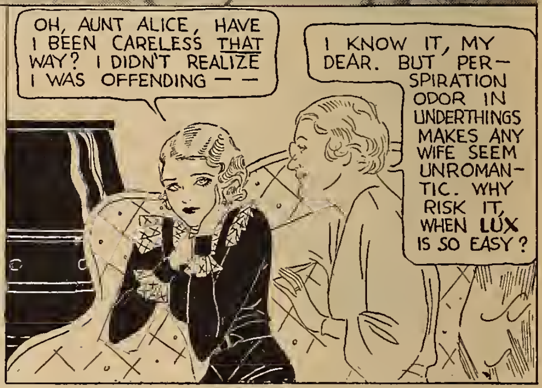
Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

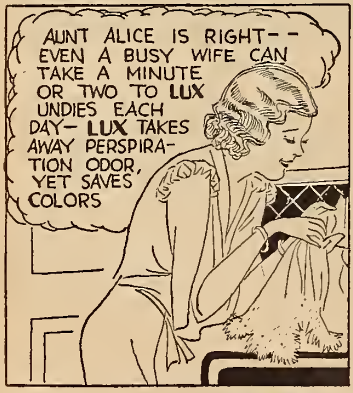
FOX

"what's the use"

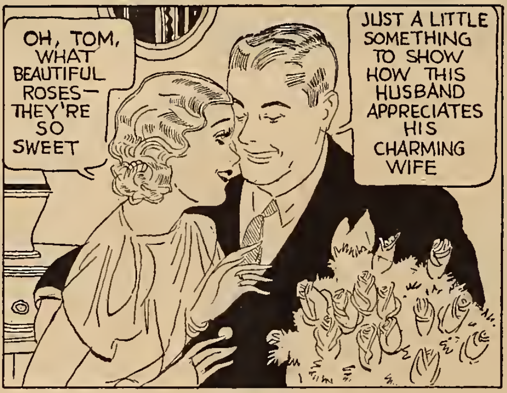
This young wife thought romance had fled—UNTIL . . .


BUT TOM SEEMS SO INDIFFERENT, AUNT ALICE— I WORK SO HARD— KEEP THE HOUSE SPICK-AND-SPAN— BUT, OH, WHAT'S THE USE
DEAR CHILD, MIGHT I VENTURE A HINT?


OH, AUNT ALICE, HAVE I BEEN CARELESS THAT WAY? I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS OFFENDING — —
I KNOW IT, MY DEAR. BUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS MAKES ANY WIFE SEEM UNROMANTIC. WHY RISK IT, WHEN LUX IS SO EASY?


AUNT ALICE IS RIGHT-- EVEN A BUSY WIFE CAN TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO TO LUX UNDIES EACH DAY— LUX TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOR, YET SAVES COLORS

AND SOON TOM'S ATTITUDE CHANGES


OH, TOM, WHAT BEAUTIFUL ROSES— THEY'RE SO SWEET
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SHOW HOW THIS HUSBAND APPRECIATES HIS CHARMING WIFE

AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor—*protect daintiness this easy way . .*

No girl need *ever* be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away *completely* and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

LUX
Won't shrink woolens
won't fade colors
If it's safe in water it's safe in LUX
NRA

—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

Loretta did—and she's glad. She says she'll know real love now when it comes her way. And what about those romance rumors that link her with Spencer Tracy? She tells you what they mean to her!

By
JACK
GRANT

"Get Your Heart Broken Early"—LORETTA YOUNG

"I AM not at all ashamed of my affection for Spencer Tracy," Loretta Young told me. "I haven't said anything about it until now, but I am sick and tired of being referred to as 'that woman' in Spencer's life!

"It is unfortunate that we met so soon after his separation from his wife—unfortunate because unpleasant talk started. Spencer and Mrs. Tracy, both of whom are better judges than any gossipers, have denied that I had anything to do with their decision to live apart. Gossip, however, has chosen to ignore dates and has laid the responsibility at my door.

"Spencer and I were such complete strangers that we hadn't even seen one another on the screen previous to our being cast together in 'Man's Castle.' I admired his work so much during rehearsal that I went to see several of his recent pictures. He later flattered me very much by telling me that he had done the same thing.

"The company worked late one night when we were about ten days along with our picture. Spencer asked me if I would care to dine with him and run over some of the dialogue. I accepted and we went to the Victor Hugo Restaurant. A columnist saw us there and the next day we read the first of the romantic reports. Spencer had then been separated from Mrs. Tracy for more than a month.

"Before we went out together again, Spencer insisted upon thoroughly discussing all of the unpleasant possibilities I faced

(*Continued on page 72*)

EVENING
AFTERNOON
MORNING

PECK & PECK *tells you how to save lovely* **STOCKINGS** *from a cruel fate: "Use* **IVORY FLAKES**"

When you're after divine sports clothes, stop in at Peck & Peck's. And don't skip that counter where Peck & Peck shows New York what's what in lovely stockings.

They're all vain legs could wish for—ask for "Queen Victoria" and you'll see 100-gauge cobwebs—"Princess" is your cue for sheers, unclouded by ripples or rings—and use "Bread-and-butter" as your password for stockings that are slick for serious walking.

What will their fate be? Peck & Peck hopes for the best . . . cautions you with these very words, "Never tub stockings with impure soap . . . it's too strong. Use *pure* Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water." It's advice we can't improve upon!

The frailer stockings are, the fairer they seem. And the poor darlings are at the mercy of the soap you use. Give them life extensions by using Ivory Flakes—those tiny curls of *pure* Ivory Soap that puff into *instant* suds!

And deferring the washing of soiled stockings will never do, because perspiration is deadly on silk strength. After each wearing, duck your stockings into *pure* Ivory suds. Takes but a minute! And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. Why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!

IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

IVORY FLAKES · *gentle enough for a baby's skin* · *99 44/100 % pure*

DOUG, JR., Speaks Up for His Dad—and Himself

You've got the two Fairbankses all wrong if you think they're deserting America. Young Doug says so. He's here to tell you just why they went over to England—and what the change has done for them. This is the INSIDE story of filmdom's most famous father and son!

By GLADYS HALL

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., told me, "I have found my father and I am on the way to finding myself. These are the two principal facts that emerge from my going abroad and being with him. This is 'The Truth about the Fairbankses!' "

The Fairbankses, Senior and Junior, have been surrounded these past few months by a very fog of rumor, report, criticism and conjecture. We have heard that they are about to become British citizens; that they deride Hollywood and all of its ways; that they have gone awf'ly Mayfair; that they are romancing with Lady This and Lady That with possible matrimonial intentions; that they will never return to live in the land of their births. And all of these rumors and reports have been contradicted. What is the answer?

Young Doug has *two* answers. And, back in Hollywood briefly to make "Success Story," he told them to me—with not a trace of English accent.

His return was celebrated with a "Welcome Home" party attended by a host of stars. Those who know him aren't accusing him of having run out on them. He has been invited by Joan Crawford to the home he once shared with her, has been given a birthday gift by her, and has talked acting in her home with Franchot Tone. He is friendly with Joan. But he is not about to appear in public places with her, holding hands and being too, too divine about it all. He believes that there is a middle ground upon which one may walk with dignity in matters such as these. Doug doesn't court gossip for publicity's sake.

He looks lean and fit and British-tailored, though not mannered. He has, he says, a narrow, tiny, five-storied house in Mayfair, London—and lives quietly and privately. Reporters do not besiege him. "Over there," movie stars are men and women doing their jobs. They are not public exhibits living on a permanent Midway. Douglas, Senior, his son tells me, still stops at a hotel — if the word "stops" can be applied to the magic-carpeting elder Fairbanks, who has not spent six months at any one time in any one country for years.

Keystone

How They Differ

SAYS Douglas, Junior, "We don't live together. I don't know that we ever shall. There is this difference between us—he likes to stay six hours in one place, and I usually like to stay for twenty-four. I need my sleep. He requires four hours a night only—and begrudges them as time wasted. He rises at four a.m. I never know what hour of the day or night he will appear, toothbrush in hand, and announce, 'We are flying to Algiers!'

"I don't keep tabs on him. I couldn't keep up with him. He doesn't keep tabs on me. He was out of England when I sailed for America. He didn't even know that I had gone until I radioed from shipboard that I was on my way and

(*Continued on page 58*)

Will GARBO Marry Her Director?

By BORIS NICOLAI

"MY son is going to marry Greta Garbo," chuckled Rouben Mamoulian's father. Proud and unfathomably happy, he was delighted with the bombshell he had thrown. He was talking confidentially to a few select friends. (And this was before the couple took their famous "vacation.")

To be with Rouben Mamoulian, Garbo has at last forsaken her solitude. It MUST be love!

"My son is going to marry Greta Garbo," Rouben Mamoulian's papa told me the other evening, not confidentially at all. After all, I was the grandson of the Count whom he had known in his youth in Russia. No doubt he was proud to show me how his family had advanced in this new world to which a red tide had swept us. America, too, has its aristocracy, its nobility—the motion picture stars. And, of them all, Garbo is queen.

She was not always queen. Years ago, this pale Swedish girl—who did not then dream of the strange career of loneliness and glory ahead of her, this lovely blonde who laughed loudly and slapped her knee at her first Hollywood interview—confided to a writer-friend of mine that her ambition was to have sometime a tiny country home with flowers and children. That, she said, was every Swedish woman's life, every Swedish woman's dream. And it was hers.

But dreams vanish in Hollywood. Greta Garbo forgot Greta Gustafsson. Now she was a motion picture actress, now a star, now the greatest of all stars. She did not laugh loudly any longer. She did not even smile. She had a great house hidden behind walls and she returned to it at night to hide away from her fame.

Only once in the seven years of Greta Garbo's stay in Hollywood has she ever seemed to listen to a man when he came a-courting. John Gilbert's screen love-making was devastating. His private love-making, they say, was equally fiery, and there seems no doubt that Garbo became a woman, instead of a coldly isolated star, under the spell of his whirlwind courtship. They made a trip secretly—to escape the preying eyes of newspaper reports—to the marriage license bureau of a little Orange Valley town. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were only a few feet away from the city clerk and matrimony when she turned away, shaking her head.

"I have changed my mind," she said.

But now, apparently, the man for whom she has waited has appeared.

Rouben Mamoulian, famous director of stage and screen, is that man, if the statement of the pleased little old foreigner who is his father is to be believed. And who should be better able to divulge the

Portrait by Bull

Portrait by Bredell

secret than the proud father of the prospective bridegroom?

For a long time Mamoulian lived in a lovely house on fashionable Hillside Avenue. It overlooked the blinking lights of Hollywood from far up among the gently sloping hills—in just that secluded and wild solitude which the great Garbo seeks on her long hikes. And rumor has it that she has walked there often when she had a day away from the grueling lights of the studio.

When Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer planned the production of the most pretentious picture of Garbo's career, the historical record of the life and loves of Christina, Queen of Sweden, the question of who would be the leading man was settled by Garbo in two words.

"John Gilbert," she said calmly.

"Ah, Garbo and Gilbert—the greatest love team of them all—together again! She is repaying him for the great opportunity *he* once gave *her!*" Hollywood cried, remembering the old days.

"And who is to direct the picture?" studio officials asked—as her new contract says they must.

Again Garbo spoke without hesitation: "Rouben Mamoulian."

Why did she insist on Mamoulian? Was it only because he had made Marlene Dietrich so glamourous in "The Song of Songs?" Or did Garbo sense an intellectual and spiritual affinity between them?

He had never made a picture on the Metro lot. There were a half-dozen directors who had worked with Garbo—and they were available. But Greta was stubborn. She did not argue, she did not insist, she simply stated.

Is Rouben Mamoulian the man she has been waiting for all these years? Has she found love at last? His father, who ought to know, thinks so— and the evidence bears him out!

The intellectual young Mamoulian's name had often been mentioned in connection with a number of gorgeous women. A friend of Countess Landi, Elissa Landi's mother, he had often dined at the Landi home—and Hollywood wondered if Elissa's hubby, in London, was perturbed. Professional gossipers had hinted that Marlene Dietrich's interest in the swarthy Mamoulian was more marked than that of a star for her director. And then there was the very wealthy Madame Drake who had been seen with the tall Armenian so often when he first came to America to direct the Theatre Guild's school in New York. Wasn't his name linked with that of Helen Flint while he was directing her career on Broadway? And had he not been seen often with Helen Morgan, whom he directed in "Applause"? (That early talkie, made in the East, was the first picture he directed. "City Streets" was his first picture in Hollywood—and Sylvia Sidney's first.)

He Became Sphinx-Like, Too

SO it was in an atmosphere of excitement and expectation that Rouben Mamoulian, the accented director from Tiflis, went to Metro to take charge of the most important picture in the Swedish star's career.

Naturally, gossips talked. And Mamoulian, heretofore so affable to reporters, suddenly adopted the Garboesque mantle of silence. "They ask me whether I am engaged to Miss Garbo," he told the studio hotly. "If I said anything to them, if I said 'No,' they would make it sound as they wished. So I shall not talk at all."

Now, Garbo was working daily with the two men whose names had been linked most closely with hers in a romantic way. This was news. This was vital. But now, while the dark and flashing Gilbert was supposed to be her lover—perhaps the man who really was inspiring her emotionally was the dark and suave Mamoulian, who, oddly enough, looked so much like the man who brought her to America, the late Mauritz Stiller, as to arouse comment from all who saw him with her.

Few people are admitted to a Garbo set. But the strained relations between the leading man and director of "Queen Christina," which often broke out in open argument and more than once in anger, were too marked to be kept a secret long. Hollywood jumped to the conclusion that the

(*Continued on page 56*)

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW of Honor

Do you know which stars walked off with the most honors in 1933—and what their honors were? Here is the Who's Who of last year's Most Popular Favorites!

Awarded by
THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE
TO
WALT DISNEY
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
TO CHILDREN
PVER MELIOR CIVIS

Walt Disney was honored with a medal (above and right) from Parents' Magazine "for distinguished service to children." Marie Dressler (left) was given the biggest birthday party in Hollywood history and called "Hollywood's First Citizen." Mary Pickford (below) was chosen an honorary ace at the National Air Races in Los Angeles. Few can wear this badge!

NOT without honors are the film stars of Hollywood. The morning mail of almost every screen star, from Mae West to Baby LeRoy, is heavy with medals, degrees, and decorations struck off in his or her honor by such widely varied groups as the Junior League, ancient foreign art societies, and plain American colleges. Even the President of the United States pays tangible tribute to the film stars who amuse him, while the wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives wrote a poem to a star who pleased *her;* and Hollywood's only complaint in the face of this avalanche of praise is that there aren't enough honors—figuratively speaking, of course—to go around!

Last year MOVIE CLASSIC printed the roll of hotly-contested honors paid your favorites during 1932; this past year they have been even more numerous and important, even if there are a few that might be called "doubtful" honors. An invitation to become a Kentucky Colonel, for instance, often carries with it a request to make a radio appearance on the "Kentucky Colonel Hour," and election to the Breakfast Club sometimes calls for a speech. But even so, the stars accept! They are gluttons for this punishment by bouquets, and it's a sorry little screen star who can't pin a couple of bright gilt medals to her evening gown on Mayfair night.

This is ironical, for the most honored stars this year do not wear evening dresses.

ROLL

BY
MARK
DOWLING

Janet Gaynor (right) was picked by showmen as "the most popular actress on the screen." Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse (below) received an album of South American tribute

WALT DISNEY

They are—can't you guess?—Mickey, Minnie, and the Three Little Pigs. Among the important marks of esteem that have been paid their creator, Walt Disney, from all over the world, is the *Parents' Magazine medal*, awarded for "distinguished service to children."

Mae West (center) was invited to inspect the Los Angeles city jail—one of the year's most unusual honors. Mae also was made a Kentucky colonel and was honored by having stylists copy her

Honored by Stork, Too

IN view of the campaign now being waged for better, cleaner moving pictures for children, the award has a special significance. It also has a highly dramatic side-light, for during the progress of the presentation luncheon, with scores of important personages from state and national child welfare groups present, Mr. Disney clutched his new medal in one hand and rushed to the telephone—to learn that he had just become a parent, himself! (In Hollywood's irreverent terminology, in case you haven't heard, the baby is a "Minnie."

And that you're really a student of the Fine Arts, when you watch the merry antics of Mr. Disney's animals, was resoundingly stated by the Chicago Art Institute. "The Disney drawings conform to the principles and standards of true art in nearly every respect," is their opinion, and to prove they mean it, they have *placed many of his drawings on permanent exhibition* in the Institute, for the instruction of future generations. That's the first time a comic artist has crashed this temple!

Seconding this opinion is the Nacional Academy of Fine Arts of the Republic of Argentine. The faculty sent Disney *a beautifully-bound volume* containing greetings and autographs of scores of South America's most distinguished artists and dignitaries.

Too many to list are the other honors paid this modest young man, but among them must be included *recognition*

(*Continued on page 70*)

MADGE EVANS

Tells Her Big Secret!

By SONIA LEE

She admits—for the first time—that she is in love with Tom Gallery. (And has been ever since she was ten years old.) Those wedding bells will ring as soon as she gives herself a little love test!

MADGE EVANS has loved Tom Gallery since she was ten years old! And here, for the first time, she tells the story of that romance—and discloses plans for her impending marriage to him. Previously, both Tom and Madge have consistently denied that they will marry.

Sub-consciously, during the years of Madge's adolescence and young womanhood, an idol had possession of her heart. Sub-consciously, because the intervening years brought many changes for both of them—and, in the stress of life, their minds forgot each other. But their hearts didn't.

Tom married Zasu Pitts, became a promoter. Madge, the child star of silent pictures, conquered the stage—became a fine and alert artist — had her share of emotional experiences. Tom was a tender memory. He was the man who used to buy her ice-cream sodas when she was ten. . .

When Hollywood recognized her mature abilities and claimed her for its own, she went West reluctantly. There was a boy in New York— a play-broker — whom she loved. She wanted to marry him; she resented the separation from him. But marriage to him was not her destiny.

She did come to Hollywood in April, 1931. She met Tom again. The adoration of an elfin, golden-haired child—so long quiescent—became the ripened, deep and abiding love of a woman for the one man!

Acme

In Love—Without Knowing It

"I WOULD never have come so close to Tom as quickly as I have," explains Madge Evans, "if I had not been in love with him—unknowingly—all these years.

"I remember that I idolized him. He was perfection. He knew how to amuse a little girl — how to take awfully good care of her, and not make her feel that she was a baby and didn't have any sense. He has loads of brothers and sisters back in Chicago and he knew exactly how to handle me. We were great friends.

"We played tennis together. We went to movies and walking, and he used to buy me ice-cream sodas. He was engaged to Zasu Pitts at that time. So the two of them would take me along.

"Frequently, Tom would borrow an automobile — a great luxury in those days—and take me for a drive. The garage man saw me with Tom once and remarked, 'That little girl of yours is beautiful, Mr. Gallery.'

"From then on, Tom called me his daughter. And when we'd go to the drugstore for a soda, he'd say to the boy at the fountain, 'Now see that you give my little daughter an extra scoop of ice cream.' I was terribly pleased to have him taken for my father. It made him sort of belong to me.

"Zasu and Tom took me to see the première of 'Bright Skies' in which Zasu starred and Tom was the leading man. It was the

(Continued on page 78)

What RUDY Says About WOMEN Now

Rudy Vallee has been having plenty of marital trouble—but Hollywood is rumoring another romance for him already, with pretty Alice Faye. He insists, however, that brunettes are still his weakness—and speaks his mind about love and women in general!

By DOROTHY ROBERTS

Nathan

Rudy Vallee denies any romantic interest in blonde Alice Faye, his 19-year-old musical "discovery" and leading lady in "George White's Scandals." He says, "I'm not looking for a wife right now. I want to forget a few things first"

WHEN I interviewed Rudy Vallee, he was about to head East and get away from California process-servers. He was finishing "George White's Scandals," in which he is the star and Alice Faye, vocalist with his Connecticut Yankees, is his leading lady. His lawyers and the lawyers of his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee, were having it hot and heavy. Fay was trying to stop him from suing for divorce in Mexico and was suing, herself, for separate maintenance in California. His lawyers were claiming that they had phonograph records of romantic conversations between the brunette Fay and another man; and the lawyers were hinting that the Fay whom Rudy loved now was a blonde and had an "e" at the end of her name. But Rudy looked serene and unruffled.

"'You can't live with them, and you can't live without them,'" he said to me, ruefully—and by "them" he meant the female of the species.

Sadder and wiser, perhaps, Rudy Vallee—of the Maine Vallees, Yale-educated, with a prize-winning vocabulary, a silken personality, and a reputed wealth of three million dollars—is not at all discouraged by his two failures to find happiness in the blessed state of matrimony. Somewhere, he feels, there must be harmony in wedlock for him—harmony as melodious as the music of his famous orchestra.

Regretfully, now, as he sees the trouble that has brewed from his second marriage, he wishes that he had followed

(*Continued on page 60*)

♦ THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS PICTURES ♦

1

Wide World

2

Keystone

3

Wide World

4

Wide World

5

HARRY AND ANN GET TOGETHER AGAIN—(1) Every time Harry Bannister steps from an airplane, there seems to be a lovely lady on hand to greet him. Back in Hollywood for a visit recently, he was met by Ann Harding, who divorced him two years ago because Hollywood called him "Mr. Ann Harding." She has custody of their small daughter, Jane. Now, there are rumors of a reconciliation and remarriage, though Mary McCormic, opera singer, said a few months ago that she and the actor had wedding plans. WANTS TO FOLLOW IN DAD'S FOOTSTEPS—(2) Charles John Holt, Jr., 14-year-old son of Jack Holt, is training to enter the movies, himself, when he grows up. He's only about six feet tall now and a star athlete at Beverly Hills High School. THREE SISTERS STILL SINGLE—(3) Sally Blane, Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young, left to right, are still keeping the swains guessing. Sally and Polly, just back from picture-making abroad, have been rumored engaged to dukes and such. HONEYMOONED ON HORSEBACK—(4) Gary Cooper, who wants people to leave his marriage alone (see page 8), went cowboy again on his honeymoon with Sandra Shaw at Phoenix, Arizona. Gary apparently married a girl who likes the outdoor life, too. THEY'RE EXPECTING—(5) That's the big news about Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien, married since last July. They're glimpsed at the wedding of director Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner in New York City

MAKING PLAY WHERE THE SUN SHINES

1

Anthony Burke Photos

2

3

4

5

6

Where does Summer go in the Wintertime? To Palm Springs—which isn't far from Hollywood. And right along with it go the movie stars. (1) Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are two of the most regular dropper-inners. They claim they can't keep their young son out of deep water. He's a movie actor already—in "The Baby in the Icebox"—and now he wants to plunge into the social swim. (2) Steffi Duna and Mrs. Paul Lukas—old friends from Budapest—are more interested in walkies than talkies right now. Steffi, who is with Francis Lederer in "Man of Two Worlds," says she and Frantisek are engaged; but he's keeping mum. (3) H. B. Warner, back from England, where he made "Sorrell and Son," is now privately playing "Warner and Son" with H. B. Jr., at Palm Springs. (4) Toby Wing, "Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girl," is water-nymphing it at the pool at the El Mirador Hotel, which is in the desert at the foot of Mt. Jacinto. (5) Lee Tracy is telling Richard Dix that Mexico City is a hotter spot than Palm Springs—and Lee ought to know. Rich is convalescing from an almost-fatal siege of pneumonia. (6) Elizabeth Allan and Herbert Marshall tell each other the latest news from England—and Herbert, just back from Hawaii, tells Elizabeth about THAT climate. He tramped through tropical jungle with Claudette Colbert for "Four Frightened People"

These Li'l Girls Know the Answers!

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

1 . . . Are actors paid too much?

2 . . . What type of books do you read?

3 . . . What would you like to achieve in the movies?

4 . . . What star would you like to resemble?

5 . . . Is Chaplin married to Paulette Goddard?

6 . . . What are your ideas on love?

7 . . . Would you advise a girl-friend of your own age to go into the movies?

8 . . . Is it necessary to appear at the "best places" to keep in the "Hollywood swing"?

9 . . . How did you get into the movies?

10 . . . Is there anything you'd rather do than act?

11 . . . What are the difficulties you are encountering now?

12 . . . How do you like Hollywood parties?

13 . . . What are Hollywood's "pitfalls"?

14 . . . Have you a movie jinx?

15 . . . What do you want your celluloid life to be . . . sexy, mysterious, sophisticated, or naïve?

A REGIMENT of youngsters has invaded Hollywood. An army still in its teens is marching into the movies. Every studio in town has a number of youthful players who, with bright, eager eyes fixed on a cinematic future, are keeping dramatic step with older, more seasoned actors. And what do they think about, these school-children who are already tasting fame? What do they know about Hollywood? Are they drowning in the hectic whirlpool that accompanies the making of pictures? Are they self-conscious or poised; conceited or bewildered; happy or unhappy? In other words, do they know the answers?

THEY DO—most decidedly.

Patricia Ellis, Ida Lupino, Lona Andre, Toby Wing, Jean Parker, Betty Furness, Mary Carlisle . . . all are blazing brightly in the film sky, little minor stars in their teens.

TOBY WING

These seven sweeties are all in their teens . . . but they're not schoolgirls. No ma'am! They're sensations. They know what it takes to get along in the movie town. We tested 'em!

IDA LUPINO

Caught in one of the world's largest and most heart-breaking industries; swallowed up in the cinemaw, they nevertheless know where they're going and what it's all about—reminding one somewhat of the tail of a comet, running along pretty well in spite of the glare.

MOVIE CLASSIC, in an endeavor to discover the mental mechanism of the Hollywood-teens, presented these youngsters with a questionnaire that, you will admit, covers a good deal of ground. (See the slate.) The interesting thing about the whole experiment is that the only questions that stumped the starlets are the two that stump the whole of Hollywood. They are: "What is the film code?" and "Who is Will Hays?" Not one of the questionees answered the first, and what answers that were given to the second were weird.

Quick on Mental Trigger

BETTY FURNESS tossed off her answers while on the run at the RKO-Radio studios between the still department, the publicity offices, the wardroom department and rehearsals. She is an extremely busy and independent young lady. Characteristically, she answered only those questions she felt like answering.

Seventeen, practical, capable, and slim almost to the point of angularity, her mind follows her physical mold, having corners on it and sharp edges, which are, fortunately, softened by a grand sense of humor. Well, anyway, here are her answers:

Actors certainly aren't paid too much; she reads the telephone book, "Child Life" and "Popular Mechanics" (!!!); she wants to act like Betty Furness and nobody else; she doesn't know if Chaplin is married to Miss Goddard and says it's none of her business; she doesn't find it necessary to appear at the "best places" and impishly inquires, "Which way is Hollywood swinging?" She'd rather sleep than act; is encountering no difficulties except "answering questionnaires such as this," and that, according to Miss Furness, is that.

THREE Stars Her Models

PATRICIA ELLIS, also seventeen, is an unaffected young lady, rather quiet and reserved. She is earnest, vitally interested in everything, and boasts one of the most attractive mothers in Hollywood. Her father is Alexander Leftwich, well-known stage director, and her newest rôle is in "Harold Teen."

She says that the pay of some actors is too high, but that those who bring in the money should get it; she reads anything but poetry; she wants to achieve the position on the screen of dependable featured player so that, when her name appears in the cast, people will feel that the part will be played adequately, and she wants eventually to be a combination of Helen Hayes. Miriam Hopkins and Ruth Chatterton, which is something, if you ask me.

She "hasn't followed the situation closely enough to know if Chaplin is married to Miss

(*Continued on page 66*)

MARY CARLISLE

BETTY FURNESS

LONA ANDRE

PATRICIA ELLIS

JEAN PARKER

The Private Life of

BY RUTH BIERY

This is the third instalment in MOVIE CLASSIC'S intimate four-part story of the life of Mae West—the first life-story to reveal enough of her early days to explain her personality. It is a great success story of a self-made star. Mae can take all the credit, herself, for being the sensation she is today!—*Editor.*

WHAT was Mae West's life between the time of her first appearance on Broadway at fifteen and the time of her sensational capture of that famous thoroughfare with her first play, "Sex"? It is not easy to trace that period. As proof of her iron determination to live only for her professional self, she has avoided either talking or having much printed about the years when she was developing herself from warm flesh into a monument to cold fame.

When I asked her about those years during which she was supposed to have touched every angle of entertainment from burlesque to acrobatics, she slurred, easily, "There musta been two Mae Wests!"

A little later, she added, "You understand, don't you? I gotta be careful what I say. I'm a piece of property. I gotta protect that property. Not just for myself, but there's the studio. People might misunderstand———"

A piece of property. A glamourous institution that cannot be insured against misunderstanding.

On May 24, 1929, she was off-guard for a few moments. She told a reporter in a Mid-Western city that she had been with Van Tenni's Arab Acrobatic Troupe. "I lifted three of the Arabs in the pinwheel formation, and did other acts which necessitated great strength. Look at this." She illustrated with an arm that bulged with muscle over which she had perfect control. And added, "I can do that with any muscle in my body."

This was the greatest influence of her prize-fighting father, perhaps. He had prepared her body while her mother was preparing the soul within it.

Do not misunderstand. Mae West is not ashamed of the hectic variations of those years-of-preparation and training. Shame is a personal

Acme

Left, Mae West and the "Pleasure Man" cast in court in September, 1928. Above, the latest portrait of Mae, who is now making "It Ain't No Sin"

MAE WEST

Chapter Three in MOVIE CLASSIC'S revealing four-part story tells you how Mae made herself a sensation on Broadway. It wasn't any accident; she had it all planned out—after her training course in life!

When Mae West was haled into court over "Pleasure Man," she fought the case long and bitterly. Below, you see her on the witness stand in March, 1930. The jury disagreed

Acme

Acme

Her first play, "Sex," cost Mae West nine days in the workhouse in 1927. When she left, Warden Schleth (above) called her "a fine woman." And she kept on being an outspoken one

emotion. Mae has none of it. She simply does not believe it "good business" to talk about the less-sensational things of her life when there is so much of the more-sensational to discuss—so many unique successes.

Mae told me, "I think only of myself. I never feel envy or hatred or wish anyone else bad luck because I never think about anyone else. When a person thinks only of himself, he saves himself a lot of trouble."

That sounds like conceit. Strangely enough, it isn't. Conceit is like envy and hatred and greed—an entirely personal emotion. When Mae says she thinks only of herself, again she is speaking of the impersonal—the public institution that she has built of herself to entertain others and has fought to preserve intact.

It is difficult to understand this; I realize that. It has taken me many weeks of intensive study of her

(Continued on page 62)

Flash! How OTTO KRUGER Got to the Top!

C. S. Bull

It is "the red flash" in Otto Kruger that has made him do most of the things he has done. "The red flash in you," he says, "is often mistaken for genius. It IS genius when it is not subdued, when it is not kept within bounds"

Otto Kruger has long been famous on Broadway, but he's a new sensation to the screen. And no wonder, you'll say, after reading this story—in which he reveals himself as no one else could!

BY FAITH SERVICE

"I ONCE smashed an exquisite stained-glass window," Otto Kruger told me, "for no good reason. I just wanted to. I felt like it. I took up a piece of rock and let it fly, completely demolishing the lovely thing. I knew that the window was beautiful. I knew that to destroy it was an act of stupid vandalism. I did it just the same. I was very young and—*it was the red flash in me!*

"You've probably had the impulse now and again to raise your voice suddenly in church and let out an ungodly yell? Most of us have. Well, some few of us *do it.*

"More than once, I have boarded an outgoing steamer on the very spur of the moment, sailing for the Argentine, for Alaska, anywhere—minus luggage, leaving no word behind, having had no pre-conceived idea of such an action. I just went. *It was the red flash in me.*

"The same red flash made me break all family precedent and go on the stage, forsaking my career as a musician, my career as an engineer, breaking my father's pride in his only son, good old German master of the household that he was, descendant of Oom Paul Krueger of Boer War fame.

"There is a funny, yet poignant little incident connected with this. When I left home to go on the stage—and home was Toledo, Ohio, where my father was an accountant—I took the 'e' out of my name. It would salve my father's injured pride, that deletion. Now, at any rate, the names would not be the same. Six years later, I went back to play in Cleveland, Ohio. My father and sisters came over from Toledo to see me. Noblesse oblige, as it were. My father and I walked to the theatre together. There was my name—Otto Kruger—in electrics. I saw my father square his shoulders and set his mouth in the way he had when his dignity was offended.

"He saw the play. He came back to my dressing-room afterwards. We walked out of the theatre and again he glanced up at the name. He said, 'I see, son, that you have still left the "e" out of our name.' I said yes, I thought it would make him feel better. We walked on for a bit and then he said, 'Why don't you put it back?' That was all. That was his way of telling me that his pride in me was restored. Pretty sweet, wasn't it?

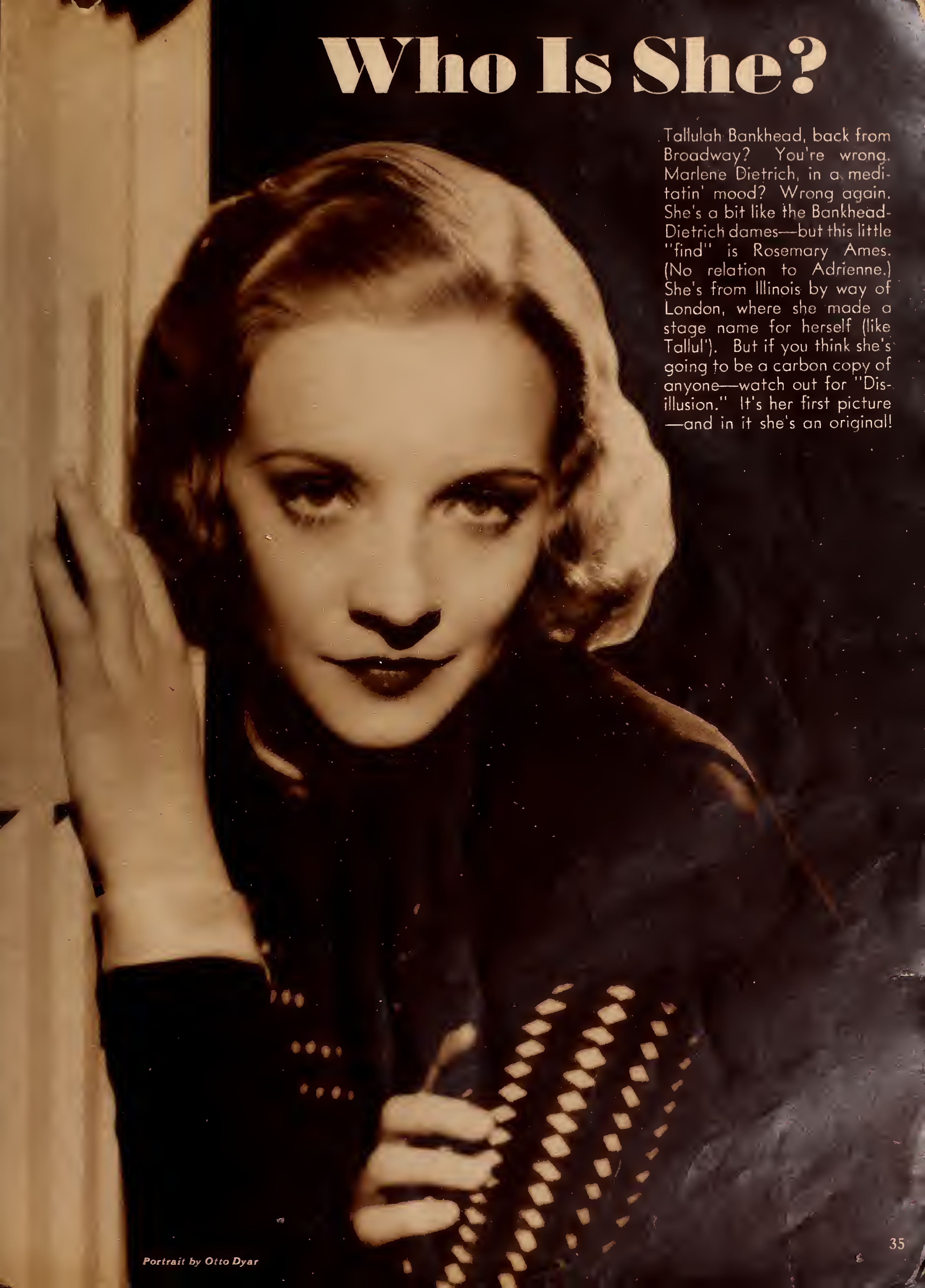
Proposed at First Sight

"IT was the red flash in me that made me propose to my wife the first time I took her out.

"The red flash in you, you see, is often mistaken for genius. It IS genius when it is not subdued, when it is not kept within

(*Continued on page 74*)

Who Is She?



Tallulah Bankhead, back from Broadway? You're wrong. Marlene Dietrich, in a meditatin' mood? Wrong again. She's a bit like the Bankhead-Dietrich dames—but this little "find" is Rosemary Ames. (No relation to Adrienne.) She's from Illinois by way of London, where she made a stage name for herself (like Tallul'). But if you think she's going to be a carbon copy of anyone—watch out for "Disillusion." It's her first picture—and in it she's an original!

Portrait by Otto Dyar

Hi There, Duchess!

Jeanette MacDonald doesn't put ON airs; she puts them ACROSS. But they're calling her "Duchess" just the same—and Jeanette is trying to figure out why. What's that? She's scheduled to play "The Duchess of Delmonico's"? Ah, that explains it! And it's a nice, soft nest this songbird has—even without Chevalier. When she isn't a queen, she's a princess or something else noble. And when she isn't busy at her own studio, she's wanted at another. Edward G. Robinson wanted her to be his Empress in "Napoleon"

Portrait by C. S. Bull

Marigold

Bing Crosby (left) has Gable staggering as a Great Lover. The girls go ga-ga over that husky love-call of his. He's a box-office sensation. Rivals are springing up—but not one can imitate him. He proves that in "We're Not Dressing," with Ethel Merman

Vocal Boys Make Good

Dick Powell (above) said it with songs to Ruby Keeler—and they both became stars. He's in "Wonder Bar" now. Rudy Vallee (right), still the Romeo of Radio, is facing cameras again — by popular demand — in "George White's Scandals"

© Harold Stein

Russ Columbo (far right), the Latin Lover of the Air, is heading for stardom in "Love Life of a Crooner." Arthur Jarrett (near right) put across "Everything I Have Is Yours" in "Dancing Lady." Now he's in "Let's Fall in Love"

Russell Ball

Did You Ever See A Dream Smiling?

Well, we did—and here she is. Her name is Evelyn Venable. Producers have been dreaming for years of finding such a girl—a young girl with great beauty, great talent, great charm and fine intelligence. She's only twenty now—but at eighteen she was Walter Hampden's leading lady on the stage. Totally unspoiled, she was the ideal choice for the rôle of the convent girl in "Cradle Song." In her latest, "Strange Holiday," she turns her eyes on Fredric March—and both live a dream, smiling!

Britain's New Queen Bess

Elizabeth Allan is on her way to becoming a Great Briton. She is already a pert and pretty one—crowding Diana Wynyard for the title of Hollywood's Favorite English Actress. A tough break—illness—cost her the rôle of John Barrymore's spirited daughter in "Long Lost Father." But she's plenty healthy in "Mystery of the Dead Police" and "Men in White"!

Adolphe makes old boy Brummell look like a back number. Even the Prince of Wales isn't in his class, so the tailors say. They just voted Adolphe one of the ten best-dressed men in the world—and cut the Prince cold. Anyway, he looks like a polished Parisian in "Journal of a Crime." Next he stacks up against another smooth dresser — George Raft — in "The Trumpet Blows"

Portraits by Elmer Fryer

Beau Menjou

Blondes Who Prefer the Same Gents

Above, you have a Blonde Doll (her name is Claire Dodd)—and at the right you have a Blondell (Joan is the name). Both are smooth, blonded stuff—the intoxicating kind that gentlemen prefer. And they seem to have a knack of getting in each other's wavy hair. Remember "Footlight Parade"? Well, they are together now in "Hit Me Again"—and fighting over Warren William

Portraits by Elmer Fryer

Yes, Suh! YOUNG Love Thrills JANET!

Janet Gaynor has known young love before—but not Robert Young love. And is she in Seventh Heaven? Just look at that gorgeous grin! Just look at how dreamy they both get in "Carolina" under that famous moon! But she hasn't forgotten Charlie Farrell. NO, suh! As you will see in "The Sun Shines Bright"

Delicate—
Delightful—
Del Rio

Dolores Del Rio gets sad—like this—when the music stops and the dance is ended. For dancing isn't just a pleasure with Dolores; it's a passion. Did you see her tango with Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio"? Well, that's just a sample! She's bound to step out and be one of the wonders of Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar." And can't you picture her as an Aztec princess in "The Rise and Fall of Montezuma"—conquering Cortez, the conqueror of Old Mexico?

HOLLYWOOD STARTS a Big Clean-Up

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

THOSE teasing pictures of screen actresses in air-cooled undies, sex-appeal queens in cut-away bathing suits and chorus cuties in gauze and cellophane—aren't they going to be taken any more? Not when there's a rumor that Congress is going to be shown some of Hollywood's choicest "art" and asked to do something about it. Not when there's a rumor that Hollywood had better "clean up" in a hurry or else. . . .

It's more than a rumor. It's a promise—or a threat. For the NRA practically puts Hollywood under government control—and the government is bending an ear to the complaints of influential citizens that the movies are sex-crazy. The reformers are even howling for a Federal censor for films. General Johnson says "No" to that suggestion. But the reformers have other suggestions. If Hollywood doesn't take them, maybe Washington will.

And Hollywood is beginning to worry about what Mr. and Mrs. General Public may be thinking. Because Mr. and Mrs. General Public have been staying away from the movies to an alarming extent—in spite of the most frenzied adjectives and the hottest nouns the ad-writers and publicity men could think of to describe new pictures. When people won't pay fifty cents to see "Lessons in Love! Scarlet Sin! Sex-sational Eyefuls! Burning Passion!"—well, it's obvious that something must be wrong. Maybe the public is surfeited with sex. Maybe it would be good business *not* to be "sex-sational," for a change. Look at the business "Little Women" did!

Anyway, Hollywood is cleaning house. More for business reasons than moral rea-

This portrait of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil" is something to remember—even when you turn it upside down. Photographs of "horizontal" love scenes are now banned!

Portraits in lingerie (like the one of Bebe Daniels, below) are banned, though bathing suit "art" is still okay—if the suits are demure, like Miriam Jordan's (right). And chorines can't raise their skirts so high any more!

sons, maybe—but it's getting busy with soap and scrubbing brush. From every studio rise the flames of photographs condemned to the incinerators—probably the hottest flames ever produced by the application of a match. Dust clouds drift from offices where promotion men and ad-writers are frantically shaking suggestive words and phrases out of their files. Such smoldering terms as "courtesan," "street-walker," "light lady" and "adultery" are being dropped into steel waste-baskets. In the background, Will Hays directs operations. . . .

Where the Clean-Up Started

TO date, the cleansing has been aimed at the wording of film advertising and at "still" pictures of love scenes, publicity poses and fashion art of more or less unclad ladies. If this seems rather like sweeping more important matters out of sight under the carpet and neglecting the dirt in the corners and under the bed, it is a beginning, at least.

Some of the studios have suffered more than others from the sudden onslaught of mops and brooms. RKO, for example—with the glass bathtub scenes and lingerie-clad chorus girls of "Flying Down to Rio"—has been hard hit. Fifty stills of the fan dancers in Warner Brothers' "Wonder Bar" and the same number of pictures of the silhouette chorus number in "Fashions of 1934" were withdrawn from circulation, despite the fact that the girls wore tights and brassieres under the filmy chiffon drapery. "Shots" of Sally Rand's fan maneuvers that show more than an inch or two of Sally above the knee come under the ban. No publicity photograph of *any* kind can be released for publication without the official stamp of approval of the Hays Office.

There's a ban now on extra-sexy photos of actresses — and the ad-writers are forgetting those naughty words. Even pictures, themselves, face a clean-up!

Last year, huge billboards in front of Warner Brothers' Studio flaunted posters of curvacious cuties in the semi-nude in "Footlight Parade." Two months ago, luscious stills of Godiva-like ladies of the chorus in "Roman Scandals," dressed only in long blonde hair, were eagerly peddled to the press. But those days are gone forever—or, at least, until Washington turns its attention to matters far removed from the movies.

Mrs. Roosevelt, it is whispered with increasing alarm, is going to visit Hollywood soon to look into things (unofficially) in behalf of the women's clubs of America. One producer groaned the other day, "If she sees some of our sets—Gawd!" He mopped the dew of desperation from his brow. "We're cleaning up at our

(*Continued on page* 68)

Marion Sayers (right) can't crouch like this in portraits now. Gloria Stuart (sitting, left) can't show so much thigh. And Billie Seward (above her) will have to wear more

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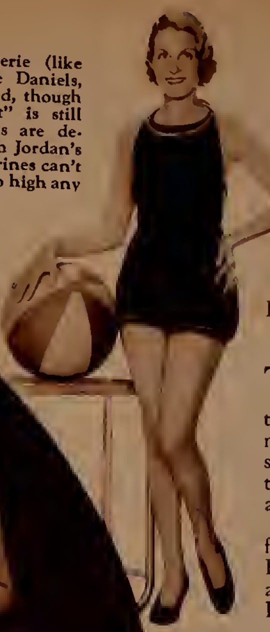

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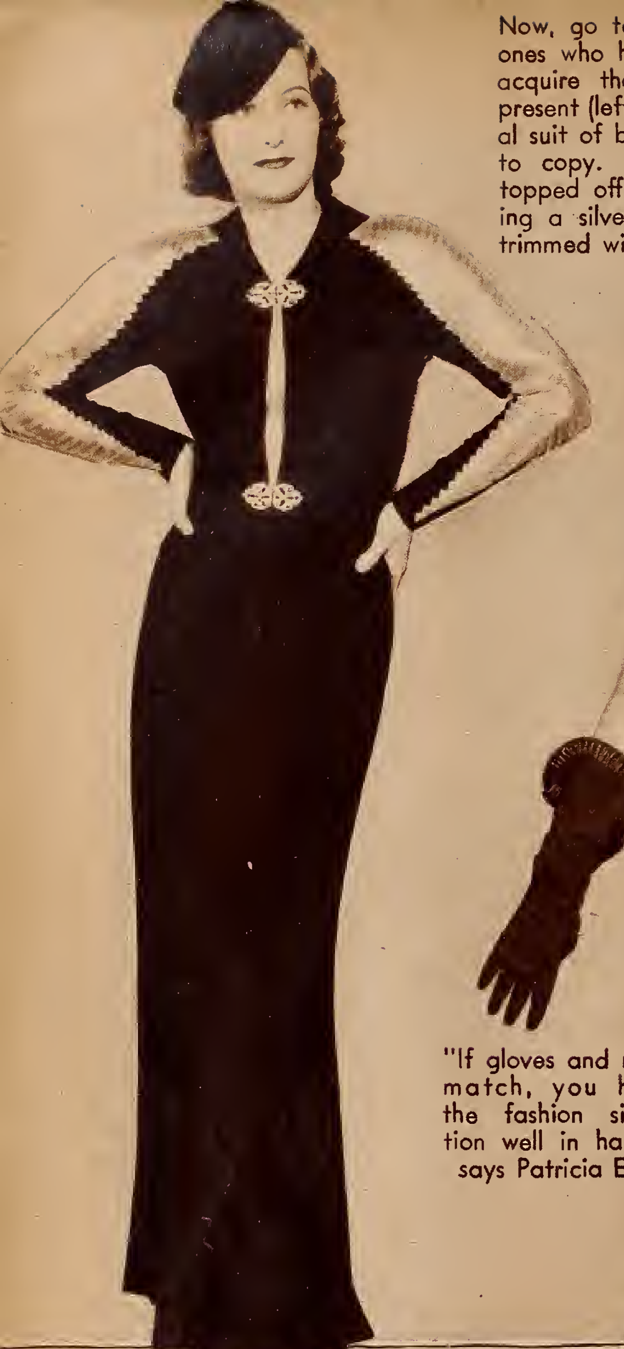
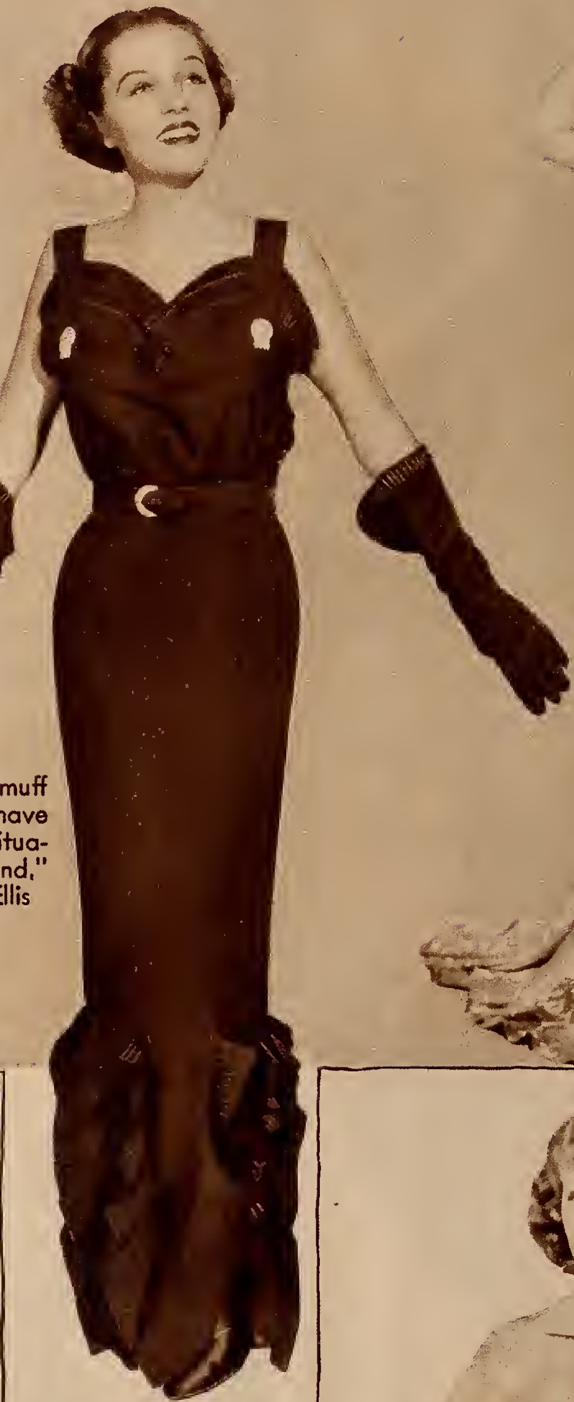
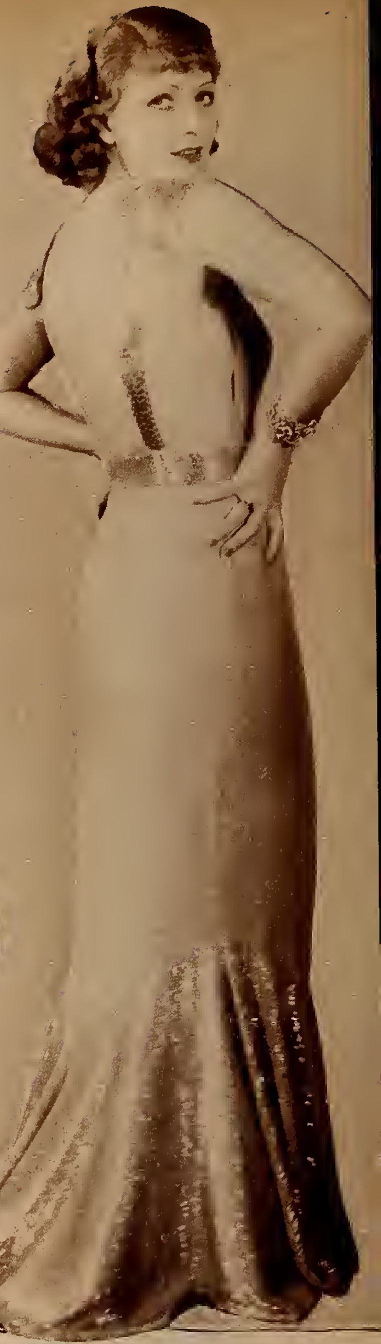
Marion Sayers (right) can't crouch like this in portraits now. Gloria Stuart (sitting, left) can't show so much thigh. And Billie Seward (above her) will have to wear more

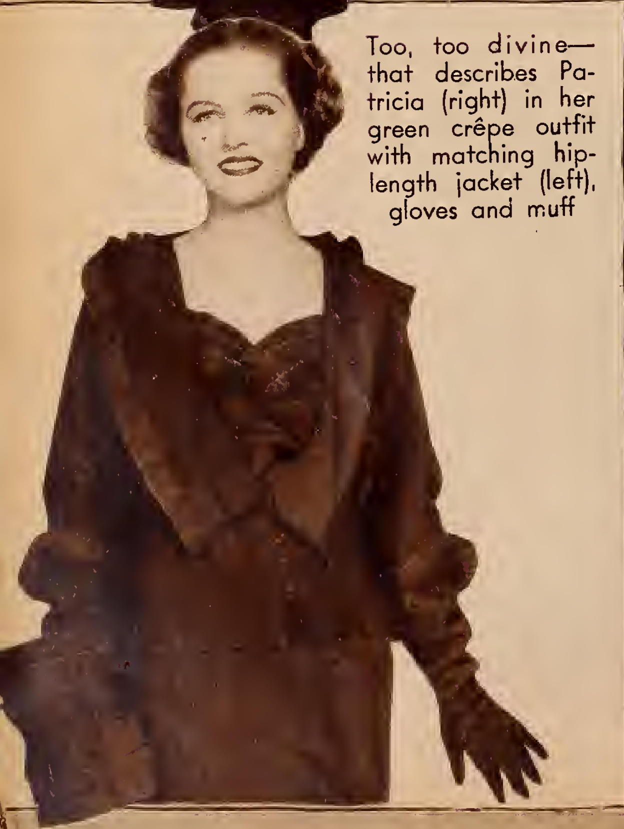


Now, go to it, girls! For the young ones who have tried, but in vain, to acquire that sophisticated look, we present (left) Barbara Stanwyck's formal suit of black sheer crêpe, for them to copy. Its long, molded skirt is topped off by an open front, revealing a silver vestee. The sleeves are trimmed with criss-crossed silver braid

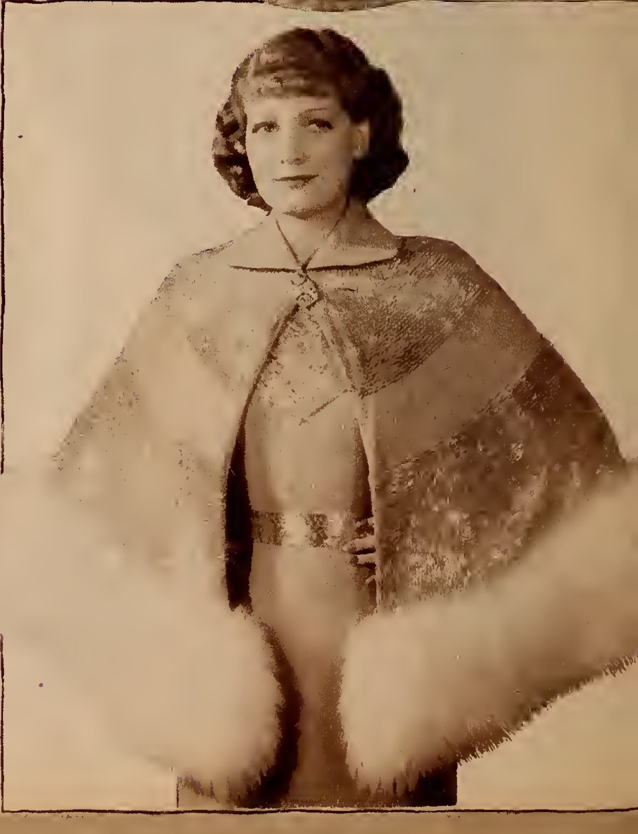


"If gloves and muff match, you have the fashion situation well in hand," says Patricia Ellis



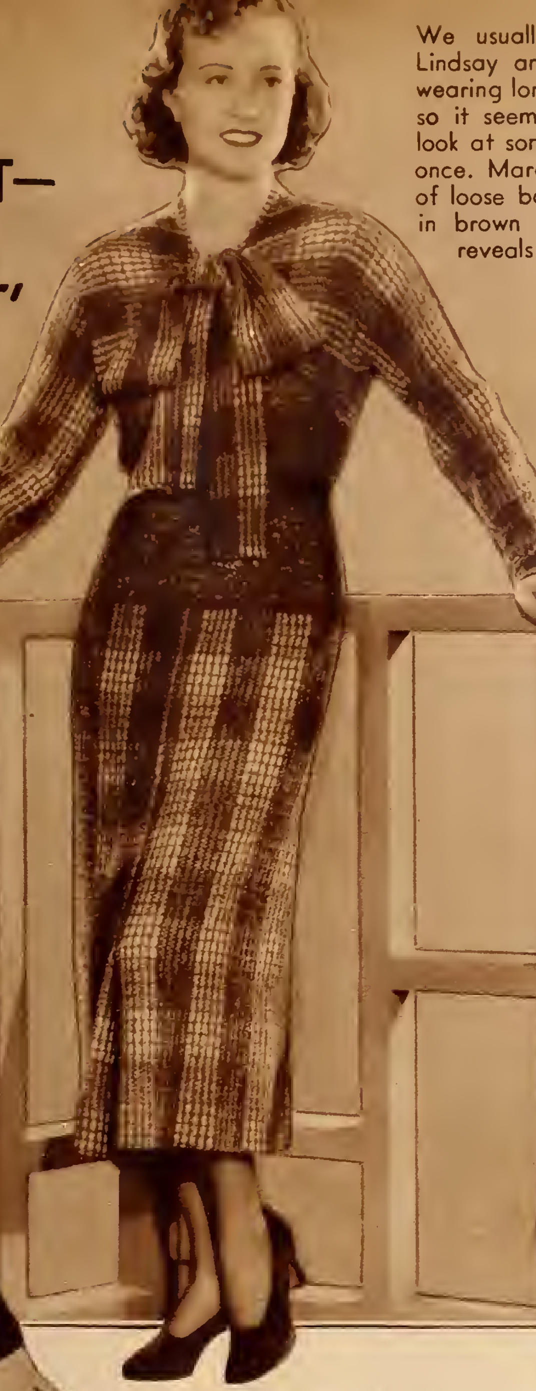


Too, too divine—that describes Patricia (right) in her green crêpe outfit with matching hip-length jacket (left), gloves and muff



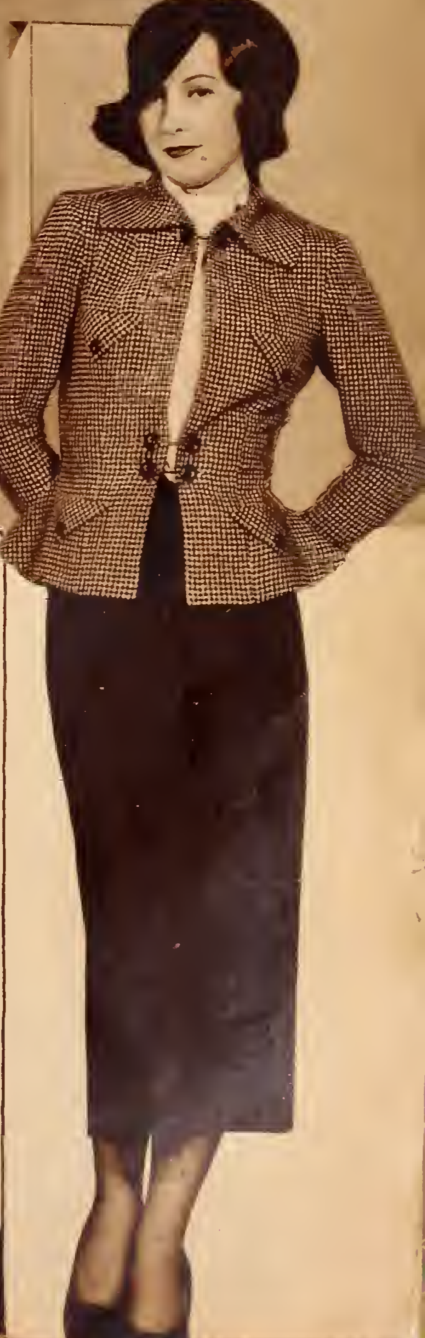
Here's what not to wear if you are still this side of twenty and girlish. But if you are the siren type, Merna Kennedy's heavily beaded, blue crêpe gown (upper right) and cape (right), bordered with white fox, were meant for you

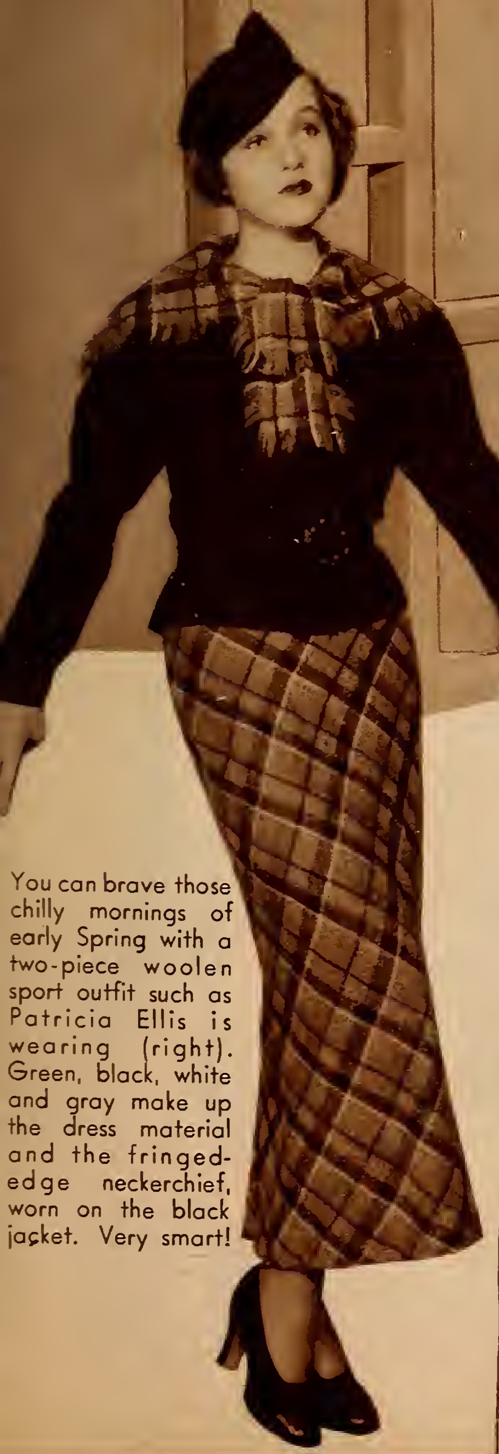
SOME ARE LONG, SOME ARE SHORT— SOME ARE FORMAL, SOME ARE SPORT



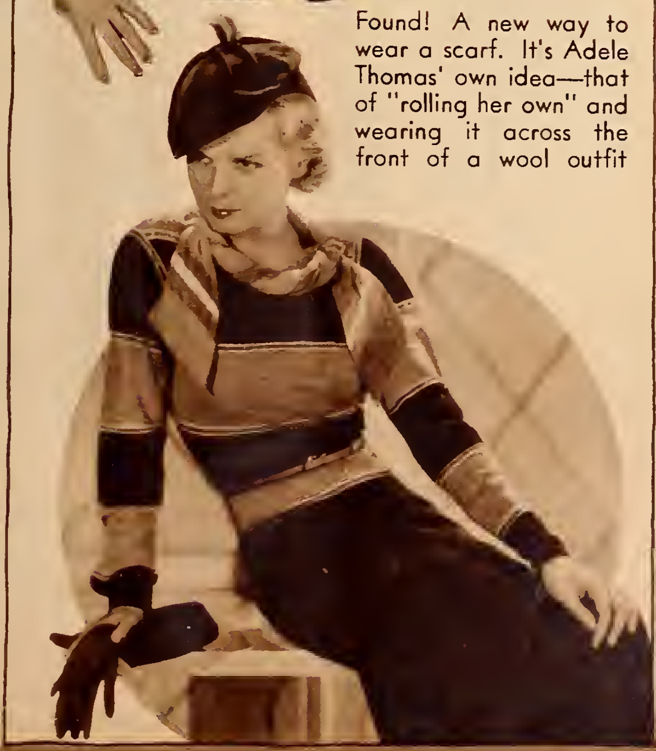
We usually see Margaret Lindsay and other beauties wearing long, flowing gowns, so it seems good to get a look at some trim ankles for once. Margaret's sport dress of loose basket-weave wool, in brown and white plaid, reveals a natty pair

What's this (below)? Barbara Stanwyck "horning in" on men's fashions? All well-dressed men now own at least one checked sports jacket. Babs thinks it's a swell idea for the girls, too. Hers is of black-and-white checked wool with nipped-in waistline and faked pockets





You can brave those chilly mornings of early Spring with a two-piece woolen sport outfit such as Patricia Ellis is wearing (right). Green, black, white and gray make up the dress material and the fringed-edge neckerchief, worn on the black jacket. Very smart!



Found! A new way to wear a scarf. It's Adele Thomas' own idea—that of "rolling her own" and wearing it across the front of a wool outfit

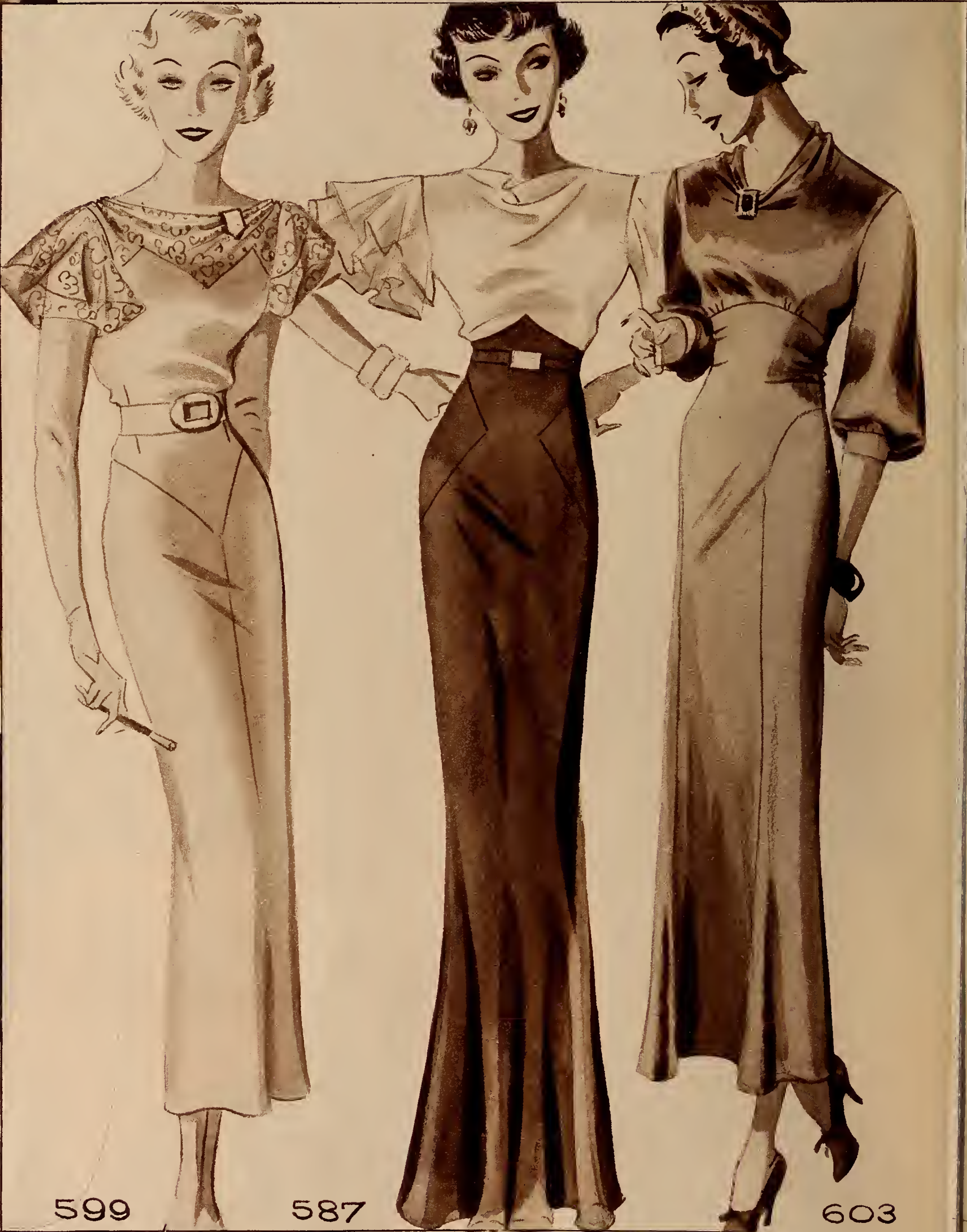
GLAMOUR GUARANTEED

Just 15c. buys each

Bette Davis

Ruby Keeler

Kay Francis



MOVIE CLASSIC'S
Hollywood Pattern Service,
Hollywood Pattern Co.,
Greenwich, Conn.

Please find enclosed........Send me Hollywood Patterns

Nos.	Sizes
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....	....

Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered by mail, separately 15c.

Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered with a pattern, 10c.

Name ....

Address ....

....

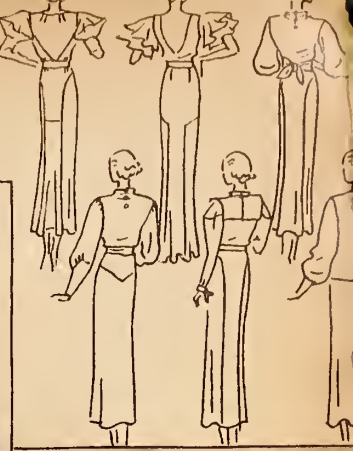
599—Bette Davis has her picture on this pattern. Bette learned that a girl without dash was a girl without a job. And this frock has plenty of dash. For 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Size 18 takes 4 yards of 39-inch fabric.

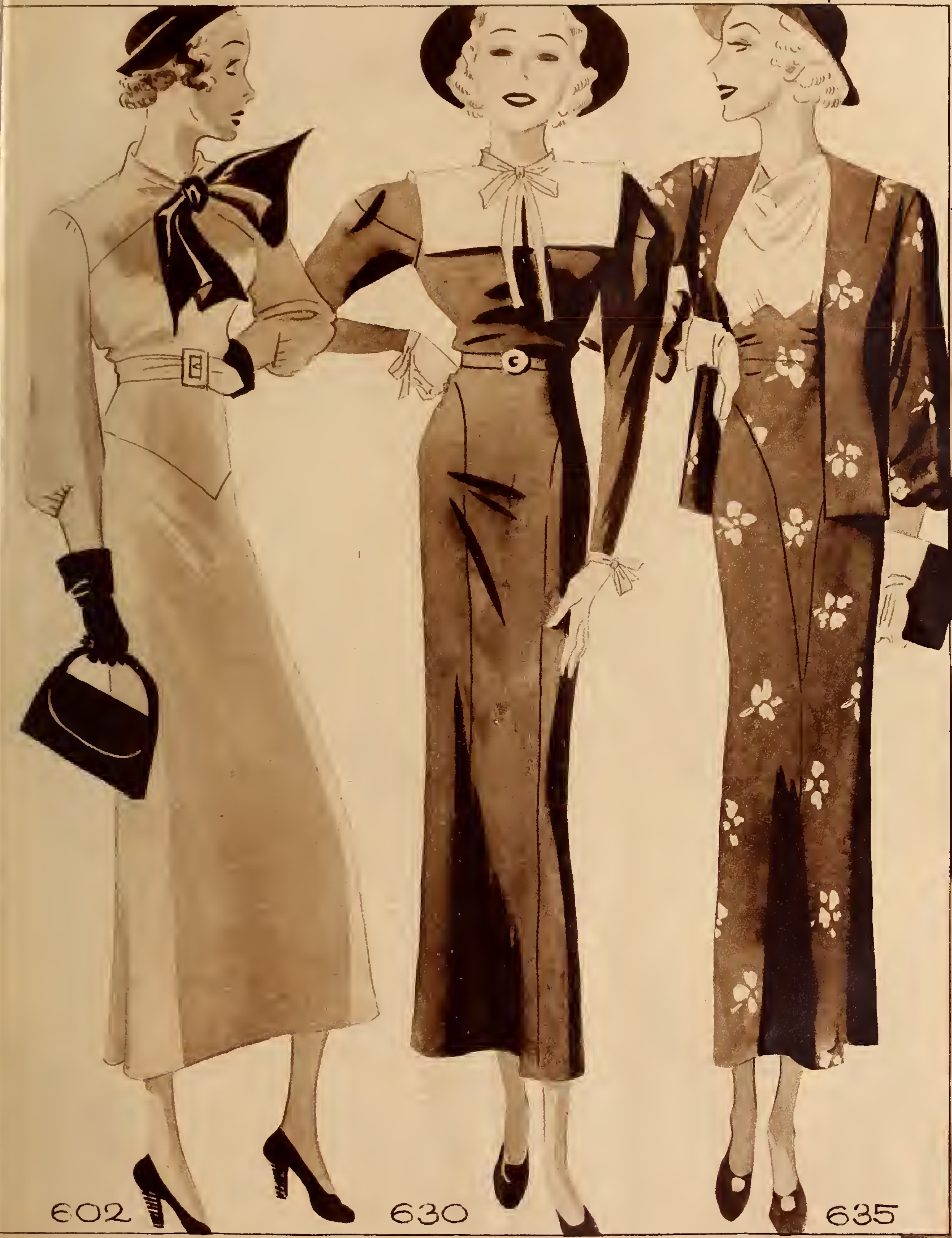
587 — Ruby Keeler knows that shy sweetness and an elfin grin are roads to success. This frock brings out the clinging vine in every girl. It's simple, effective. In 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Size 18, 4 1/8 yds. of 39-inch fabric.

603—Dramatic dignity is Kay Francis' outstanding trait. This one-piece frock has just that element. It depends on its fine lines for its effect—and gets it. In 32 to 42. Size 36, 4 1/8 yds. of 39-inch fabric.

Hollywood Patterns Make Smartly

stunning Hollywood Pattern





Dorothea Wieck

Carole Lombard

Ruth Chatterton

602—Dorothea Wieck is like a fresh breeze. She chooses pretty clothes that don't obscure her personality. That's why her picture is on this pattern for a street frock. In 32 to 40; size 36, 2⅝ yds. of 54-inch fabric.

630 — Carole Lombard, a piquant personality, goes "quaint" every now and again. So does this little runabout frock with its big white collar. It is for 32 to 40. Size 38, 4⅛ yds. of 39-inch fabric.

635—Ruth Chatterton is the girl who believes in just being herself. This little ensemble reflects just this quality of naturalness — and it's useful as well. In 34 to 48. Size 36, 5 yds. of 39-inch fabric.

Idealistic

If you need any convincing that George Raft is a Great Lover, just see "All of Me"! He'll tear your heart out—and so will Helen Mack—living a love that knows no selfishness or jealousy or pettiness, and defying Fate to part them

What's a Stooge?
TED HEALY TELLS YOU!

This is Ted Healy. You can tell him by his hat. The three lads who are practically in his hair are his "stooges." Between them, they have brought a brand-new kind of clowning to films!

By ROBERT FENDER

TED HEALY, the man who made the United States stooge-conscious, had just finished a scene with Robert Montgomery in a picture when I cornered him. I had been hanging around some time, waiting to get the answer to "What is a stooge?" So when I sprang it on him he replied:

"A stooge is a *****! ///// ---- #### !!!!!——"

"*Wait* a minute, Ted," I soft-pedaled. "We can't print that. Give me a definition I can use in the magazine!"

Ted scratched his head. "It's going to be tough to give you a definition of a stooge in decent language," he pleaded, "but here's a go. A stooge is a guy who never has a light for a cigarette he is trying to borrow.

"A stooge is something that's there when you look around. It's a sort of something—something awful." He shuddered. "Something really awful, like *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* without the *Dr. Jekyll*. A stooge is two helpings of awful. A stooge is something that, when you dream about it, you have to get up and turn on the lights.

"All of us," Ted continued, "have a little stooge in us. If our Mr. Mayer and President Roosevelt are walking down the street, one of them's a stooge, but if Mr. Mayer reads this, I'm only joking."

"What do you call your stooges?"

"I call 'em N. R. A. because, like prosperity, they're always around the corner when I want 'em. But my stooges ought to get along fine in Hollywood. They have lots of company. This is Stooge Center here, the land where all good little stooges go. If," he added, "they're real, real good or bad. All my stooges have to do here is keep real quiet and pretty soon they'll all be supervisors."

"Where," I asked, "did you find your stooges?"

(*Continued on page 63*)

Be Sure to See "QUEEN CHRISTINA"!

Says LARRY REID,

Who Reviews The Latest Films

"QUEEN CHRISTINA"

"FASHIONS OF 1934"

"MAN OF TWO WORLDS"

"GALLANT LADY"

THE best picture of the month—there isn't any debate about it—is "QUEEN CHRISTINA," which brings back Greta Garbo, the movie queen of queens. In case you have forgotten, there is only one Garbo. She proves it to you superbly in the best performance she has yet given in talkies. But she's a far different Greta from the one you saw last. She has shed her languor and her secret sorrows and is less an exotic automaton; she is alive, alert, eager, human. She even laughs out loud. And she has John Gilbert as her lover again. That fact, however, is not so important as the fact that she has Rouben Mamoulian, an expert mood-manufacturer, as her director.

The setting is early Sweden. The young queen, Christina, who has been brought up as a boy by her war-like father, travels the countryside incognito, in boyish garb. It is thus that she first meets the Spanish envoy (Gilbert) and fools him into believing that she is a boy until the crowded condition of a snow-bound inn forces them to share a room. For three memorable days (and nights) they also share a great love, which is climaxed by her promise to return to Sunny Spain with him. He goes on to Stockholm, to offer a marriage proposal from his monarch to Christina—and makes the astounding discovery that Christina was his companion of the inn. Tragedy begins to stalk their romance. . . .

Gilbert, wearing long hair, is strangely self-conscious and stiff; he can't seem to let go of himself and flash the old Gilbert fire. But there's nothing wrong with his voice. Ian Keith, looking more like Gilbert than John, himself, turns in an effortless performance as Gilbert's rival and the villain of the piece. Lewis Stone and C. Aubrey Smith are also convincing. But no one is so real and so vibrant as Garbo—even in a long and painful scene in which she lies on the floor and, while John gapes in pardonable wonder, lets grapes from sunny Spain dribble into her mouth (seeds and all).

"FASHIONS OF 1934" is a fashion parade that is made practically painless by the addition of an amusing plot, amusingly handled by William Powell and Bette Davis. They're a couple of likable style racketeers who copy Paris designs and sell the patterns to makers of cheap dresses. Ambition sends them scooting over to Paris, where Powell's suave bluffing almost makes him a king of fashion—until he turns show producer,

(*Continued on page 80*)

Above, scene from "EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT." Left, Lilian Harvey in a scene from "I AM SUZANNE"

"*Waiting for summer*"

costs you comfort and loveliness now!

Mrs. John A. McVickar, Jr., of New York City, showing her Eugene Permanent Wave given in late November, 1933. Mrs. McVickar says, "*The social season is twelve months long, and I want my hair* permanently *waved all through it. Thanks to Eugene, it is that way!*"

American women have a peculiar habit that chic Parisiennes and smart Londoners cannot understand. Over there, they keep their hair permanently waved all year long, so that their curls and undulations seem entirely natural *always*. Over here, some women think that permanent waves are only for summer-time convenience...and spend the rest of the year fussing with new-grown straight hair!

Don't wait for summer. Go to a hairdresser who does genuine Eugene Waving; enjoy the comfort, the convenience, the *beauty* of your Eugene Permanent Wave now*...and throughout the year.

All better hairdressers have new Eugene equipment that enables them to give you flattering waves and curls two or three times a year, as your straight hair grows in. They have special Eugene "Reverse-spiral" Sachets to take care of your short hair, and to make those smart little ringlets. They use genuine Eugene Sachets, approved by Good Housekeeping and identified by the Eugene trademark, "The Goddess of the Wave."

Be sure to see this trademark on the Sachets used. Then you can be certain that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent Wave... preferred the world over!

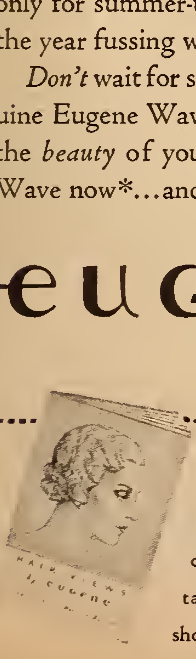
Eugene, Ltd., New York, London, Paris and Barcelona.

EUGÈNE
STEAM SACHET

eugène *permanent waves*

***FREE**

Eugene offers "Hair Views"



This Brochure shows the latest coiffure styles... as sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and beautifully reproduced in this special pamphlet. It also contains important advice by Eugene on the permanent wave you should get *now*. Send the coupon at once!

Eugene Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City (4)
Please send me "Hair Views" sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and Eugene.

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City____________________State____________

(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)

"Girls who know this

says

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION.

RKO-Radio Star

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer, lovelier *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

Nine out of ten glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin.

Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings!

YOU can have the *Charm* men

secret *always* win out"—

IRENE DUNNE

NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.

IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT—YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

can't resist

Precious Elements in this Soap—

Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

LUX
TOILET SOAP
NRA
For EVERY Type of Skin . . *dry* . . *oily* . . *"in-between"*

HANDS LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE

"MEN WANT SO MUCH!"

They expect their girls to be good pals—and good lookers! They want us to romp with them by day—and romance at night. They don't consider that wind and weather roughen our hands—but they do *expect us to give them smooth hands to hold.*

Frostilla Lotion removes every sign of the double life our hands must lead! A drop or two of this famous preparation wards off chapping, redness, coarseness and other penalties of outdoor play. We massage in a bit before we go out, and every time we wash up; then we're *sure* that hands keep the white smoothness that men want!

They even please the masculine nose—for Frostilla Lotion is made fragrant with an imported and expensive floral perfume. And isn't *that* unusual in hand-lotions!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-&-10¢ stores.
(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)

fragrant
FROSTILLA
LOTION

Will Garbo Marry Her Director?

(*Continued from page 23*)

real reason for this tenseness between the two men was—Greta Garbo! When John Gilbert cried, dramatically, "I'm an actor! You can't tell me how to act!", studio gossips whispered, he was playing up to an audience, the remote, and beautiful woman whom he had once loved. Now, Hollywood wonders if his being with Garbo again could have led, in any way, to his subsequent separation from his wife, the former Virginia Bruce.

And now Greta Garbo and her director were seen openly together. They played tennis often, they dined and lunched at the Russian Eagle. How much in love the great Garbo must have been to make this dramatic departure from her rigid rule of seclusion and avoidance of publicity! And as the picture progressed, so did the apparent romance of the sensitive dark Armenian and the sensitive blonde Swede.

Wanted Even More Privacy

THE sombre Garbo's home was not sufficiently secluded. A ten-acre estate in the bottom of a Santa Monica canyon seemed a better place for loneliness—or love. Here she would be protected from the ever-staring public by tall cypresses. Behind the trees a wire fence topped with barbs and a stone wall further discouraged intrusion. Huge iron gates, double-padlocked, and four fierce police dogs were the final touch. Truly, Garbo wants to be alone, to be ultra-private in her private life.

But there is one man for whom the padlocked gates open. Often, romance-lovers say, Rouben Mamoulian strides down the avenue of cypresses, and the front door of the white villa opens for him, a welcome dinner guest. You could almost number on the fingers of one hand the chosen few whom that door admits—Maria D'Acosta, Mrs. Salka Viertel, Lew Ayres and Richard Cromwell (they say) and now Mamoulian. Those who enter maintain Garbo's own silence, as though a spell lay over house and famous recluse and the tree-shaded acres where she lives.

But the spell does not touch Rouben Mamoulian's father, the little old man whose pride in his son's close association with the greatest of the great lies back of the statement that startled Hollywood: "My son is going to marry Greta Garbo!"

Hollywood recollects that when the director of "Queen Christina" went house-hunting recently, he did not go alone. Greta Garbo went with him. She helped him choose that spacious Spanish house on Palm Drive with its wide lawns. It cost more than fifty thousand dollars, but why measure romance so sordidly in terms of dollars? Was the architecture not romance itself—were there not alcoves and balconies for a fitting background for the glamourous drama of love?

And the furniture that seemed so much to please the flaxen-haired Swede—the furniture that she helped to pick out, herself, they say—cost fifteen thousand dollars more. Yet how well those massive antique carvings and the Spanish statuary blended with the low, amber lights and soft, velvety rugs!

His Friends Are Her Friends

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN moved with his parents into his new home. They have lived there only a few weeks, but already Russian friends, dropping in to chat, have found there—almost as a member of the family, or perhaps in the rôle of hostess—the woman whom many of them had seen hitherto only on the screen. Greta Garbo, in Mamoulian's drawing room, or at his dinner table, was simple, gracious, friendly. Could such a secret be kept? Of course not. Each proud Russian who met her there and talked with her told his friends.

A group of the artistically minded élite decided to give a play, "Sinless Sinners," translated from Ostrovsky's masterpiece. In the cast was featured Mamoulian's talented mother. And in the darkened house during rehearsals, night after night, Greta Garbo sat beside Actress Mamoulian's son, Rouben. Rather unusual for a star who takes only a passive or purely professional interest in her director!

I have visited that lovely house on Palm Drive. I looked hopefully for photographs, perhaps tenderly inscribed, of the Great Garbo. But if there were any, they were discreetly hidden—as Garbo might prefer. Yet I thought that the house seemed full of her! I left there happy, for were not my friends happy, too? The real love of Greta's life has emerged, I believe, and he is one of us—one of my people. Of course, I am proud!

A few days after I talked with the elder Mamoulian, newspapers all over the country burst forth with front page headlines, telling that Garbo and Mamoulian, under other names, had been "discovered" at the Grand Canyon, had refused to answer "elopement" questions, and had departed in a cloud of dust for an unknown destination. Reporters burrowed into marriage license files throughout Arizona and New Mexico, but did not find what they were seeking.

The next day, the star and the director arrived back in Hollywood and reporters managed to get in touch with Mamoulian by telephone. To their surprise, they found him affable, willing to talk up to a certain limit, and amused by all the "stir" that had been created ("all for nothing," he added). For, said he, they were not married and had no marriage plans. They had just been on "a little vacation trip" and hadn't had any idea that their holiday would cause so much excitement.

He was asked, point-blank, if they might have talked about marriage—and if they might possibly be in love. Mamoulian ironically chided his questioner. Wasn't that question a bit too personal? The same day he wired friends in New York: "I am still a bachelor."

But everything seems to point to the conclusion that they *are* in love—and that, if they aren't married already or by the time you read this, they will be one of these days.

But I wonder if the Caucasian Genius known now to all as Rouben Mamoulian, is destined to be relegated to stand hereafter in the shadow of his wife's fame, to be known as "Greta Garbo's husband"? Or if they marry, will she fling her career aside, with the disdainful gesture of queens, for "that little house which is every Swedish woman's dream"?

And that beautiful home that she helped select—must Papa Mamoulian, who was too happy to keep a secret, come back to it only as a visitor? He is so nice, this fine old man, too nice to be just a relation, like Garbo's uncle, who chauffeurs a taxi back in her native Sweden.

We shall see. Perhaps Papa Mamoulian may yet attend a movie where Metro's lion will roar as a prelude to the appearance of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rouben Mamoulian, in her newest feature picture!

Who can tell? Strange things happen in Hollywood.

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Doug, Jr., Speaks Up for His Dad—and Himself

(*Continued from page 21*)

would be seeing him in a few weeks. . . .

"But about these rumors and reports that have circulated since we went over to England. We have been misquoted and we have been misunderstood. I'm going to tell you what this change in my life has really and actually done for me. I'm going to tell you the facts in place of the fiction.

"The most important thing is—it has given me my father. I mean, it has given me a knowledge of and a friendship with my father for the first time. It has given my father his son. The relationship is a bit inverted, perhaps, since *I* am the father and *he* is the son. But that really doesn't matter. What does matter is that we are *friends.* If no relationship whatever existed between us, we would still be friends. There is, actually, little trace of the father-and-son relationship between us. What there is, is upside down. He is the one who asks *me* for advice on what he should do about this or say about that.

Barrier Between Them Broken

"WHEN I was a kid, I both hated and adored my father. I adored him as a fan, as other boys did, of course—for his athleticism, his gallantry, the sort of splendor he had, and has. I hated him because, I think, we couldn't seem to manage to get together. I think that was because we were both too young. I was much too young to know how to make the first advances, establish a contact. He was much too young to have a son at all.

"As I grew older, there was the fact that he represented an obstacle to me. He was not an asset; he was a liability. He didn't want me to go on the screen. He disinherited me two or three times. Frantically ambitious as I was and even more frantically individualistic, I resented bitterly the fact that I was Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, to his Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. And that everything I did, or attempted to do, must appear only the pale, copybook reflection of the son mounting the steps of the ladder his father had already scaled. There are more obstacles to the pathway of success and achievement than starving dramatically on a park bench. Not that I underrate that special obstacle, at all. It would, however, have been plainer sailing and less heartache for me if I had been born the son of John Jones, plumber.

"Perhaps we might never have found one another in Hollywood. Pete is extremely shy. He has never grown up. And he is the most un-social man I know, amazing though this may sound. I am amused when I read some of the highly fictionized accounts of his numerous and glittering social activities. I can only tell you that on many occasions when I have wanted to locate him for something I've finally tracked him down on some golf links and found him playing—alone.

What They Call Each Other

"YOU want to know why I call him Pete. Well, we couldn't go around calling each other Douglas or Doug. If I called him Doug, I sounded as if I were talking to myself. That went for him, too. So I asked him one day what he would like to be called if his name were not Douglas. He said, 'Oh, I don't know—Pete, I guess.' I said, 'Pete let it be.' So Pete it is—and ever shall be. I couldn't, you know, call him Dad or Father, either. It didn't FIT. And it would have sounded too amusing if he had called *me* Dad. So, I call him Pete and he calls me Jay-ar—that's short for Junior—and everything's jake. I sign all of my letters and cables to him 'Jay-ar.'

"We take trips together now and then and, when we do, we have the most uproariously ridiculous times together. You've heard of people rolling on the floor with laughter? Well, we DO it. We have more fun together than any two men I know of. There is no age distinction. There are no leading strings and no compulsions. That's why we are friends. I think Pete gets a kick out of the fact that I manage my own affairs, my own unit of United Artists, without either advice or counsel from him. He's fond of saying, when I've done a picture or put across some piece of business, 'Jay-ar does it all, himself!'

"This is the first and most important thing my getting out of the old routine has done for me. *It has made me a friend who happens to be my father.*

Why He Went Abroad

"THE second thing is a purely business matter. I am extremely fond of England, of course. But it is not solely because of my fondness for it that I am there. It is utterly preposterous, this story about our planning to become English citizens. The talk of this in the American press has been misunderstanding and misquotation from beginning to end. The talk of our hob-nobbing with royalty is equally ridiculous. Lords and ladies are as numerous in England as are country squires. People over there are not rated for the titles they bear or for the occupations they follow. They are rated and accepted socially for what they are as individuals.

"There are members of the nobility who are not accepted socially at all. And a cinema star is of no more interest and arouses no more curiosity than does a barrister or a doctor or a merchant, unless he happens to be an interesting or amusing individual in himself. They like Pete in London. I hope they like me. They like all Americans. They are the most friendly people in the world. They feel, and rightly, that the English-speaking peoples should stick together, without jealousy, without criticism or suspicion.

"No, I have done what I have done because I realized that if I did not make some sort of break, get out of the factory, break away from the processing method now and then, I would become just another juvenile actor with a series of ups and downs reading like a graph. It *was* like that.

"In the long run, the downs win. They always do. I'd have a few good parts, like the one with Kate Hepburn in 'Morning Glory,' for instance, and I'd be UP. I'd have some poor ones and I'd be DOWN. There was nothing I could do about it. And I take my work with the most extreme seriousness; I want terrifically to do something that really matters.

"I wrote my first novel, taking a year or more to the job. When I had it finished—I tore it up. It didn't measure up, I thought, to what a first novel should be. I want to be able to scrap any sort of work or any sort of working condition that seems likely to stamp me with mediocrity. . . .

Says They're On a Location Trip

"OUR working in England really means just this—we are on an extended location trip. We are an American company making pictures with and through an American organization, the United Artists. And we are making them in England because, for the swashbuckling, historical type of pictures we are interested in making, the locales and the atmosphere are there—or nearby. We do not have to build them. In England, we are exactly like other companies and other stars who go to Death Valley or Alaska or New York for the shots and conditions they need.

"We are not taking American money out of America. We are releasing through United Artists, which means money in the exchanges here, as well as there. I make two pictures a year over there. I will make one or two pictures a year here in Hollywood, depending on the stories I can get. In between pictures, both here and there, I shall do a play in New York. I believe that by this method of working and commuting, of not confining myself to any one studio or any one spot on the map, I can succeed in getting the things that are right for me. I shall have some power of selectivity.

"Pete is making 'Adios, Don Juan.' His locations call for Spain. He can *go* to Spain. This sort of possibility makes the production of a picture that much more worth while to him. He is not primarily interested, any longer, in making pictures for the sake of making them. If and when he finds a story that peculiarly and particularly appeals to him, he will do it. We are about to make one together. But unless he finds stories he is keen about, he will confine his attention to the business end of the business, which really appeals to him more.

He Makes a Prophecy

"THERE are certain types of thing we can do better over there. 'The Private Life of Henry, the Eighth' for an example. They could have built the Tower of London on the back lot of any studio, of course—but how much better to do the picture where the Tower of London really is. It was the same with 'Catherine the Great,' which I just finished over there.

"On the other hand, there are other pictures that can be made only in Hollywood. Joan's latest, 'Dancing Lady,' for instance. And swell entertainment it is, too. I stopped off in Chicago to see it and got a big kick out of it. Then, there are 'Hollywood Party' and 'Going Hollywood' and 'The Blonde Bombshell' and lots of others that couldn't have been made anywhere else.

"But, anyway, why should movies be insular? Why should any art be confined to one bit of territory? No other art *is*, when you stop to think about it. Writers are not limited to one country. Artists do not paint on so many square miles of area, only. I think that, in time, more companies, more people will come to do what we are doing now. And when they do, it will not be said of them that they deserted their country or turned their backs on their old friends. It will be the simple and factual matter of *going on location*, seeking out the backgrounds and the atmosphere best adapted to the special type of picture they are making.

"And so, out of all the welter of reports and rumors I have read and heard about Pete and myself, I can only sum up our 'case' by repeating to you, that I have found a great friend and I hope I am on the way to finding myself . . . I can give you more on this in about two years—after the experimental stage is over."

DID YOU KNOW THAT, if they hold to present plans, the picture that the two Fairbankses will make together will show Doug, Sr., as *Zorro* again and Doug, Jr., as *Zorro's* son?

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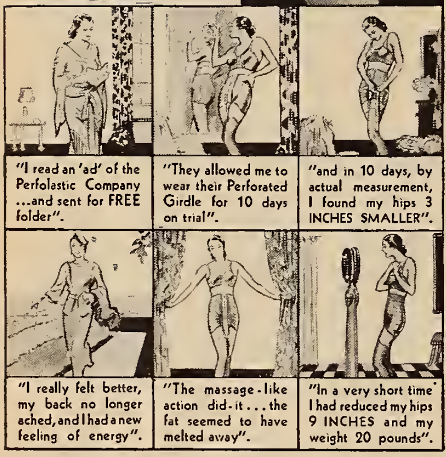
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What Rudy Says About Women Now

(*Continued from page 27*)

the dictates of his own intuition in this last union.

"I wanted to keep secret my marriage to Miss Webb," he said. "It was only through the announcement made by Miss Webb's father and herself—and this is something that I have never told any of your newspaper colleagues before—that news of the marriage was made public.

"As a matter of fact, I had no desire for marriage. I was sure it could not be happy. I knew that I should not marry Fay, but at the insistence of her father and herself, we were married. It was not," with a short laugh, "a shotgun marriage, or anything like that. It was a marriage that I had hoped to keep secret in an effort to bring the maximum of happiness to a union that seemed doomed from the outset."

Brunettes Are His Weakness

MIDDLING tall and handsome, this young man has amassed a considerable fortune in his early thirties by the unbeatable combination of talent, concentration and hard work. Working around the clock from noon until far into the early hours of the morning, he has allowed himself but one vice. And that is brunettes—wise, worldly, sleek-haired, languorous-eyed arched-browed brunettes.

"They're my weakness," he said, with a wan smile. "That's the type I should stay away from. And I don't. That's the type with which I always fall deeply in love."

Some men go in for fast horses, others for strong liquors. Rudy gravitates toward brunettes. That's why, he says (but who can tell?), that cuddlesome, curvy, nineteen-year-old Alice Faye, his musical discovery, will never become the third Mrs. Vallee. She's a blonde. But what a blonde!

"My first wife was a brunette and one of the finest women I can ever hope to meet," he continued. "She had every characteristic that I admire in a woman. I doubt if there are many women like her. She was older than I was, and had a child two years old (by a former marriage) when we were married in 1928.

"The marriage lasted only four days. It was annulled the same year. Since then Leona Cauchois—that was her name—has married a naval officer. And I sincerely hope that she is as happy as she deserves to be. One rarely finds in a woman such beauty of character as she has.

Wanted His Money, Not Him

"I DON'T want to sound as though I have known a great many women. I haven't. I've been too busy working to gather up romantic affairs, but there have been a few who have tried to become so much a part of my life that I could not do without them. And I wanted them to. I want love, like any man or woman. But it didn't take me long to realize they wanted my money, not me.

"Any from Park Avenue? I can honestly tell you that I have seldom, if ever, gone out with a society girl. Most of my acquaintances are in the theatre or show world. I see the girls of the theatrical business more frequently, meet them every day; it is natural that I should become interested, romantically, in the girls of my own profession."

Alice Faye, whose soft young voice is heard whenever Vallee broadcasts, is Rudy's musical protégée. He discovered her through the medium of his New York attorney, who suggested to the pretty chorus girl that she make a record of a popular song. When Rudy heard the voice on the disc, he sent for the girl and she replaced "sax" appeal with sex appeal in his orchestra. But Rudy's interest ends there, so he says.

"Alice is a lovely child, and I am fond of her," said Vallee, in a carefully-worded tribute. "We are not going to marry. She is talented and I am happy to be able to aid in helping her gain recognition."

The recognition includes a four-year contract with Fox Films. (She replaced Lilian Harvey in "Scandals.") Although not yet a glittering star, Miss Faye has enraptured the Fox publicity men so that they describe her as "a dream dreaming of romance." Vallee, however, is inclined to be more realistic about Miss Faye, who was accompanied to the Coast by her mother and brother.

"Alice is not particularly worldly, but she is not unsophisticated. After all, she is Broadway-wise, and certainly not naïve. She has been dancing and singing in New York for a few years, and an intelligent girl, singing in night-clubs and cafés, cannot remain unworldly forever."

Far from being disappointed in California, which gave him a courtship, a wife and a long headache, Vallee is anxious to return. He sees in producer Irving Thalberg a life pattern that he would like to follow. In the meantime, Hollywood holds no ghosts for him. It was at the Roosevelt Hotel, during the filming of his first motion picture in the early days of talkies, that he first met beautiful Fay Webb. The romance followed.

Still Likes Fay's Looks

EVEN though the tempest of court litigation has now descended upon Vallee, who once bought a $90,000 California house (still unoccupied) because Fay asked him to, he still retains his appreciation of his second wife's beauty.

"Physically, Fay Webb is my ideal of beauty in a woman," he said. "When it comes to marriage, I guess I'm looking for the impossible. What I really want, and she probably doesn't exist, is a shallow-faced girl, with intelligence, tolerance—not 'broad-mindedness' (I dislike that phrase)—vision and understanding. You don't find them.

"I want a girl who likes to cook, likes to manage a household. She doesn't *have* to cook. Fay did not have to cook. I hope I shall always have sufficient means to be able to retain a cook in the kitchen, but I like a girl who has an interest in domestic things. Above all, I like a girl to be a companion. It is an impossible order."

Whether or not Alice Faye has culinary talents no one knows. Whether or not Miss Faye and Mr. Vallee will later wed remains to be seen. The rhythm-vendor is not reluctant in favoring privacy and the keeping of secrets from what he terms "gentlemen" of the press.

Again, of Alice, he says, "She's a sincere, genuine friend. I like her a lot and I think she likes me. But there's no romance there, if that's what you mean. I'm not looking for a wife right now. I want to forget a few things first. All I want to do is work.

"Work is everything with me. I don't care about money. I carry my own grips, drive a Ford. I haven't bought a new suit in over a year and a half. My 'servants' are three people whom Fay hired and whom I don't want to turn out. I don't need them any more than I need you, but they couldn't get other jobs very easily, so I keep them on.

His Ideas About Love

"THE trouble with me is that I'm old-fashioned. You see, I still believe in loyalty, devotion and love, although I've seen precious little of them. That's why New York and show business get me down occasionally. It's considered smart to 'play around' there—and here, too, I'm afraid.

Morals are smiled over. There's a careless lack of discrimination on Broadway and in Hollywood that doesn't fit in with my scheme of things.

"A man loves deeply only once. I loved Fay that way. All I can do now is wait until the right girl comes along. After all, I'm only human. I hope—I expect to find the right girl for me some day. Meanwhile—*work!*"

"How did you happen to come back to Hollywood?" I asked, throwing diplomacy to the winds. "You were lousy in your first and last picture."

"I ought to know," he smiled. "And that's just why I'm back. I'm here to show them that I don't necessarily have to be lousy. That 'Vagabond Lover' or 'Vagabond King' or whatever it was turned out to be a nice little plot to crucify me. I was the victim of a raw deal. I know I was. I got it from film cutters and from others who know.

"I don't especially like saying it, but even Mickey Neilan, the director, stood by and let them make an ass of me. They agreed among themselves that I had no acting ability, so they just let me slide through the picture. They didn't care, anyway. They sold the thing, really only a glorified short, before I even arrived on the scene. They didn't give me a chance to use any of my stuff—the smile or 'business' that has put me over in New York. God knows I don't consider myself an actor, a Lew Ayres or George Arliss, but that's no reason why the studio should have given up trying before they started. That picture naturally prejudiced people against me and I'm here now to try to rectify that harm.

His Other Claim to Fame

"AND," he continued, "I think I'm going to do it. Although the story for 'Scandals' is nothing great, I have a lot of faith in these people at Fox. I like the way they do things. After all, I must have something or I wouldn't be grossing six thousand a week in New York. But I don't think they hired me here for my draw. If I thought so, I wouldn't be here, because I can make more money at home. I like to think they hired me for my voice, my personality *and* my reputation.

"I'm here, too, because I want my fans to see me. My radio contract with Fleischmann, which pays me three thousand dollars a week, allows for no 'barnstorming.' I can't take my band around from town to town or I would. This picture will accomplish that 'barnstorming' for me.

"As for my fame and wealth—they mean exactly nothing. I would just as soon be broke tomorrow as have the money I possess." (I started smiling an "Oh, yeah?" and Rudy caught it.) "I mean exactly what I say," he pounded home. "Money has never meant a thing to me. I worked my way through Yale and finished two hundred dollars in debt, but those were awfully happy days. I wouldn't care if I didn't have a sou. And because I feel that way, I don't think I'll ever be 'broke.' I'll always make more, just as I've always made it in the past—in spite of myself. If you want to give me a tag, forget that 'great lover' line and say I'm just a damned good business man."

Later, I heard him addressing the "gentlemen" of the local papers. Standing among them, with the calm of an admiral, he was master of the scene.

"Gentlemen," he carefully enunciated, "I settled with Miss Webb for one hundred dollars a week, which is one hundred dollars too much. You might say, gentlemen, that it is ten thousand cents too much!"

Dollars or sense, blondes or brunettes, the uncomfortable refrain of Vallee's quotation runs through his thoughts: "'You can't live with them, and you can't live without them.'"

"Look what I found *when I lost the 7 stains*"

"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

" . . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept *her* teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust me. I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove *all seven kinds of stains!*'

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

Don't let the 7 stains mar your beauty . . . your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let Colgate's *two* cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with *one* cleansing action *can* remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 20c, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE TUBE NOW 20c

GIANT TUBE (Double quantity) 35c

"Come up 'n' see me some time"
Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up 'n' see me sometime" lure

● For years the world has marvelled at Mae West's magic power over men. What could the secret be? How could one woman appeal to all men the way she does?

● One important reason for her great fascination has been her jealously-guarded secret for years. Now, with her permission, it can be told. It is the perfume she uses . . . an odeur especially blended for her by Mme. Gabilla, foremost perfumer of Paris.

● *And now* . . . Mae West gives this secret to you in *Parfum Mae West.* Now you, too, can enjoy the thrill of having—not one man but many clamoring for your favors. *Parfum Mae West* can be your own secret key to enchantment. Available at your favorite drug or department store, priced from 65c to $25.00 a bottle.

● If your favorite store cannot supply you with *Parfum Mae West,* order from us direct, using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65c in stamps for the dram size—$1.00 for the ¼ oz. size.

● *As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order.*

PARFUM
Mae West
BY
Gabilla
PARIS • FRANCE

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.
19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C.
Enclosed find ( ) 65c. ( ) 1.00 M-1
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement — this is the personal perfume of Mae West!

The Private Life of Mae West

(*Continued from page 33*)

and her life to comprehend even slightly. At times, she sounds like the most conceited human being in the world and yet I am convinced that she is completely devoid of any vestige of conceit, as most of us know it. For example, she re-wrote an interview done in Hollywood with her. In the re-written version she was quoted as saying, "You couldn't imitate Abraham Lincoln; you can't imitate Mae West."

In talking to me about her writing, she said, "I got my own individual style. You know you can always tell Eugene O'Neill—and you can always tell Mae West."

In neither case was she comparing herself to these geniuses, as it would seem. In neither case was there a personal thought about the matter. There are simply some people who cannot be imitated; there are some whose writing is so individual that it must be recognized even without signature. Her statements were impersonal comparisons which she expected the world to take as such.

Men Were "Stepping Stones"

A WOMAN does not eliminate *self* from personality easily. Although Mae's mother never had another siege comparable to the four-year one created by the first, all-absorbing love in her daughter's life, there were times when other men threatened to revive the *woman* in Mae West.

"I learned that one man was about the same as another. I learned to take 'em for what they were. Stepping stones. If a man could help me—" she shrugged. "Don't get me wrong. I was so busy I didn't have time to get all tangled up. You know. But if a guy wanted to give me diamonds . . . Any woman can get diamonds. Men can be a lot of help to a girl in more ways than one."

Many, many famous men were of help to Mae. Producers. Playwrights. Financiers. Men who could assist her up one more rung of the ladder.

"But when one of 'em began to interest me too much—I could tell by my mother's face. She didn't have to talk to me any more. I could see if she was hurt. I couldn't stand to see her worried. I just forgot any man she thought I might be likin' too well."

Again, the mother—the woman who became so much a part of her daughter that the look on her face could dictate the actions of her daughter. When you ponder over this, you understand the love and reverence and devotion of Mae to the mother who is gone; you can also glimpse a hint of her longing for the private personality which that mother slowly, but surely drove from her.

Men as most women know them—as the inspiration for living—were eliminated from her life. But the mother did not influence her to eliminate them as playmates.

"Of course, I had to have experiences to understand life. I had to know all about life to give people what they wanted on the stage."

Gave 'Em What They Wanted

MAE had first learned what men wanted from the boys in Brooklyn. She had played the game of post-office; she had done a fan dance, shaking scented powder from her almost bare body. She came to understand more and more, as she met more and more men; as she watched humanity packing into theatres heralding shows that some called "salacious" and others called "good" entertainment. She gave her audiences all she could, but not all that they desired—because she was working for "bosses," who told her, "Play it down, Mae. Play it down———"

The mother told the father when he remonstrated about Mae's running around with the boys and passing out her adolescent kisses: "Oh, let her go. Mae's different. She isn't like other girls—" And her mother felt the same way now. "If they'd only let her go. She knows what the world wants to see."

It was the mother, of course, who brought James Timony into the picture—and he has been there, as her manager and staunchest friend, ever since. "He was a Brooklyn lawyer who handled some of Mother's business. He put up some money—"

He financed "The Morals Producing Company," which was to exploit Mae West. She had finished her schooling in life; she was ready to show the world what she had learned about it. And if there are some who criticize her, it is only fair to remember this truth. She has been sincere, from the first, in her statement, made again and again: "I give 'em what they want to see." And if there is something in that gift to which part of the world objects, it is a reflection upon human nature, rather than upon the public nature of Mae West, because the truth is, as she told us in the first chapter, "I top 'em all. I always have." We cannot ignore the proof: she has always packed the theatre!

Yes, she was through with her period of learning; she was completely finished with being a woman in the ordinary definition of that word. She was about to become a playwright, producer, actress.

Hasn't Rested in Seven Years

"I HAVEN'T had a moment to myself since that first play opened. I tell you, I ain't had time to have a personal life any more than I do here in Hollywood; I just work and work and work—"

She opened "Sex" in Waterbury, Connecticut. The manager tried to persuade her to change the name. She refused. After all, she had a producer, now, who not only allowed her to run her own business, but who encouraged her to make that business more and more box-office and who agreed with her on the definition of "box-office."

The theatre manager was horrified. Neither he nor anyone else in the theatrical business in 1926 had heard the word "sex" used in the theatre except in such terms as "the weaker" or "the stronger." Mae told him: "Sex is life. Why shouldn't the word be used? Do you want to change the dictionary?"

She kept telling one person after another the same thing. The New York newspapers refused to accept advertisements for the play, unless she changed the title. She refused! And she covered the town with placards—her own advertisements!

"I didn't trust anyone else to tend to those advertisements, either. I took a car and drove all over, each Sunday, seein' that they were right. Through all the suburbs, too. I tell you, since I went into producing my own shows, I ain't had one moment for anything but business. I taught myself to think only of Mae West and then I got so busy I couldn't think of anything else. You don't leave things to chance in this business."

And at another time, she said revealingly, "Timony wouldn't let me!"

Now, there were Timony *and* her mother to hover over this curious woman, a phenomenon in our era. Newspaper stories that were written at that time quote Timony as saying, "Let 'em close the show. I hope the police do get after it. That'll mean business."

(*Continued on page 64*)

What's a Stooge? Ted Healy Tells You!

(*Continued from page 51*)

"I found them under loose boards and outside the city limits. When I came across them, they were trying to find their way, but they had forgotten which way they were looking for. They'd been there for days and days. They wanted to go North so we compromised and I brought them South. Now wherever I go, they go, too. It's terrible.

"But Jean Harlow thinks they've got a big future here. She liked 'em the first time she tripped over them. She was feeling sorry for herself that day, but since she met them and saw how low human life can fall, she's been a new gal. Well, anyway, that's what she says.

"But bad as they are," Ted went on, "they aren't so terrible for the money they get."

"What do you pay them?" I asked.

"Nothing," Ted snapped. "Nothing, that is, in actual money. I pay them in vegetables."

At that moment Red Pearson, one of his stooges, popped his head in the open window. "You're supposed to say, 'What kind of vegetables?'" Red piped, "and Ted will answer, 'Just a small celery.' He thinks that's a joke, the dog." Ted threw something at Red and the head at the window disappeared.

"That," Ted lamented, "is the kind of thing I have to put up with from those lugs. And they haven't been the same since Jean made the mistake of telling them they had stooge-appeal."

"What's stooge-appeal?" I thought I had floored him with that one.

But he cracked right back and said, "It's a sort of cross between Ramon Novarro and an egg sandwich."

"What do they do with their spare time?" I asked.

"They go to the library and tear pages out of books. They started with picture books, but now they've gone high-brow and rip up only the classics. Then on second Thursdays they take turns thinking. But they don't strain themselves. They just think of easy things like what day it is and what they'd do if they had sixty cents. By that time they're worn out so they go home and play with their pigeons."

Jerry Howard, one of his stooges, popped his head out of the fireplace. "You're supposed to ask, 'What kind of pigeons?'" he chirped, "and then Ted can come back with 'Stooge Pigeons, of course.'" Ted took time out to light the fire and Howard went up in smoke.

Ted Crashes In

"LET'S talk about you, awhile, Ted. Come clean and tell me—how did you get into pictures?"

"I don't exactly remember," Ted answered. "The stooges and I were out walking and a door was open and we just walked in and kept walking. I met an executive and he said, 'What are you doing here?' and I said, 'I'll bite, what are *you* doing here?' And he couldn't answer that one. He said he used to know, but that had been years ago. 'But,' he said, 'I have the *nicest* office. Ever see my office?' I told him I hadn't, so the stooges and I went to his office and stayed there for four months. Best office I ever slept in. The only noise was on Saturdays when the executive went out to get his check.

"But one day I made a mistake. I left the office with the stooges and took a walk around the studio. A director discovered us and the first thing *we* knew, they stuck us into 'Hollywood Party,' 'Bombshell,' 'Danc-

(*Continued on page 65*)

Is *your hair* TOO DRY *or* TOO OILY *to train in these* New Hollywood Styles?

Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment below.

Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

Help *for* DRY *hair:*

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To *correct* OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY *hair*

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY *hair*

"ONLY 18c [2 for 35c] FOR KLEENEX NOW"

former 25c size

MILLIONS of women say they wouldn't do without Kleenex at any price. Once you enjoy the convenience of Kleenex nothing else will do.

What a blessing Kleenex is when someone has a cold. These marvelously soft tissues befriend tender noses that harsh, wet handkerchiefs once rubbed raw and red. You use each tissue once, then throw away. No more messy handkerchiefs to wash.

Kleenex checks colds from spreading through a family—helps keep germs from fingers – does away with the "cold-laden" handkerchief that scatters germs every time you take it out to use it.

Kleenex has a world of uses—for removing face cream—smoothing on make-up—dusting on powder. Have it always on your dressing table for guests and yourself.

Now Kleenex costs less than ever before—18c for a full-size package. Get Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores. (25c in Canada)

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

The Private Life of Mae West

(*Continued from page 62*)

And when that did happen finally and Mae took her historic and picturesque ride in a police wagon, the box-office receipts were boosted twenty per cent overnight.

The trials and tribulations of that play have made history that would fill an entire volume. It was endorsed by the Citizens' Play Committee. That endorsement caused a slight *decrease* in the box-office. But after the arrest was made, attendance went up twenty per cent!

"When the newspapers refused my advertisin', they gave me headlines about my havin' my nerve producin' such a play. I couldn't 've bought that space for any amount of money. That sent my prices up and packed 'em in. When you tell people a play is naughty, they rush to see it. I can't help that, can I?"

That trial offers a cross-section picture of Mae West and those who surrounded her. Barrie O'Neal, the leading man, was frightened. He sat in court, downcast, morose. Mae tried to cheer him. She wasn't asking comfort for herself!

One of the girls of the show told a reporter for the *New York Times* on April 22, 1927: "If the people of this city only knew what went on behind the scenes in 'Sex,' they'd be surprised. Why, the chief sources of amusement among us between scenes were discussions of the music of Beethoven and Bach, Shakespeare and all the world's most famous philosophers and literati!"

Not Ashamed of Her Play

MAE told the same reporter: "Some of the papers called my earlier stuff garbage, but that sort of garbage was what my patrons wanted and I gave it to them. And, besides, 'Sappho' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' were called worse names than that when they were produced and look at them now. 'Ghosts' is a classic and maybe ten years from now they'll want to see 'Sex' again and call it a classic."

Harry Cohen, a baffled little clothier, giving his address as 260 Fifth Avenue, testified that he had advanced the first $2,500 for the original production of "The Morals Producing Company" in Waterbury. He testified that he had objected to a dance called "Koochie," but that the leading woman, Miss West, had persuaded him that audiences wanted it.

And a dignified judge complimented a jury of twelve average American citizens upon its decision of "guilty" for Mae and Timony and the production manager, but excusing all others of the cast.

Ten days in jail! Timony went to the Tombs, where the newspapers reported that his "initiative and ambition" secured him the job as boss of the mop and broom squad.

Mae went to the Welfare Island workhouse on April 19, 1927. Warden Henry O. Schleth reported that her only complaint was against the coarse cotton dress, heavy cotton stockings. Her job was sweeping. When she left, the Warden paid her a compliment that she has always cherished. He told reporters, "Mae West is a fine woman—and a great character." The Warden also knew his human nature!

And when she came out of the workhouse in nine days—she got one day off for good behavior—she sold the story of her experiences to a magazine for $1,000 and dedicated the Mae West Memorial Prison Library on the Island with the money.

"Sex" was followed by "Diamond Lil" (you saw it on the screen as "She Done Him Wrong"), which ran for five years—if you count the three that it played on tour. "The Constant Sinner" followed, and was another hit. Those three plays—and Timony's sage business counsel (he made her invest her money, instead of spending it)—brought her wealth; she became as independent financially as she was in every other respect.

Ten Years Ahead of Time

ALL the furore and "holy horror" about "Sex" couldn't stop this amazin' woman from writing other bold, outspoken plays. "The Drag" (which never reached Broadway) and "Pleasure Man" dealt with subjects even more daring than "Sex." She also had to go to court about "Pleasure Man"—but this time the jury disagreed, after one of the longest and most amusing trials on record.

Mae says, "I was ten years ahead of my time. Some day, I'm going to produce those plays again . . . We make things that exist too important by whispering about 'em, rather than bringin' 'em right out into the open. We talk around a subject and make it something it isn't."

And although she may have created these plays—bringing subjects "into the open"—for the sake of the box-office, Mae believes this. She insists that crusading doctors—not crusading cops—should have been the ones to look over "Pleasure Man." That's why she fought the case in court so long and bitterly.

Her life has been a laboratory. And her experiments in that laboratory have confirmed her *impersonally* in the belief that she has expressed again and again, "If young girls knew more about love and didn't take it so seriously, it would be better for them." She says, honestly, "I never aimed to do any harm with my plays! They were part of life—"

The other evening I was chatting with a professor of philosophy—a man who seldom sees motion pictures. We came to the now-international subject of Mae West. I had expected him to deplore her.

"I saw her in 'Diamond Lil.' She's an artist. A great artist. She is perfect in the art of providing entertainment. She knows each fundamental; she is a student—"

I told him how Mae West had written and produced that play immediately after her sojourn in jail. I told him how she had decided to create an illusion to cover the sly innuendos that she had learned the public desired. She had told me, "I covered up that naughtiness in 'Diamond Lil' with the clothes of an alluring, interesting period, and people were so fascinated by the romance of a bygone day that they forgot about the naughtiness. They had it without realizing it!"

The professor—the man who had spent his life studying philosophy—looked at me a long moment. "That proves that she is a great artist!" he answered.

An artist. A woman who has learned more than the study books could have taught about the world in which she finds herself. A woman who can look through the world's shams and see what the world is—a woman who has been transformed from an emotional human being into a shrewd, uncanny judge of all who are around her. A woman who was to study Hollywood from a distance, size it up as few others have done, then sweep into it to attain the summit with one, magnificent gesture. And one woman, perhaps the only one, who has not let Hollywood upset her; who has maintained her *impersonality* each single second. Who knows just how far she can go, how long she can last. She has her plans for the next jump perfected! Read about them in the April issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

What's a Stooge? Ted Healy Tells You!

(*Continued from page 63*)

ing Lady,' 'Fugitive Lovers,' 'Meet The Baron,' and 'Nertsery Rhymes' and a half-dozen other shorts. Now, I live in a fine house with carpets and windows and doors and everything. And my stooges, Moe Howard, Larry Fine, Jerry Howard, Bonny and Red Pearson all live in other houses as far from mine as I could find them. And that's about all I know—or care to know—about stooges."

How a Stooge Works

BUT before he finished, Ted became serious enough to tell me that a stooge, after all, isn't such a bad guy to have around. His job, unless you already know, is to confuse and harass the comedian with whom he works. Ted's stooges spoil his best jokes by giving away the point. They say the wrong things at the wrong time.

They lie in wait for him on the set or stage and just as he's going well, hop in and "crab" his act. They may do it by starting a song, a juggling act, or by telling silly riddles. Thus the attention that should go to Ted is diverted and he loses his audience. It's then up to Ted to jump on them, have sand-bags dropped on their heads and otherwise get them out of the way. But if they're good stooges (like Ted's) they come right back for more, giving Ted not a moment's peace. The results are always good for belly laughs. Audiences howl at Ted and the trouble he has with the flies in his ointment.

Ted and his stooges have been vaudeville and musical-comedy headliners for the past fifteen years. New York idolizes them for their buffoonery in Earl Carroll's "Vanities" of 1927, "Passing Show," "Night in Venice," "Night in Spain," "The Gang's All Here" and Billy Rose's "Crazy Quilt." Phil Baker had his stooge in the last show, too, but Ted said he could never figure out which one was the stooge.

"Every actor out here ought to have a stooge," Ted philosophized. "They're very handy guys to have around. If a star's too busy to give an interview, he can send his stooge. And a stooge is a swell alibi. If a star's wife or girl-friend says she saw him in Sardi's with another doll, he can always say, 'It must have been my stooge. I was home with the mumps, or a bad toothache or something.'

"And then a stooge always comes in handy when you feel like throwing something at somebody. Whenever I'm in doubt or feel mixed up, I always hit the nearest stooge. Makes me feel better. Nothing like it. Hollywood's tired of 'yes-men.' That's why the stooge is coming into his own out here. A stooge is a 'guess-man.' You can never guess what he's going to do next. But some stooges act queerly before the camera the first time," went on Ted, tilting his battered hat farther back on his head.

"What seems to be the matter with them?" I asked.

"I guess," Ted concluded, "it's just—"

"He guesses," chirped the stooges, who were poking their heads in the transom, "he guesses it's just a case of stooge-fright. That," they piped, just before Ted hit them with a set of andirons, "is one of Mr. Healy's very funny jokes."

I escaped during the fight that ensued, not knowing which were the goofiest, Ted Healy's stooges or Ted. The only thing I was sure of was that Healy and his gang have invaded Hollywood with the freshest brand of humor ever seen in these wastelands.

SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidingly on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.** Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Those lovely hands of CONSTANCE CUMMINGS... how vivid they make this moment from "Looking for Trouble" with Spencer Tracy...a 20th Century Picture.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAF, N. B. C. network.

WOULD *You* BELIEVE IT!

This woman spends a fortune on her hair...

while this girl spends just one dime!.....

ONE girl gets expensive shampoos — hair treatments — regular marcels. Yet her hair looks mussy.

The other girl's hair gets the simplest of care. But her coiffure is sleek, and well groomed. What's the reason?

One girl puts her trust in hair pins that slide out as soon as she puts them in. The other pays a dime for a card of HOLD-BOBS.

HOLD-BOBS are *not* ordinary bob pins. Only HOLD-BOBS have round, small, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs. Only HOLD-BOBS keep hair securely in place because one side is crimped and one side is straight. HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match each shade of hair.

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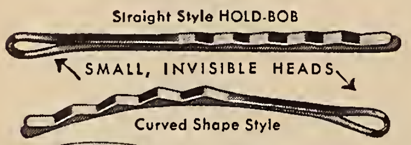

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

MAIL COUPON *for Gift* CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. C-34, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

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These Li'l Girls Know the Answers!

(*Continued from page 31*)

Goddard;" she wants some day to marry a man in the profession—someone with the same ideas and objects in view that she has. In the meantime, she's perfectly content to "wait for something swell." She would advise a girl-friend to go into the movies IF the girl had something to offer and knew the theatre pretty well; she isn't in the Hollywood swing and really doesn't care to be; luck, connections, and the stage boosted her onto the screen; and there's nothing she'd rather do than act.

Her one difficulty is amusing: "I'm having an awful time trying to get a piece of linoleum for the floor of my dressing-room." In answer to the next question she asked, "Who knows what a Hollywood party is?" And on the next she remarked that "Hollywood's pitfalls are whatever you make them," which is a pretty clever answer. She has no jinx, but she has a good-luck ring that she has worn for five years—the only thing she is superstitious about. And her answer to the last question was, "There's no reason why I can't combine sophistication and naïveté!"

Lona's Keepin' Kalm

LONA ANDRE, eighteen, quiet, and too listless to give authenticity to her red hair, is apparently thrown into a dither by a question of any sort. (Her next picture will be "Come On, Marines.") But after half an hour's hard work, I obtained the following, which is sparse, but revealing:

The Panther Woman contest gave her the ticket to Hollywood, and she wants to be a star as soon as possible, but in the meantime is having difficulty connecting with "a nice part." She also wears a good-luck ring, and says that the pitfalls of Hollywood are "the good-looking, handsome fellows—and blondes." She reads mysteries, doesn't want her acting to resemble that of any star, believes that marriage and careers don't mix, and wants eventually to do the Fay Wray type of rôle. All the other questions left her entirely speechless.

Getting Mary Carlisle to answer the questionnaire was rather like trying to pin down a cyclone. Mary, petite, blonde, pert and nineteen, with the smallest hands I ever saw on any human except a baby, is America's perfect girl-friend. I had lunch with her at the M-G-M commissary, and it took us a half-hour to get from the door to our table. Male voices calling after her. . . . "Hey, Skinny! . . . How are you, Skinny? . . . Aw, where're you going? . . . Have lunch with me, Skinny. . . . Hey, come here, I want to tell you something. . . ." They call her Skinny because she's always trying a new diet.

Nothing Slow About Mary

BEAMING at everybody, not missing a single response to all the greetings, Mary fluttered busily through the commissary and finally landed at our table, a trifle worn, but triumphant. She ate her lunch in two minutes flat, during a miraculous lull, and answered every one of the questions practically instantaneously. If you can read the following without stopping for breath, you'll get the general idea of Mary Carlisle:

She wants to be a good featured player "because they last longer than stars;" actors' pay is not too high—if they're worth it; she won't get married until after she has had a career; she wouldn't advise a girl-friend to go into the movies unless she could get used to disappointments; she says that it is definitely NOT necessary to appear at the best places, because if you're good enough, they'll remember you from the screen (look at Garbo!).

She'd rather eat than act; she likes Hollywood parties; she doesn't know what a pitfall is, and will never go into a picture without wearing her two chain rings. If she can't wear them on her hand, she puts them in a shoe. She is having a hard time breaking herself of the habit of taking a quick breath at the end of each line of dialogue, and she reads biography and fiction.

Whew! Good work, Skinny!

Toby WANTS to Be "Naïve"

TOBY WING, Paramount's "perfect chorus girl," is the exact antithesis of Miss Carlisle — quiet and languid. Mentally, as well as physically. Her replies, given with hesitation and in monosyllables, were weighted with a sort of chess-game consideration, each simple "yes" and "no" representing a fearful and almost insurmountable mental hurdle and a brown study of about fifteen desperate minutes.

Actors' pay is plenty high, she pronounced after due deliberation, but a good actor earns what he gets. She reads love stories; she wants to be a star of the Mae West type; she couldn't tell me if Chaplin is married, and she wants to marry an actor, but not for six years. "That's a long time to wait, too," she added naïvely. She would advise a girl-friend to go in the movies "depending if she is anxious to work."

It IS necessary to go to the best places and she always does; Al Kaufman, the official Paramount "discoverer," gave her her chance at the screen; she'd rather travel than act; she is having only one difficulty at present—"learning enough to do big parts;" Hollywood parties "depend on who gives them;" she doesn't know any pitfalls personally; and she always wears a ring made of a two-dollar gold piece which was given her by a fortune-teller. "If I leave it in the bathroom in the morning," she told me, "I feel funny all day." She wants her celluloid life to be "sexy in a way, but also comic and naïve."

Well, don't leave your ring in the bathroom, Toby.

Ida Sorry She's So "Old"

IDA LUPINO, the little English musical comedy star, is a miraculous person. Only seventeen, her mind is that of a mature and intelligent woman. There is nothing undecided or frail about her. If I were to choose two words to describe her, I should say sophisticated and brilliant.

There are three hundred and fifty theatrical years back of Ida. George Lupino, an ancestor, was one of England's most beautiful ballet dancers. He died one night on the stage while doing the eightieth spin on his toes. He was seventy years old.

Miss Lupino most decidedly would NOT advise a girl-friend of her own age to go into the movies.

"Look at me," she said. "Here I am—seventeen years old—and I've been on the stage since I was thirteen. I can't look back on any of the fun and friendships other children have. I have never talked with children. I've never had a childhood. I'm old —mentally—and I am sophisticated, and I feel as if I had missed the most precious thing that life has to offer—a happy, carefree youth."

The only difficulty she is now encountering in Hollywood is an acute attack of homesickness; her favorite author is Edgar Allan Poe; she will marry an actor; she wants to act like Ida Lupino; she swells the number of those who believe in wearing good-luck rings.

Jean Has Big Ideals

FROM Miss Lupino, I went to see a quaint little girl—a fairy-tale princess, a dreamy little person who combines a frailty of spirit with fine, robust moods . . . Jean Parker.

Absolutely unsophisticated, young in every way except for a certain thoughtful melancholy, this little Parker child is a rare and beautiful person, holding savagely to her ideals and protesting earnestly that there aren't any witches or bugaboos in life.

She reads fantasies, poetry and ancient history; she wants to do on the screen those things that appeal to children; she doesn't want to resemble any star—rather, she would like to introduce a new type of acting; and in answer to the question, "Is Chaplin married to Miss Goddard?" she replied, "I'm not interested in gossip."

"A beautiful love is natural," she said, continuing the questionnaire, "but it requires great intelligence to experience it. Some day I hope to combine marriage and a career, but not until I'm old enough." Whether or not she would advise a girl-friend to go into the movies depends on the individual. "The films require so much poise, so much mental and physical grace," she said—with a simplicity that utterly lacked self-satisfaction.

She goes where she wishes, and "prefers never to be in the Hollywood swing;" she was encouraged to go into the movies by Mrs. Ida Koverman, executive secretary at M-G-M, to whom she "owes everything. I'm mostly grateful for her tremendous faith, which made me forget fear and inspired me." She went on: "There is only one thing I'd rather do than act—and that is interpretive dancing. However, I love all creative art and intend to excel in five professions in my life: acting, painting, sketching, music and dancing." And she's so passionately idealistic that I, for one, wouldn't be surprised to see her do it.

The difficulty she is encountering now is her "metamorphosis." She is having difficulty "changing from a tomboy to a—well, to a darn LADY!" She never goes to Hollywood parties; the pitfalls "are letting your feet slip, figuratively speaking;" and in answer to the question, "Have you a movie jinx?" she replied, "I'm not superstitious—just optimistic."

How Would You Grade 'Em?

WELL, there you are. The kids in Hollywood knowing all the answers—or most of them. . . . Now, children, line up against the blackboard. I'm going to hand out the report cards.

Betty Furness: A large A because, although she answered only seven of the fifteen questions, her replies were brisk and humorous, indicating that she was entirely capable of answering all the questions briskly and humorously—given time.

Patricia Ellis: Also a large A, because her answers were so honest and dignified.

Lona Andre: C Minus, because I had to work so hard and unprofitably to get the few answers I did get.

Mary Carlisle: A medium-sized A, because although her answers were not especially clever, she, herself, was so clever in being able to spare me any time at all.

Toby Wing: An indifferent D minus, because not one of the questions interested her any more, unfortunately, than her replies interested me.

Ida Lupino: A brilliant A, because she is undoubtedly the cleverest and most fascinating of the baby stars—an impression that even her few answers gave me.

Jean Parker: A nice, shining, lofty A, because she is such a delightful little person, because she is so unashamedly idealistic, and because she used such words as "lilt" and "soul" and "love" with such a rapt expression.

Children, I'm proud of you. Class dismissed—except Toby Wing and Lona Andre. You two girls stay after school.

Please tell me what is wrong dear!

—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent as your assurance of *extra* protection.

Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions respond

How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

LIFEBUOY ends "B.O."
HEALTH SOAP (BODY ODOR)

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline

NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT a DYE*, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.

The perfect
Mascara

SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Hollywood Starts a Big Clean-Up

(*Continued from page 45*)

studio. For at least three or four months we aren't going to have any orphans of passion or any loose ladies in our pictures . . . "

One trade paper says pithily, "The producers have got together for the first time in history. They say, 'We're all in the same bed now—we've got to behave ourselves!'"

Bathing Beauties Still Okay

ALTHOUGH the Hays Office is determined to keep pictures of chorus girls in teddies and lingerie out of the papers (they may still wear what they wish on the screen) and to limit "leg art" to the upper tibia or lower femur, it has decided that bathing suits are respectable costumes for camera studies.

With the beaches deserted now even in Southern California and with the papers reporting blizzards East of the Rockies, the pretty contract players at every studio are shivering as alluringly as possible in advance models of next Summer's bathing wear. Some of these swim suits have "little afore and less than arf of that behind," whereas many lingerie pictures have shown knee-length garments of the utmost primness. But the swim suits are permitted and the lingerie is banned in the great Hollywood House-Cleaning. Lingerie, you see, suggests boudoirs and seductive intimacies.

Horizontal love-making is not to be shown in "stills" hereafter, either. Reclining romance is to be swept from the pages of magazines and newspapers. If kisses are to be photographed at all, the kisser and kissee must be in a standing or sitting position, say the new orders from the movie "white wings." Remember those potent portraits of Garbo and Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil"? You could turn those kiss pictures upside down and they were just as good. Those were the heydays of Hollywood Art!

But words are worrying the cleaner-uppers just as much as photographs. Replicas of the nude statue for which Marlene Dietrich posed in "The Song of Songs" were banned in several towns, where they were featured in theatre lobby displays; huge posters glorifying the famous Dietrich legs were banned in India. Bans of that sort don't give Hollywood the tremors; they're to be half-expected. But when newspapers begin to refuse to accept advertising for pictures, on the grounds that the copy isn't suitable for family newspapers—well, it's time to worry!

Why Some People Stay Away

BLURBS that promise burning love scenes and gorgeous improprieties in a picture, with the picture often turning out to be a pretty dull affair—they're "on the spot"! Hereafter posters, newspaper and magazine advertisements and other exploitation blurbs are to be couched in more careful language, without the use of suggestive copy and misrepresentation of facts in order to appeal to persons "seeking the unclean in pictures." In other words, the "come-on" type of copy is *out*.

A recent questionnaire circulated among theatre-goers, asking why they had dropped off in their attendance at the movies brought forth the revelation that the public has resented these verbal promises of thrill that were seldom fulfilled. The duller the picture, it often seemed, the hotter the advertisement. Publicity enthusiasts had ransacked the lexicon for purple phrases and naughty nouns several times too often. By cleaning up the ads, the producers hope to win back the respect and confidence of their audiences and clean up in another way at the box-office.

Naturally, Hollywood watches this new house-cleaning with mixed emotions. Warner Brothers hasten to state that, though Repeal is here, the drys may rest assured that no real liquor is served on a Warner set—and that the players are really imbibing harmless colored water in those drinking scenes. Metro refuses to photograph its stars in their private bars; Paramount will take pictures of its players holding glasses only if the glasses are empty.

Paramount also puts the gag on the frank utterances of their great find, Mae West, and issues cooing statements attributed to her, regarding the respectability of her private life—in place of her formerly uncensored opinions anent diamond bracelets, handling men and what to do after they come up and see you. But to prove that no unwise changes in policy in regard to Mae's pictures are contemplated, it is enough to mention the name of her next feature, "It Ain't No Sin" . . . After all, Mae earned several million dollars for the movie industry last year. It is all very well to clean house, but nobody wants to sweep real money into the dust bin.

In their zeal to comply with the Hays request for "cleaner" publicity art, several studios are photographing their players in bathing suits that would not have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of a maiden of the Nineties. One just received from Fox shows Miriam Jordan in a heavy ribbed affair, tied high around the throat and demurely fulled into bloomers over the hips. We may yet see a Busby Berkeley chorus arrayed in the long pantalettes of our grandmothers!

Twelve New Commandments

"HAYS Two Up on Moses" headlined a recent trade paper, referring to the "Twelve Commandments" sent to the various studios, laying down the law for the clean-up. Seven of these commandments are Must-Nots regarding the type of publicity pictures sent out; five are Must-Nots about the type of advertising copy. And they haven't forgotten much. In substance, they are as follows:

1. Thou must not pose girls in lingerie, teddies, panties or less.
2. Thou must not show girls lifting skirts to reveal legs, garters or "gussets." (Please, Mr. Hays, what *is* a gusset?)
3. Thou must not take pictures of girls in suggestive positions, showing legs above knee or "sections of the thigh."
4. Thou must not take fan-dance photographs, in which certain parts of the anatomy are covered only by fans, feathers, lace or "peek-a-boo" material.
5. Thou must not take photographs of chorus girls in silhouette, showing outlines of figures through filmy garments.
6. Thou must not take bawdy photographs appealing to the salacious-minded.
7. Thou must not make "stills" of horizontal love scenes.
8. Thou must not write advertising that misrepresents pictures.
9. Thou must not use the word "courtesan" or any synonym in advertising copy.
10. Thou must not reprint dialogue from pictures in advertising to make pictures seem something else besides what they are.
11. Thou must not appeal in advertising copy to persons seeking the unclean in pictures.
12. Thou must not use adjectives in advertising that suggest that a character in a picture is base, dishonest, unholy, profane or "otherwise a low person."

In addition, there is a silent understanding that picture titles will keep to the spirit of this "code" and will omit words that are anathema to reformers. The word "Hell," for instance—in great vogue ever since "Hell's Angels"—is to be deleted from title-writers' vocabularies. Cussing, in general, is on the pan in pictures.

How do the new commandments sound to you? Do you think that the movies will get along just as well—and maybe better—if these rules are made permanent? Some of the higher-ups in Washington think so. Anyway, Hollywood is willing to try the experiment. If sexy ballyhoo wouldn't tempt people back into theatres, maybe de-sexed ballyhoo will.

One producer says of films, themselves, "The trend in 1934 will be for cleaner and more wholesome themes in pictures. Sex and gangsterism will be replaced to a marked extent by stories of human interest, pathos, good clean fun and higher emotional influences in screen entertainment."

In other words, if Hollywood keeps its present "good" intentions, it's going on from publicity and advertising to clean up pictures, themselves—which, after all, are what inspire all the publicity and advertising. Watch Hollywood this year of 1934. It may be a new town!

They Stand Out From the Crowd This Month

(*Continued from page 16*)

ALICE BRADY stands out because she gives such evidence of versatility, after a series of brittle society rôles, by a sympathetic part in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen"—and steals the picture from imported Dorothea Wieck with ease. As a poor, down-trodden farm woman, listen to her say the line, "If I'm not a mother, what am I?"—and see how *that* affects the mothers in the audience! Dark-haired, divorced, and devoted to her dogs, she has devastating wit and is the center of every party she attends. Acclaimed as one of America's best-dressed women, she buys most of her gowns for $19.50. Her New York home is a triplex penthouse.

STERLING HOLLOWAY stands out because his one brief scene in "Going Hollywood" sent people home talking about him, and because his very appearance gets a laugh. A microphone-bearer at a radio studio, he followed Bing Crosby around indefatigably—even into a bathroom, where his facial expressions have furnished the funniest comedy of the month. Spindly, high-shouldered, lazy-voiced, Sterling's drawl is a bright spot on local radio programs; in pictures, like Zasu Pitts, he makes "bit" parts important. His imitation of Garbo is a classic. He once played with the Theatre Guild, knows Greek tragedies, and adores grand opera. He is twenty-six.

JANET BEECHER stands out because she plays an interior decorator in "Gallant Lady" with such authenticity that you feel she must actually *be* an interior decorator. That's talent! As the employer of Ann Harding, who is loved by Clive Brook, she loves Brook, herself. This is no new situation to films, but she offers a brand-new blend of humor and pathos. She hails from the stage and, unless old-timers have faulty memories, was once married to James K. Hackett. You will see her in the future in Twentieth Century pictures. Her hair is grayish-blonde.

(*Continued on page 71*)

"I PITY POOR IDA! SHE JUST ABOUT PASSES OUT EVERY MONTH"

"SHE WANTS TO SUFFER! I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL EASES REGULAR PAIN"

How to Relieve Periodic Pain:

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	~~14~~	~~15~~	~~16~~	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet MIDOL then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease *in ten minutes*.

Periodic pain is *out*. So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain *in seven to ten minutes*. That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.

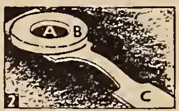
NRA

Well-known dance team (Tom and Betty Wonder) are favorites with American vaudeville audiences

Imagine doing that last number with a BAD CORN!

● Dancers, like this spirited pair, have no use for foot ailments. They say, "Whenever a corn appears, we use Blue-Jay." ● Blue-Jay—the scientific, safe corn remover! Whatever your job in life, you cannot afford to tolerate painful, unsightly corns—when you can remove them so quickly, so safely with Blue-Jay. The pain stops the minute you apply Blue-Jay. You go about your business with barefoot comfort—and in three days your corn is gone. ● Invented by a famous scientist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Don't risk cutting or paring—don't risk unscientific remedies. Use Blue-Jay.

25c at druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.



1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3 After three days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

a is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
c is strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

FREE BOOKLET—"For Better Feet"—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

M. C.-3
Name ....
Street ....
City ....

©The Kendall Company

Hollywood's New Roll of Honor

(*Continued from page 25*)

from India, as well as the *Republic of Cuba.* Europe demands so many *exhibitions of Disney's work* that his studio is kept completely cleaned out of original drawings, and President Roosevelt, Mussolini, and Queen Mary of England have gone on record as *enthusiastic Disney fans.*

He's in "Who's Who," Too

IN addition, a Berlin magazine sent *Europe's most notable photographer*, Munkacsi, to America to take weird angles on the works; the American Board of Review chose one of the Silly Symphonies as *one of the ten best pictures of the year;* and in the new English "Who's Who," Walt Disney is *among the very few Americans listed.* All in all, that spells fame!

Live actors, as well as those in cartoon, have also received honors from abroad. Jeanette MacDonald, for instance, was so successful in her stage appearances in France that the Alliance Francaise, its oldest fraternal organization, *elected her vice president.*

In mentioning distinction from abroad, we must not forget Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., of whom it is reported, on the very highest authority, that he *plays golf often with the Prince of Wales.*

Second on the honors list comes Marie Dressler, who was given a *birthday party* on her sixty-second birthday that was a grand tribute in itself. You have already read of the scores of notables who attended; she was also dubbed *Hollywood's First Citizen*, and received *wires of congratulation* from all of the governors of all of the states. That birthday was a national event. *Spending a week-end at the White House*, as she did recently, was no new experience to this swell trouper. She was, finally, appointed *a member of the NRA board* by President Roosevelt (along with Eddie Cantor, whom his fellow-actors honored with the *Presidency of the Screen Actors' Guild*).

Mary Pickford, who won more honors than any other star last year, has to be content with *hostess at the air races* this season, though that was no small mark of esteem. They made Mary an *Honorary Ace*, and few other women can wear those wings!

The Favorite Beauty-Picker

FREDRIC MARCH must appear to his fans as a man of vision, when it comes to judging beauty contests. He was *asked to preside over seven contests*, if not more, that were held at various colleges throughout the year. (In order to have time left over for making pictures, he picks the winner by photographs.) And on the subject of beauty, some important gent named Hollywood's chorus gals as the *most intelligent in the world.*

Not all the honors, you see, are paid to established stars. Newcomer Ann Sothern won prizes for the *most original musical composition* in the State of Minnesota, and eleven-year-old George Breakston, star of "Men of Tomorrow," won a *silver cup* over a thousand entrants in a radio contest. The boy actor also *presided over the Electrical World's Fair* in New York for a week.

The year's batch of *Kentucky Colonels* includes Mary Pickford, Clark Gable, Ken Maynard, and John Boles—not to mention Mae West, who is as much a Colonel, suh!, as any of 'em. This nomination has given the Hollywood boys a new, but not suppressed desire. They want the honor of seeing Mae in that specially-fitted Colonel's uniform! And Baby LeRoy was elected the *youngest member of the Breakfast Club*, that well-known local organization which gives its members the doubtful privilege of eating breakfast in the pink dawn to the accompaniment of vaudeville entertainment.

Even more important were the honors paid to Grace Moore, the songbird, who is one of the two American women *belonging to the Art Societé of France.* The membership was conferred by President Doumer, in person. W. S. Van Dyke, the explorer-director, is proud of his medal from the *Academie Latine* and the *Societé Internationale*, while Frances Marion and King Vidor, of "Champ" fame, received the *Viareggio prizes* from the noble hand of the Marquis de la Rosa. These high Italian honors are given under the sponsorship of Mussolini. Nor must we forget that Jackie Cooper was made an *Honorary Boy Scout!*

"The Most Popular Actress"

JANET GAYNOR received recognition that IS recognition when hard-boiled motion picture exhibitors all over the country picked her as the *most popular actress on the screen*, according to the box-office figures (Are ya listenin', Mae West?) and just for variety, 300,000 girl scouts voted Janet their *favorite actress*, too. But Mae had the honor of seeing "She Done Him Wrong" play more return engagements than any film in talkie history—and of hearing the whole world pick up her remark, "Come up 'n' see me sometime."

High social honors came to Mary Duncan and Dorothy Jordan. In case you care, they—and Katharine Hepburn—are the only Hollywood belles who can point out their names in the élite *Social Register.* Dorothy is Mrs. Merian C. Cooper, in private life. Mary goes fox-hunting under the name of Mrs. Stephen Sanford. Little Mary Rogers went social, too, with *election to membership in the Junior League.*

Not so high-falutin', Richard Barthelmess was made a *Chief of the Sioux Indians. Columbia University's official mascot* at that famous Rose Bowl game was starlet Jean Muir. Edward G. Robinson said it was an honor to be *a Columbia alumnus.* Mae West not only changed the name of the Gay Nineties to the *Mae West era*, but also started the *Mae West vogue.*

Alice in Wonderland, or Charlotte Henry, in private life, *had a poem written to her* by Mrs. Henry T. Rainey, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who met her at luncheon. We quote:

"To walk in a veil of illusion,
  To live in a walking dream,
Accepting every delusion,
  Take things just as they seem;
Think for yourself intended,
  The smile of the farthest star;
Live thus and Life is splendid,
  But beware of things as they are."

Honored as Authors

THAT'S the first time an honor of this sort has been paid to a motion picture actress, but then, *Alice* was unusual, herself. Also in the literary order, Charlie Chaplin's *memoirs were published* by a national magazine; and the writing of Groucho Marx, Eddie Cantor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elissa Landi *found eager publishers.* Even more exciting recognition came to another of the Marx brothers, when Harpo was *invited to make stage appearances in Soviet Russia*, the only American thus singled out.

From the same country, but originating with the former Czarist régime, came the award given Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for his work in the British-made "Catherine, the Great." He was presented a *silver Russian ruble*, stamped with the image of Peter III and dated 1762, one of the rarest and most valuable coins in existence.

Howard Hughes, racing along at 185

miles an hour, recently *won a sportsmen's air meet in Florida*. But to return to honors that film folks have won for picture work, or for just being themselves: Constance Cummings won appointment as *Honorary Colonel of the Hollywood Post of the American Legion*. Joe E. Brown was elected to be a *cheer leader at the Rose Bowl football game*, and Marlene Dietrich's statue (Remember it—in "Song of Songs"?) was *exhibited at the World's Fair*.

So these are the honors both grave and gay received by the stars the past year, unless we include Mae West's invitation from Sheriff Biscailuz, of Los Angeles, to *inspect the city jail*. If the good Sheriff was thinking of Mae's very personal nine-day experience with gray walls, back there in New York City, this might be considered a very doubtful honor, indeed. But Mae accepted, anyway. In this competition, every honor counts!

They Stand Out From the Crowd This Month

(*Continued from page 69*)

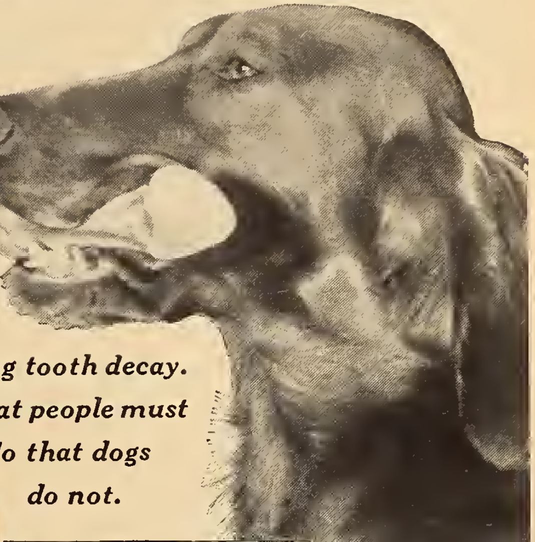
HUGH HERBERT stands out because he is a triple-threat man, who writes, acts, and directs; because he follows the grand tradition of Charlie Ruggles and Frank McHugh by stealing the show as a drunk; and because he provides a hysterical cinemoment with three lines in "Convention City." He defies description as the pathetic little character who wants to play, but can't find anyone to play with—and, what is more, has got into the *wrong* convention! They've written a big part for him into "Merry Wives of Reno." Versatile Mr. Herbert wrote the dialogue for the first all-talking movie, "Lights of New York," is happily married, and won his first screen experience as the voice behind the screen, in a prehistoric brand of talking picture.

FRED ASTAIRE stands out because his dances in "Flying Down to Rio" would have stopped the show, if you could stop a picture! Hollywood's first-nighters say that this is the first time a dance routine has been interestingly and dramatically rendered via the celluloid! The Astaires (Fred and Adele) were idols of New York and London until his sister's marriage to Lord Charles Cavendish broke up the famous dance team. He has a dual personality, like Chevalier's—gay and sparkling one minute and very much the business-man, the next. On the screen, he cannot help going into a shuffle when he hears an orchestra. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska.

TULLIO CARMINATI stands out because his sunny charm illuminates both "Moulin Rouge" and "Gallant Lady"—and because, even though he plays a foreign nobleman in the latter, competing with Clive Brook and Otto Kruger, audiences are sorry the heroine doesn't marry him! As the ubiquitous lover who keeps popping up when least expected, he pleases everyone with that smooth Continental *something*. In private life, he has the same charm. He ran away from home (in Zara, Italy) to join a theatrical troupe, so his titled father disinherited him. Then, ironically, his father's fortune was swept away, and now Tullio supports the family, a household of seven. Unmarried, but VERY attractive to you ladies, he has deep blue eyes, wavy brown hair, and a gallant manner. He asserts that his sole interest is symphonic music.

One Reason a Dog's Teeth Seldom Decay

Students now offer the answer to these puzzling questions; why puppies eat mud; why dogs' favorite delicacy is a bone. What we have learned from our four legged pets about fighting tooth decay. What people must do that dogs do not.



An attractive smile must depend on glistening, healthy teeth. Many women forget that fact until too late.

Breeders of show dogs see that the dog's diet contains plenty of minerals and vitamins.

How an artist of a century or more ago would depict the tortures of toothache.

AS everyone knows, the wildest delight of any true epicure in the dog world is a huge, juicy bone. After the meat is eaten, the bone itself is chewed and chewed, and that, in the opinion of many people, is one reason why dogs have good teeth. Bones are mainly composed of calcium and phosphorus; the same minerals which build strong, hard teeth. Many believe that the dogs' appetite for bones is merely nature's scheme for obtaining the minerals needed.

Human beings should include an abundance of mineral-containing foods in their diet also. Milk, cod liver oil, and cheese are especially rich in tooth- and bone-building minerals and the necessary vitamins.

Of course, chewing hard substances like bone also exercises the dogs' gums and keeps them healthy and may offer one more explanation of a dog's freedom from tooth decay.

The active cause of decay, in the human mouth, according to dental authorities, is acid-producing bacteria. These germs cause fermentation of the food particles that remain on teeth and under gums. In so doing, acids are formed which start decay. The germs which produce these acids live in the coating of film which covers teeth. This film forms after every meal. It creeps into every tiny crevice. Film actually glues germs to the teeth. For years we have studied ways of removing film. Recently a discovery was made in The Pepsodent Company's laboratories—a new and different cleansing and polishing material was developed. This new material is twice as soft and therefore a great deal safer than the polishing material generally used in tooth pastes.

This new cleansing material is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is softer and therefore *safer*. Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety in tooth pastes. At the same time it stands unsurpassed in removing film and polishing enamel brilliantly.

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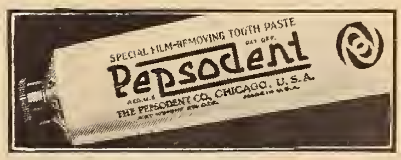
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When You Take This Famous Tablet in Time

BEWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection—and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated. At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

These Four Effects

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Dealers who offer a substitute are looking more to a profit than your welfare.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
For Colds
PRICE 30 CENTS
LBQ

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

"Get Your Heart Broken Early" —Loretta Young

(*Continued from page 19*)

in being seen with a man not yet divorced. I was willing to face them then and I'm willing to face them now. But I never thought that I would be unjustly accused of breaking up his marriage.

What She Thinks of Spencer

"IN many ways," Loretta paused a moment. "Let's double that. In many, *many* ways, Spencer measures up to my standards for a man. I was first attracted to him in my profound respect for his ability as an actor. Yet there is nothing actorish about him. He even scorns grease-paint.

"He is a delightful companion with a tremendous charm of manner. Absolutely lacking in conceit, he has a boyish humility. I have never known a man with as much gentleness. He has another rare masculine attribute—a refined mind.

"We have had such fun together. Certainly, there has been nothing secret about our friendship. From the beginning, we have gone about openly, dining, dancing and attending the theatre.

"My whole family shares my opinions of Spencer. Mother, hearing me voice my enthusiasms, first invited him to dine with us—and that's something she doesn't often do. Since then he has been a frequent visitor at our house.

"I would like to believe that this is the man for whom I have been waiting. I will know by the time he is free to talk of love and marriage.

"If I marry again, I shall be more than willing to give up my screen career. I want a home and babies, many, many babies. They will be career enough."

Was Frank and Misunderstood

SITTING in her dressing-room in an Eighteenth Century costume, awaiting a scene as George Arliss' daughter in "The House of Rothschild," Loretta presented an incongruous picture. No woman of that period ever spoke so frankly. But Loretta is nothing, if not frank.

"I gave an interview to MOTION PICTURE last October in which I talked of the necessity of feeling a romantic interest in leading men in order to give a sincere performance. I said that I had been in 'love' at least fifty times. I used the word love too lightly, although I definitely stated that such attractions were purely superficial—momentary emotional fluctuations. I said I always knew them as such.

"That story got me into trouble. It gave me a reputation for insincerity that I don't believe I deserve. Spencer heard of that one quote and remarked that he hoped he wasn't just Number Fifty-One in the long line. I made him read what I had said and he understood and apologized.

"It would be impossible for me to name off-hand all of the men to whom I have been reported engaged. Merely to be escorted by a man to some public place is to invite such rumors. No one takes them seriously in Hollywood and I haven't, either. But I am serious about the current gossip that paints me as a designing wench who has broken up the marriage of the Tracys."

Loretta paused for a moment before continuing. "I can't say whether every woman has profited as I have profited by a first unhappy venture into love. I do know, though, that we have all been through one.

"The more I think about it all, the more I am sure that a girl is fortunate, indeed, to have had her heart broken by her first love when very young. In fact, the earlier any girl's heart really breaks, the better for her.

"The first heart-break over a man seems absolutely unbearable—at the time. A girl's grief is so intense, so poignant that she is afraid she will die, then afraid she won't. I know. Every woman honest enough to admit it knows, too."

Certainly, by now, I should be accustomed to hearing Loretta Young speak of life and love from the mature viewpoint of a woman of forty or so. Yet, I must confess that I am continually amazed by the perspective she has gained despite her comparative youth. On January 6 of this year, Loretta celebrated her twenty-first birthday and her eighth year in films.

"Love came none too early in my life," she said. "Nor too late either, thank Heavens, for a sane recovery. Show me a spinster whose life has been blasted by love and I'll show you a woman whose heart was too old to survive its first break. There is nothing more tragic.

"As you are well aware, my schooling was in a convent. My career in motion pictures began almost immediately after leaving the convent. So sheltered was my home-life and so busy did the studio keep me that for three years I had no chance to fall in love. I acted love before the cameras, but didn't actually know what it was until I met Grant Withers. I was seventeen at the time, not very old by the calendar, yet much older than my years—too old to take this first love lightly.

"There is no need to go into the details of that affair. It has all been told so often, the whirlwind courtship, the sudden elopement, the hectic year of marriage, then divorce. The full story of my heart-break, however, has never been told and probably never will. It is still too keen in memory.

What Heart-Break Did for Her

"I KNOW now that it was all for the best. It gave me an emotional balance. I am only sorry that my first love had to end so disastrously. I am certain that if I had been out in the world a little sooner, had associated with boys in school days and had experienced the milder pangs of what is called 'puppy love,' I shouldn't have made such a fool of myself.

"That first love, as time goes on, grows into a cherished thing. Looking back upon it, it becomes a sweet sorrow. That is, of course, if it was ended quietly and simply. Mine ended with such bitter recriminations that it was spoiled as a memory. But it *was* a lesson. That's why I say I have profited by heart-break. A broken heart, you know, never completely mends, but neither does it break so easily again.

"People take pride in believing that they are masters of their emotions. You can't master an emotion. You can only take ordinary precautions to keep it from mastering you. If something has hurt you, you attempt to safeguard yourself from a repetition of the hurt. A first heart-break can be just a warning. But have it broken when you are young—when the hurt won't be so deep, so lasting.

"I sincerely hope that all of this doesn't make me sound like a disillusioned girl. I'm not. I have a lot of illusions about love. I really believe that I will know when the real article comes my way—the marrying, home-building, family-raising love.

"It has been more than three years since my divorce from Grant Withers. I won't pretend that I didn't seek, during that time, the love I wanted. But I never found it. Perhaps I have found it now."

Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 13*)

while she goes prowling through the rooms. Furnished or unfurnished, it makes no difference to her. You see, she has no intention of renting a home. She just collects ideas about houses.

Mae lives, as you know, in a comparatively tiny apartment. Automobile traffic is heavy on her street and the noise from buses and trucks might be a source of annoyance to most of us. Mae dotes on noise. "I'd go nerts," she says, "if I was in a quiet residential district."

Bred in cities and accustomed to their racket, Mae West can't work anywhere else. It stimulates her, she will tell you.

She knows only too well that all this looking at houses is a pure waste of time. Yet houses fascinate her and she continues to look them over from attic to cellar. A strange complex.

Statistical Note

REGARDED all along as a big year of marital disruption in Hollywood, the records of 1933, now that a computation can be made, show only twenty-five divorces as compared to thirty-one marriages. The figures for 1932 were thirty-seven divorces and thirty-two marriages. We won't go into percentages, but the decrease in divorces is marked. Yet no one thought of labelling 1932 a boom year of smash-ups in filmland's love market.

It was just that last year shocked us by concentrating the majority of its divorces in two successive months. Then, too, the people concerned were important folks and, therefore, rated greater publicity. If you want to bet on a sure thing, you can win a lot of wagers on the 1933 Hollywood marriage and divorce totals. (We probably should admit that it cost us a couple of dollars to find out for ourselves.)

Little "Seizure"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON has often complained that he has never been able to shed the mantle of "Little Caesar." He says that the public continues to regard him as the personification of that character rather than any other rôle he has since played. This, it seems, distresses him no end, for he prefers to be known as a well-mannered, well-bred fellow. Still—

The other day Robinson barged into a book store on Hollywood Boulevard. Walking over to the locked cases of fine bindings, he demanded in a loud voice that the manager be summoned.

"I want a hundred dollars' worth of books," said the actor.

"What sort of books?" asked the manager courteously.

Robinson's voice was even louder. "The best," he shouted. "I'll give you a hundred dollars for twenty of these books. You pick them out."

"I'm sorry, sir. That would be impossible. Many of the volumes in this case are priced at more than a hundred dollars—apiece. May I show you some current editions?"

"I'll have these or none at all," Robinson stated. "My bookseller in New York gives me old books in hundred-dollar lots. Don't you want my business? Or don't you know who I am?"

The dozen or more amazed customers in the store, unwilling witnesses to the scene, doubtless murmured to themselves, "Yes, 'Little Caesar'!"

Shoo—Lew's Bedtime

A WEDDING reception, with the guests mainly newspaper writers of Hollywood, followed the marriage of Fifi Dorsay to Maurice Hill, the wealthy Chicago

(*Continued on page 76*)

*
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Learn How Screen Stars Create Romantic Beauty with
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THE secret of beauty's attraction is color. This is the reason for the different appeals of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types. To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up for each individual type. Every famous screen star knows this secret, and intensifies the charm and allure of her type with correct color harmony in face powder, rouge and lipstick. Natural beauty is emphasized with a color harmony that attracts.

Now you may share this Hollywood secret. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by their own genius of make-up, is yours. See how Joan Crawford—illustrated below—creates her color harmony make-up.

POWDER

. . . You'll marvel how the color harmony tone of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. You will note the difference instantly . . . One dollar.

ROUGE

. . . Created to screen star types, the color harmony tones of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth . . . like finest skin texture . . . it blends and clings just as you would want it to . . . Fifty cents.

LIPSTICK

. . . Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain perfect for hours. Moisture-proof, too . . . you apply it to the inner surface also, giving a uniform color to the full lips. In color harmony tones to accent the appeal of lovely lips . . . One dollar.

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SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Tester, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE. 3-3-73

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTES Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEADS Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)* Light ☐ Dark ☐	
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SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

Cheeks no longer sallow,
skin clears,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Blondes

why be blind?

Don't shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky. Used by millions of blondes.

FREE—TRIAL PACKAGE

To get a generous trial package of Blondex entirely free, just send your name and address to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 23, 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store—either the economical $1.00 bottle or inexpensive 25c size.

Flash! How Otto Kruger Got to the Top!

(*Continued from page 34*)

bounds, when one is irresponsible enough to stay that way regardless, going on smashing windows and conventions, man-made laws and woman-made sensibilities.

"It was the red flash in me that made me, that still makes me fall in love with ALL of my leading women. And I have been in three hundred plays, including stock, and four pictures, which gives you some idea that Eros can be a wholesaler.

"I married—and the flash in me was tamed, subdued, cooled, kept within certain limits. I should not be married although, paradoxically, I am happily married. No actor should be married. No artist should be married. You are within walls and you can't crash through. You are restricted and the insanity in you—the flash that makes you do memorable, mad things—is normalized. Which may be a very good thing for the man, but is an all-but-fatal thing for the artist. I shall never be anything but a competent actor now. I know my job. I have learned how to handle the tools of my craft. I am deft enough, but—I'll never flame above it.

"I have been married for fourteen years. I call it"—Otto laughed—"the twenty-five-year experiment. The quarter-of-a-century plan. If, at the end of the twenty-five years, it is a failure, I shall—well, the chances are one hundred to one that I would simply go forth and commit matrimony all over again.

What Simplifies Their Marriage

"MY wife and I have an understanding. She knows all about the red flash in me. She knows that I am susceptible. I know that she is susceptible. When we were first married, I knew that she was rather fond of another actor. She knew that I was in love with my leading lady of the season. We suffered, of course. We probably 'enjoyed' our suffering. There was resentment and jealousy. We didn't enjoy them. But there they were.

"And I am entirely serious, preposterous though it sounds, when I tell you that I have been in love with all of my leading ladies—with two exceptions. One of them was Helen Hayes. We played together in the days when *she* played with *me*. She roused the spiritual in me. And love, for me, must have a physical attraction as a basis. I expect nothing more than that. If the object of my affections reveals that she has a thought or two, much less a soul, I feel that I have been overpaid. . . . The other exception was Barbara Stanwyck. She is a one-man woman. She wouldn't take it.

"With those two exceptions, I've been in love with them all. I am married, but still human. I am a man, and women are women to me. Why try to lie about it? The red flash in me isn't so dead as all that . . .

"When I came to Hollywood, it was presupposed that I would play character parts. I preferred to. You can deliver more of a wallop behind a make-up. It's easier work. There is nothing harder in the world than for an actor to say 'I love you' and say it convincingly. When Louis B. Mayer saw me in 'Beauty for Sale,' he sent for me and told me that I was to play love interests. I tried to argue against it. I said that there was no use in our getting off on the wrong foot. I said that I was past all that, didn't look the part of the romantic lover, and so on. They argued me down. They said that I *made love*. Well, no doubt I did. I am not denying that I did. I was in love with Madge Evans, you see.

Can't Remember All of Them

"THERE have been so many that I sometimes suspect myself of lineal descent from Casanova, rather than from Oom Paul. Peggy Woods—I was engaged to her. I had been engaged to her for some time until I met my wife. Then there were Katharine Cornell and Violet Heming and June Walker and Ruth Shepley and Pauline Lord—Peggy Shannon, Madge Evans—oh, Lord, dozens and dozens of them. It's strange, but I can't even remember their names to-day—names that were once at the core of my heart. Remember that line of Swinburne's that goes something like this: 'If you've forgotten my kisses, then I've forgotten your name'? That's how it seems to be with me.

"I fell in love with all of them and I was profoundly serious about each and every one of them. Each time it happened to me I thought, 'This—*this* is IT!' I suffered all the torments of first love, forever fresh and furious. I sent them candies and books and flowers. I wrote poems to them and about them. And always and invariably I tried to conceal the somewhat amusingly well-known fact that I was married. The time would come when they would say to me, 'But aren't you married, Otto?' And I would look long-suffering and suitably tragic and frustrated and mutter something about 'Oh, yes, in a way——'

"I always found little trysting places where we would meet for luncheon, tea or dinner. Places sacred to the at-the-moment two of us. Places where the special aroma of our infatuation seemed to flower the most colorfully. Sometimes I doubled up on the trysting places, but that, after all, could not be helped. There are limitations in time and space.

What Ended Each Romance

"I WAS always in that state of mind where I wanted to cast the world aside and run away from it all. I entered into a suicide pact or two. We experimented, in words, with life on a desert island. The world was always well lost for such a love as this—and that. I never learned from past experiences.

"I said the same things to each and every one of them. Not very original on my part, perhaps, or very flattering to the ladies, but women—all women—irrespective of type, age or coloring aroused the same identical emotion in me, a degree more or less, perhaps, but basically and violently the same. And each time, while that 'time' was on, I would believe that *this* was different.

"What stopped me each time? The show closed—the romance ended. The last day would, inevitably, arrive. I would say, 'I can bear this for one more day.' That day would die. My heart would die, too. And then—a new show would open, a new romance begin . . .

"And now I am in Hollywood. And yesterday my wife and small seven-year-old daughter, Ottilie, arrived from New York. And all of this has been training for my wife—training that will enable her to live in Hollywood safely and imperturbably, more or less immune to the shocks and sensations—at least, until the end of our twenty-five-year experiment!

"I have been out here alone for nine months. And all the time I've been here I've written my wife, daily, that Hollywood is no town for wives. It isn't. This is a man's town. A man's Paradise. Wives are lost in the place, sunk before they learn how to swim, beaten before there is need for punishment. They are up against the problem of ten gorgeous women to every one susceptible male.

The Preventive for Divorce

"THE only life-preserver a wife can have out here is—preliminary training. Training in a man's susceptibilities and how they work and what, if anything, they mean.

"I brought my wife to the studio with me to-day. You'll meet her in a few minutes. I've shown her the works. We lunched in the Commissary to-day, and dozens and dozens of glorious girls came flocking in, some wearing shorts, some wearing bathing suits, some wearing more and some slightly less. All of them were luscious and breath-taking and incredible. I let my wife have it all. Then I said to her, 'Now, whatever happens, you will see that I am not to blame.' She agreed with me. She said it was colossal. She knows me. She also knows the balance wheel between temptation and the fallible nature of Man.

"I've told her that whatever she hears about me, about my conduct for the past nine months, she is to believe. If you tell your wife that everything she hears about you is true, she will be likely to underestimate the truth. If you tell her not to believe a word, she will over-estimate, rather than the reverse.

"You see, the red flash in me has trained my wife and made our marriage safe for the twenty-five-year plan."

I said, "But are you happy—I mean, are you both happy?"

"Oh, *happy*—" Otto smiled, that singular and skeptically soft and charming smile of his. "Is that so very important, do you think?"

Mrs. Kruger came in at this moment—the wife who has mated with the red flash in a man and has lived through three hundred avowed romances of her husband's. She is dark and radiant and completely *happy*-looking.

Is This the Explanation?

OTTO told her what he had been telling me, what I was going to print. She smiled at him as a woman smiles at a man she finds irresistible and slightly amusing, as a mother smiles at a small boy who is deliciously uncontrollable—but *hers*. And in that smile I got the reverse side of the amazing medallions, the amazing patterns of behavior that Otto had been dangling before me. These romances, these ladies whose names he cannot now remember were but the profiles, tilted provocatively this way and that, of the one face, the one emotion, the one love, the one woman . . .

This is why Otto has felt only one emotion for all these leading ladies of his plays and, he has thought, of his heart. This is why he has said the same things to each and every one of them. He has been saying them to ONE WOMAN in her multiple phases and enchantments.

Mrs. Kruger said, smiling, "Yes, Otto does all the playing. I stay at home now and am the wife and mother. It's a very satisfactory arrangement. Otto, did you remember to tell about Violet Heming—she was such a very *special* one——?"

Otto said, "You see? Here are two people who understand one another, who know what susceptibility is, who do not lie or expect to be lied to. Such persons are the only ones for whom professional marriage is possible and workable. I believe that our twenty-five-year experiment will work. There will come the day when——"

"When what?" I prompted.

"When I will be tired of love-making," said Otto, "when the red flash in me will be no more . . ."

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Much Quicker Relief
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HEXIN
HEXIN
WATER
=

Don't let PAIN rob you of your charm!

New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve

● Don't let pain take the sparkle out of your eyes or the brilliance from your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in the relief of pain, and now headaches, backaches, earaches, and toothaches are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

Double Action Relieves Pain Faster

The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazingly. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

Quick Relief for Colds

While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

Make the Only Test that Counts

Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

The only test of any pain-reliever which means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test free by mailing the coupon now.

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HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF

Packed in bottles of 50 or 100 tablets for home use

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Ask any artist in make-up, how to get such lashes. She'll tell you: —use a LIVE-tone mascara.

Winx, the new type mascara, is composed of many LIVE tones—not one thick, solid tone. Therefore it darkens lashes *and* makes them look live, glistening, *natural*. Their silky, languid beauty lasts for many hours. Winx can't smear, smudge or flake off. Never forms ugly "beads."

Two forms—*Cake Winx*, and *Liquid Winx*. Both are tear-proof. Both utterly safe, pure.... Complete the magic of your eyes with a gossamer thread of *Winx Eye Brow Pencil* and a touch of *Winx Eye Shadow*.

THE *Subtle* MASCARA **WINX**

DR. WALTER'S

famous flesh colored gum rubber reducing garments.

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure.. **$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back. Send waist and hip measures. . . . **$4.50**

$4.50

My flesh colored medicated rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

11 in. $3.75 pair

14 in. $6.75 "

11 INS. $3.75 PR.

14 INS $6.75 PR.

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

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$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY

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Vandamm

Katharine Hepburn wanted more acting experience before playing "Joan of Arc"—so she went back to the stage to play in the tragedy, "The Lake." In the supporting cast was Blanche Bates, long a Broadway star, who stole the show from Hollywood's Hepburn on the opening night. But Katharine was an apt pupil—and soon changed all that!

Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 73*)

medical student. The reception was held at the Beverly Hills home of Lew Cody and was marked by the astonishing behavior of the host. Cody belongs to the day when newspaper men were lavishly fêted by filmdom. Yet upon this occasion, he succeeded admirably in making all of his guests uncomfortable.

After the frigid greeting given them by Cody, many made excuses to leave immediately. Before the buffet supper was served, the host, himself, departed, accompanied by his crony, Buster Keaton. The next that was heard of him was when he telephoned at eight o'clock and asked that everyone go home as he wished to return to go to bed. A shamefaced colored butler relayed the message.

Laying 'Em Down

YOU know how those indefatigable health-seekers promenade the decks of steamships on an ocean voyage, making twenty or more rounds for their daily constitutional. Well, we'll let you in on a secret. Sam Goldwyn takes his exercise similarly—only he walks around and around a huge sound stage on the United Artists lot. Don't tell anyone who told you.

"I Do" Again and Again

WHEN Doris Warner and Mervyn LeRoy were married in New York, the studio made them a wedding present of sound motion pictures of the complete ceremony. Unlike most wedding presents, it will probably come in very handy. All Doris has to do from now on is to run the film to put Merv right in his place. Imagine seeing yourself on the screen and discovering that you looked just as silly as you felt while being married.

Stranger at the Banquet

HAL ROACH celebrated his twentieth anniversary in the motion picture industry with a dinner dance. A huge sound stage was beautifully decorated as a night club and places set for a thousand guests.

Shortly after the festivities began, a quiet chap entered the room, looked around a moment, then unobtrusively took a seat all by himself. He spoke to no one and, apparently, passed unnoticed in the celebrating throng until one of the writers from this magazine spied him.

"Walt Disney," cried our writer. "What are you doing here?" The remark was meant as a salutation rather than as an inquiry. But Walt took it literally.

"Why," he hesitated, "why—er—I got an invitation and thought—er—I'd come."

It was the writer's turn to be embarrassed. "That isn't what I meant. I should have said, what are you doing sitting off in the corner by yourself."

"Well," again Disney hesitated, "I've never met any of these folks. I don't want—er—to intrude."

And this is true. Of all the men in this business, Walt Disney is the most humble. Absolutely lacking in conceit, his underestimation of his own importance is appalling.

The reception he was accorded at the Roach party didn't affect Disney in the slightest. He was meeting for the first time many of his favorites and he met them as an admirer, a fan. The praise they lavished upon him, he, doubtless, charged off to politeness.

Our writer performed the introductions in most cases and saw to it that Walt met everyone present, Harold Lloyd, Stan Laurel, Babe Hardy, Groucho Marx, Chico Marx, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow, Polly Moran, Thelma Todd and many others. Will Rogers he knew, but allowed Will to speak first for fear he would not be remembered. Of Bebe Daniels, he asked a picture.

One might believe from our limited description that this was Disney's first studio party. It was.

Dietrich May Talk—Occasionally

AFTER a month of keeping his "Scarlet Empress" sets absolutely closed—even from members of the publicity department and still cameramen—von Sternberg will now allow Marlene Dietrich to pose for a few pictures. He is also said to be amenable to an occasional interview for his star, providing the subject of the interview is first outlined in writing for his approval. Such sheer autocracy hasn't been witnessed in Hollywood for many a moon.

Despite the secrecy with which von Sternberg has surrounded Marlene Dietrich and the "Scarlet Empress" set, an occasional story gets out. We like the one Sam Jaffe tells of the day the director shot one scene eighty-nine times, then ordered "Print the fourth take." Jaffe swears it's true.

A Crowded Life

IF there is any one much busier than Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. these days we don't want to meet him. Terribly busy people just wear us out to look at them. After finishing "Success Story," at RKO, Doug hopped back to London to make a picture with his papa. He also expects to do a stage play in London, and perhaps, next season in New York. And as if that weren't enough he writes magazine articles every month.

Eleven Editions For Rudy

RUDY VALLEE, the Yale boy who made good in the big city, has been as friendly around Hollywood as a politician around election time.

His last trip, four years ago, was a profitable one. He not only made a pretty penny at the studio, but in-between scenes dictated his book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True." The book went into eleven editions (which even Vina Delmar can't sniff about). Even if Harvard boys don't like Rudy, there were apparently plenty of people who wanted his book to place alongside their set of Kipling.

Old Home Week

IT'S no longer news that Hollywood divorced couples are constantly running into each other at this place and that place. We thought it was sort of interesting, however, the little tête-a-tête that occurred at Colleen Moore's tea. There were Gloria Swanson and the Marquis just chatting away like everything, apparently having a swell time. We looked around for Constance Bennett, but didn't catch sight of her anywhere. Joan Bennett was among those present, though, and didn't seem a bit concerned. At the same party Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman met and exchanged the time of day. Altogether it was like Old Home Week.

Still Pally

MAYBE divorce doesn't pay, after all. The first Christmas that they were married William Powell presented Carole Lombard with a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. This year it was a new Ford.

(*Continued on page 81*)

MERCOLIZED WAX
Keeps Skin Smooth and Young Looking

IT is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. So simple to use, too. Just like an ordinary cold cream. You need such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of each individual complexion.

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Stuart's Calcium Wafers have helped thousands of women to restore their Natural Beauty. They have seen a dull, lifeless, pimply skin become clear, smooth and firm again and with a flush of natural color that nothing can remove. Now their powder and rouge are only a habit instead of a necessity.

Try Stuart's Calcium Wafers for just a few days. Let this gentle, internal beauty-aid prove to you the system's need for Calcium and why Natural Beauty must come from within. A Free Sample will be sent you if you mail the coupon below.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c *and* 60c

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A sample package sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will be sent you if you mail this coupon to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 31-K. Marshall, Mich.

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GRAY FADED HAIR

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery **"Shampo—Kolor,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 21, 254 W. 31st St., N. Y.**

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How to make

GRAY HAIR GONE

(TEST BOTTLE **FREE**)

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it FREE ~ We send *Free* complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

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Name ....
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City .... State ....
Color of your hair? ....

Itching Rash Quickly Relieved

"For more than a month", writes one woman, "I had a rash on my hand which was something like ringworm. I tried various treatments, but it resisted them all. At last I started to use Resinol Ointment, and was amazed when a small amount healed my trouble nicely."

Does *your* skin annoy or embarrass you? Does it itch so that at times you can't resist scratching, no matter where you are? Does it get chafed or rough, then burn and smart unbearably? Is it pimply?

Here is the way to get real relief. Bathe the affected parts with Resinol Soap and warm water. Pat dry, and freely apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots. See how quickly the discomfort is relieved. Remember, Resinol Ointment is safe for any part of the body. Physicians have recommended it for thirty-five years.

Resinol Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin without drying or injuring its delicate texture. Use it daily—it helps to prevent clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from your druggist today—use them at the first sign of skin irritation, and watch the improvement.

For a free sample of each with skin treatment instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 9-E, Baltimore, Md.

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Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unsightly fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an oversize bust. I'll gladly send you my easy directions, with a container of "Prescription-36."

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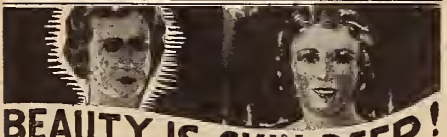

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No woman can be beautiful without a clear, lovely skin. Louis Philippe, famous skin expert, has created a new, 2 way treatment for day and night use that clears up PIMPLES, ECZEMA, ACNE, BOILS and other SKIN BLEMISHES. Contains natural, healing skin foods and medicines. Results guaranteed—a clear skin or your money back. Send only $1.00 for double treatment—or pay postman plus postage on delivery. Write

Louangel Corp., Dept.C-14, 216 W.23 St.,N.Y.C.

Madge Evans Tells Her Big Secret!

(Continued from page 26)

most thrilling, most unforgettable experience of my first trip to Hollywood.

"I had met Tom shortly after Mother and I arrived in Hollywood. The Prisma Natural Color Company had bought my contract from World Films, to star me in pictures that were to introduce their color process to the motion picture industry. Until then I had made all my pictures in the East, but because atmospheric conditions were best in California, the Prisma Company had brought me out here.

Played Lovers in Early Film

"THEY made a two-reeler—a descriptive poem—in which the final sequence was to show me grown up. My hair was tied back with a black bow, and I was dressed in a riding habit so that I would look as old as possible. The fade-out showed a young man holding my hands. Tom was that young man!

"We discovered that we lived in the same hotel—the Hollywood Hotel, where many of the picture stars were living then. From then on we were inseparable companions.

"It was a glamourous, glorious, exciting twenty weeks. When we went away, I gave him a photograph inscribed, 'To My Favorite Father.' Tom gave that picture to his own father several years later—and it still hangs in the living room of his home in Chicago.

"On Tom's photograph to me was the inscription: 'To My Only Child—from her Los Angeles Father.' I treasured it for years, and carried it everywhere with me in a case.

"Tom wrote me one or two letters after we returned East. I suppose I answered them. But as those things occur, we finally lost touch with each other. Mother and I read of his marriage to Zasu; we went to see his pictures. We knew about his numerous trips East—but he never looked us up.

"I was growing up in the meantime. I went into the theatre. I forgot Tom. I met many boys and went around a lot. I became engaged—and when it was time for me to go to Hollywood on my contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I almost gave it up, because I hated to leave the man I loved.

"But I came. Maybe it was Fate. Perhaps Tom was my destiny from the first day I met him—when I was a child and he was only nineteen.

Zasu Sponsored Reunion

"MY first day at the studio, Zasu, who was on the lot appearing in 'The Guardsman,' came over to my set. She was awfully nice to me—and told me that she knew Tom would be happy to see me again. Even though they are separated, they are still very good friends and telephone each other frequently.

"Three days later my telephone rang. It was Tom. Zasu had given my number to him. Strangely enough, we were again living close to each other—separated by a scant half-block. We had been living in that neighborhood for some time, but we had never run into each other.

"He came over that night. Within half an hour all the years that had passed were bridged. It was as if we had never ceased knowing each other.

"I went out with him a few times. Usually, Mother went along. Only twice, I think, was I with him alone during that first year and a half. At that time his business necessitated frequent trips to San Francisco and other cities. But whenever he came back he would always telephone us, come over for dinner, or just come for the evening.

"Tom was called to Chicago by the illness

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Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES now all the vogue.

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Try my easy home treatment for adding firm, rounded tissue.

Free!

Write today for my easy instructions and container of Creamo—free. Merely send name, address and 10c forwarding charges. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

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Scotty may be had for $1.50 postpaid. Money back if not completely satisfied. Remit to

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Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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FREE TREATMENT

Just send 10¢ for free sample. Trial container 25¢. Large container $1.00.

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DELAYED? Use famous time-tested B X MONTHLY RELIEF COMPOUND when nature fails! STARTS WORKING INSTANTLY! Brings soothing, satisfying relief in some of longest, most stubborn, unnatural delays very quickly—in only a few hours in some cases! Very powerful, yet absolutely safe! **Guaranteed—Pure—Harmless.** No pain, inconvenience, or interference with duties! Constituents strongly recommended by famous doctors! Used and praised by thousands of grateful women! Double Strength $2.00. **Amazingly Prompt Shipment!** Rushed 1st class mail, plain sealed wrapper, within 1 hour of receipt of order.

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My world-famous $1.00 Beauty Treatment, a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before disclosed. FREE with my **Slimcream** Method. Limited offer. Send $1.00 NOW to reduce your bust and secure the regular $1.00 complete Beauty Treatment FREE.

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Daisy Stebbing, Dept. M.C.-5, Forest Hills, New York

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International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 382, Chicago

of his mother—and just before he went away, Zasu asked that a divorce be arranged between them. They had been separated for some time—but neither one of them had even thought of a divorce. Up to then Tom and I had been merely good friends. But Hollywood, trying to discover a reason for the Pitts-Gallery divorce, immediately jumped to the conclusion that Tom and I were in love—and wanted to marry."

As a matter of fact—and Madge is silent on this—a new romance had entered not Tom's life, but Zasu's. Within a few short months, the comédienne of the facile and expressive hands will marry again. (Her divorce from Tom was final last April 26.) But let Madge Evans continue with the saga of her romance:

"Definitely in Love" a Year

"WHEN Tom came back from the East, we saw more of each other. He was again taking me to the movies and buying me sodas—as he had when I was ten.

"*In the past year we have been definitely in love.* I no longer even think of the man East. I must have been in love with Tom even as a child. Certainly, he represented perfection to me then—as he does now.

"We would have been married by now if it were not that I feel, in fairness to Tom, I must take stock of myself. I believe in my heart that neither separation nor new contacts will change my love for him. But every person must add and subtract and multiply at certain definite periods of one's life, so that a perspective may be regained or achieved—so that the road ahead may seem simple and clear.

"I've been in Hollywood for almost three years. I've worked very hard. I've been within call of the studio every day. I haven't had time to be a *person!* And I want to be a nice person, as well as a good actress.

"Then, again, I want to find out what I've really accomplished during the past three years. Have I made any progress in my career? I don't know. I shall know soon. Definitely, I am going to be an actress. That's my career. If not on the screen, then I shall go back to the stage. But I must know what is happening to me.

Will Continue Her Career

"HOLLYWOOD is not the best place in the world to look at yourself or others with vision. It's a mad, merry-go-round town—and movies are a mad business. You're constantly under tension. You never have a moment to relax, or a moment to think lucidly.

"Tom understands that marriage will not interfere with my career. He knows me well enough to realize that I would be unhappy otherwise. Neither money nor fame are enough. Every person must find some basic satisfaction that will give point to living, offer a reason for striving. What we have doesn't count. Only what we are is important.

"So I am going away for awhile, not because I feel my love may be somewhat confused. But, rather, because when I marry Tom, I want to be rested—to be sure of the ways to make marriage last. I don't believe in marriage for a day. I think it stupid to marry with the reservation that if it doesn't take, you can always get a divorce. I want to marry for always."

There is no fear in Madge Evans' heart that the test of her love for Tom Gallery—for test it is—will find her wavering. She is going away for a little while—not to subtract from love—but to add to it.

Once she loved a man from whom she parted. His memory faded. And because of that—because she wants her love for Tom to be inspiring—because she knows that love is fragile, she must prove to herself that the instincts of the child are justified by the judgment of the woman.

"They Guessed My Age 10 Years Younger than I am"

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58th to 59th STREETS, NEW YORK

Reviews of the Latest Pictures

(*Continued from page 52*)

puts on a revue with fan dancers to make ostrich plumes the rage, and has to beat a retreat. It won't tax your brain; it moves with speed along witty lines; and—in case you're interested—it reveals a choice array of gorgeous women, gorgeously gowned. That is, they're gowned part of the time.

You're going to meet up with a passionate idealist in "MAN OF TWO WORLDS." His name is Francis Lederer; he's as handsome as he is intense; and he has something that no other hero on the screen has. You're bound to go for him in a big way, even if the story they handed him for his American début leaves you as cold as an ice floe. He is, of all things, an Eskimo. Up there in the Arctic wastes, leading a life like Mala's in "Eskimo," he is discovered by an English sportsman-explorer and taken to London, so that his primitive reactions to civilization can be studied. He believes, for one thing, that Elissa Landi's photograph is a spirit, until he meets the flesh-and-blood girl and falls in love with her—to her amusement and his heart-break. Its comedy hurts its romance, or maybe its romance hurts its comedy. Anyway, being half of one and half of the other, it is not a thoroughly entertaining whole. But it's worth seeing, for Lederer's sake.

"Gallant Lady" gives Ann Harding the greatest opportunity she has had since "Holiday"—and I'm not forgetting "The Animal Kingdom" and "When Ladies Meet," either. It is a story that goes up and down the whole scale of emotions and is skillfully told, with situations and dialogue that are both dramatic and powerfully real.

"Widowed" before she is even married, she is befriended by a down-and-out doctor (Clive Brook), who helps her get a job as an interior decorator after her baby has been adopted. She prospers and mellows, but can't shake off her memories—even under the spell of an amorous Continental (Tullio Carminati). Then, she encounters her child (he has now grown to be Dickie Moore) and learns that his foster-father (Otto Kruger) is about to marry again. Thinking only of her child (that is, at first) she sets out to change Kruger's mind. And she has you wondering with which of the three likable chaps she will finally find love and contentment. It is a picture that will get under your skin, with the sensitive Ann seemingly living her rôle. The three men are so uniformly excellent that, like Ann, you won't find it easy to choose between them. Janet Beecher, as Ann's friend who is a victim of unrequited love, almost steals the picture.

"I Am Suzanne" is a novel, refreshing musical fantasy—written with a wistful touch, photographed with great beauty, and acted with spirit and glamour. In the title rôle, Lilian Harvey ought to click with the American public as Fox originally thought she would. She's no impish Cinderella this time. She's real. Though not so real even yet, perhaps, as Gene Raymond.

She's a queen of the Paris music halls; he's a struggling owner of a puppet show who falls in love with her and wants to make a puppet in her image. She not only falls in love—in spite of her manager (Leslie Banks); she also falls during her act and is injured so badly that her career seems over. Her friends desert her; only Gene remains. She helps him with his puppet show as she convalesces—and the show, built around a

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puppet of herself, prospers. But now he falls in love with the dancing marionette (this is where the fantasy comes in)—and the real girl is desperate, wondering how to win him back. The agile marionettes will fascinate you, and you may be dazzled by three spectacular dancing numbers; but the delicate fantasy is what you will remember.

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT" is the American cousin of "Maedchen in Uniform." Like that famous German picture, it is simply told and tensely emotional; but maybe because it is American, it has more sex appeal and is less soul-searching. The setting is a strict girls' school in the Alps, where rowing is part of the physical training (which explains the title). But it isn't a story about eight girls; like "Maedchen in Uniform," it concentrates on one girl—her life, her thoughts, her emotions.

Dorothy Wilson and Douglass Montgomery, student at a nearby boys' school, share a terrifying secret—a secret that she cannot tell the other girls, the swimming teacher (Kay Johnson) or her busy, self-centered father. Tortured by the enforced intimacies with her schoolmates and the life of the school, she is driven to thoughts of suicide just before her secret is discovered and accepted in a way that flatters human nature. The picture belongs to Dorothy, who is young enough to be vividly sincere and emotional; she makes the girl's problem a disturbing, absorbing one.

Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 77*)

And at Carole's housewarming party Powell was very much present. So was Russ Columbo.

The Intelligentsia

MAYBE it isn't nice to mention it but at a recent party, for lack of something better to do, everyone took an intelligence test. The results, in most instances, were pretty startling. The biggest surprise, though, was the paper turned in by one of the screen's most popular women stars. After careful checking it was revealed that she had an eight-year-old mentality. As we said before, a lot of people were SURPRISED.

Briton Broadside

SOMEHOW we thought that Mrs. Patrick Campbell (the Britisher) had enough sport with the motion picture celebrities when she was on the Coast a couple of years ago. At that time she simply lacerated stellar egos by pretending complete ignorance of the names and identities of such people as Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels, and others. But, just the other day, when Lilyan Tashman was accepting compliments on her new hat, lavishly trimmed with Bird of Paradise, Mrs. Campbell joined the throng.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "you look just like an Old English sheep dog."

Salty Tale

ANOTHER good story went wrong when the news percolated about town that Lionel Barrymore had blown himself to a yacht. Several of his friends had been pointing out the joys of sea-faring to Lionel, and, apparently, he had finally capitulated and was ready to sail the ocean-blue. When his excited friends phoned to know what sort of sea-hack he had purchased, Lionel explained that it was just fourteen inches long. He wanted to use it as a model for an etching.

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SHE was positively ashamed of herself! Was there anything more unsightly than a heavy, sagging bust? What could be done about those bulging tissues that hung in flabby masses, utterly ruining her charm? Imagine her joy when she learned of the wonderful FORMULA-X treatment, made expressly to reduce an oversize bust!

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Just use FORMULA-X treatment at home and watch your breasts grow slim and young-looking. This wonderful new method acts to remove flabby fat, firm and mould the bust to trim shapeliness. Bust is left small, firm, arched and lovely. No sag. No wrinkles.

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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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33x4	2.95	.85
34x4	3.25	.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1.55

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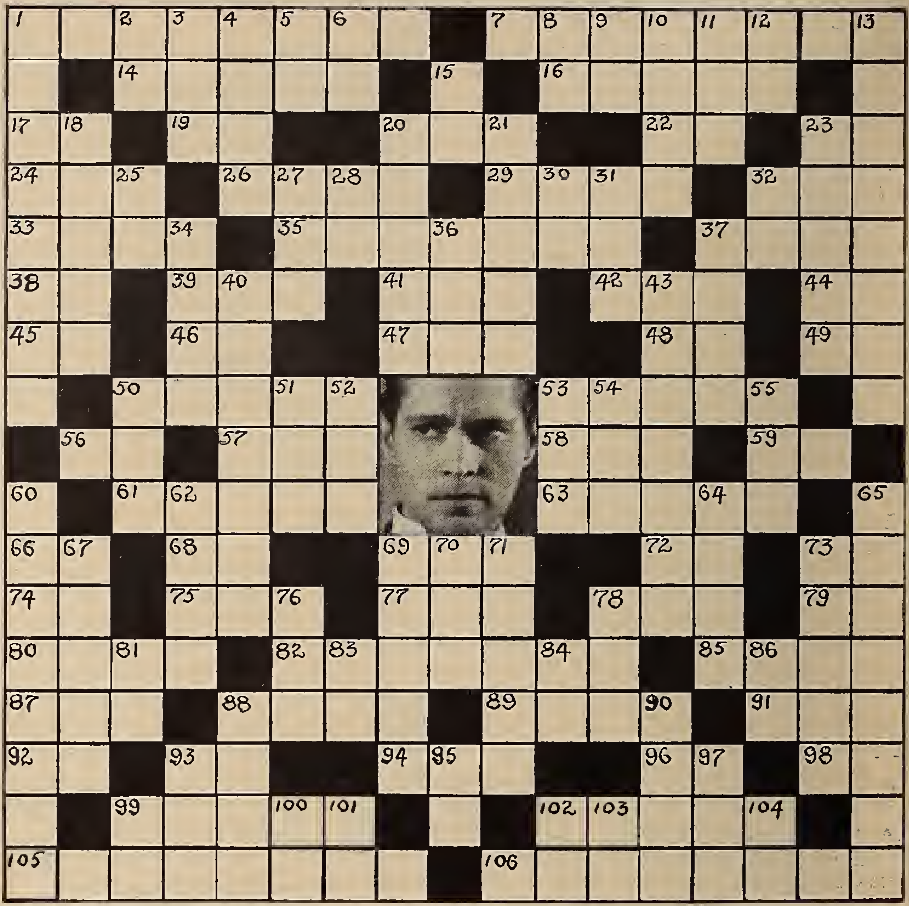


HORIZONTAL

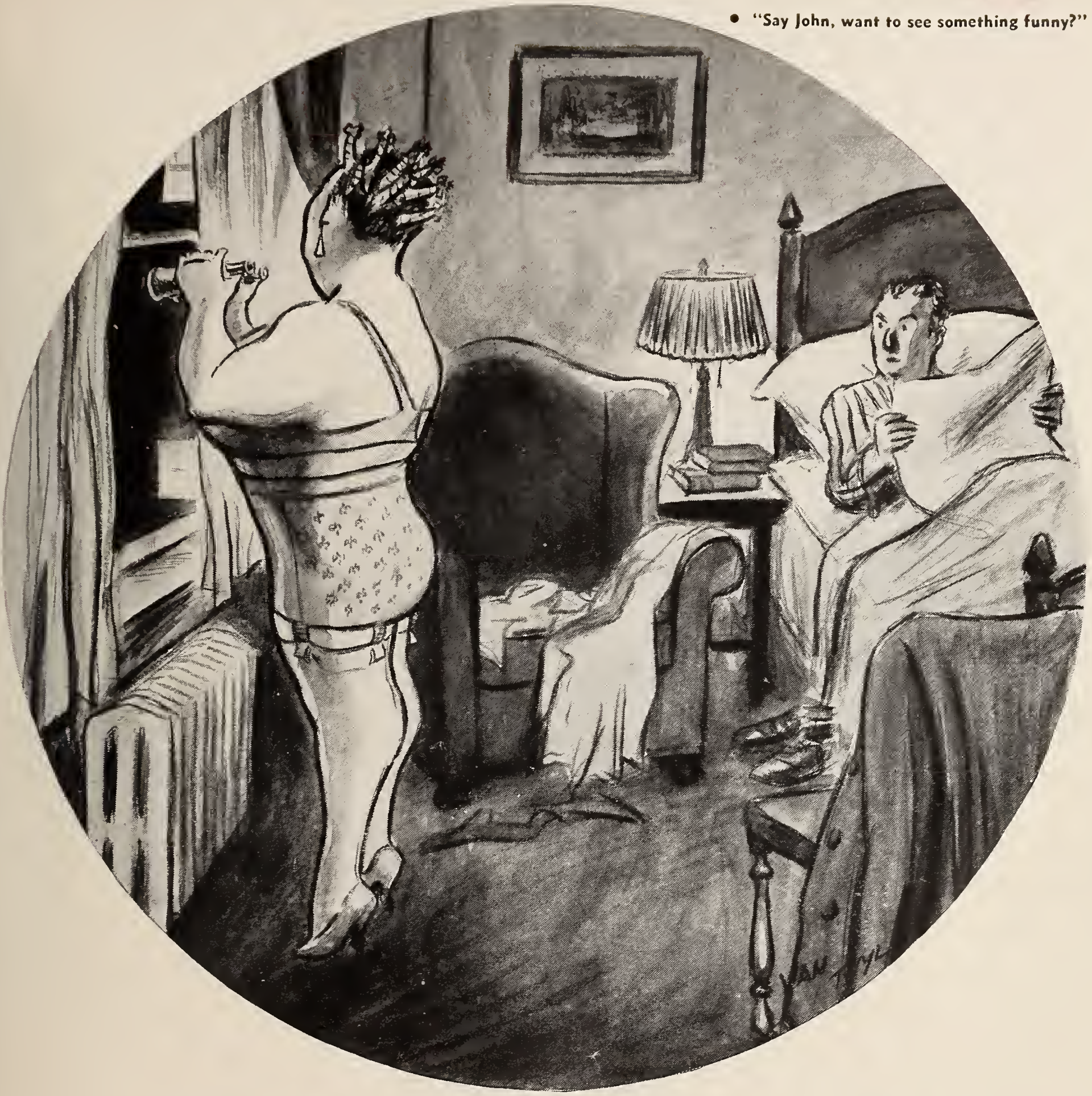
1. First name of the star in the center
7. Clara Bow's lover in "Hoopla"
14. Hero of "My Weakness"
16. Made comeback in "Ladies Must Love"
17. "Guilty—Not Guilty"
19. He played *Bill Barton* in "I'm No Angel" (init.)
20. Meadow
22. Heroine of "Duck Soup" (init.)
23. A day of the week (abbr.)
24. A good picture usually has a long one
26. First screen vamp
29. Tarzan's new Mrs.
32. Unit of energy
33. To throw forth
35. Not of Jewish race
37. Poor pictures are sometimes described with this exclamation
38. "I'm——Angel"
39. "The Better——"
41. Shortening of Dillaway's first name
42. A drink favored by the English
44. Katharine Hepburn was born in this state (abbr.)
45. He was "The Invisible Man" (init.)
46. Eddy's initials
47. Some so-called comedies arouse this in you
48. "Tonight—Never"
49. An exclamatory call
50. *Baron Munchausen*
53. His first name is Roscoe
56. Jobyna Ralston's husband (init.)
57. *Meg* in "Little Women"
58. You see lots of this in "Eskimo"
59. Max Baer has this
61. Creed
63. Restrain
66. "The Rich Are Always With ——"
68. Esther's initials
69. A movie cowboy usually totes one
72. Initials of the actress daughter of an Alabama Senator
73. Charlie Farrell's alma mater (abbr.)
74. The giggling girl in "Cavalcade" (init.)
75. Short for Isaiah
77. A cuckoo
78. Reporters try to keep— on "elopements"
79. Olga's initials
80. Green stuff found in damp spots
82. "Schnozzola"
85. Her real name is Patricia Detering-Nathan
87. Incorporated (abbr.)
88. A backward projecting point
89. Periods of time
91. The Marx Brothers act like —— wits
92. Neely's initials
93. *The Little Giant* (init.)
94. Exclamation (pl.)
96. The Czarevitch in "Rasputin" (init.)
98. Sylvia's initials
99. Hero of "Lilly Turner"
102. Heroine of "Fugitive Lovers"
105. She is the well-known Mrs. Frank Fay
106. Leslie Howard's name in "Berkeley Square"

VERTICAL

1. Lake is her last name
2. Played opposite Valentino in "The Sheik" (init.)
3. His first name is Carroll
4. No star likes to have a player —— his act (coll.)
5. They call Gable a — man
6. Barrymore's partner in "Counsellor At Law" (init.)
8. Rafaela's initials
9. "Don't Bet——Love"
10. Harold Lloyd, Jr. is a —— child
11. Will Rogers is noted for this
12. McLaglen's old rival (init.)
13. *Henry VIII*
15. "Born to — Bad"
18. One may be started very easily in Hollywood
20. Heroine of "Man of Two Worlds"
21. *Anna Nordholm* in "The World Changes"
23. *Tom Garner* in "The Power and the Glory"
25. Symbol for nickel
27. "This Day and ——"
28. Ellis' initials
30. Union League (init.)
31. The London fog in "Cavalcade" was as thick as — soup
32. Eric's initials
34. Last name of the star in the center
36. A high hill
37. Jean Harlow's late husband
40. Players and stars in the fore are called ——
43. Sister of Sally Blane
50. A moccasin-like shoe
51. "Is My Face ——?"
52. Plays the guide in "Four Frightened People"
53. "The Arizona ——"
54. "—— of Aces"
55. Guy Standing's title
60. She made a hit in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole"
62. Brazilian coins
64. Recedes
65. Director of "Design for Living"
67. The adviser of *Queen Christina*
69. A screen star who once worked in a Swedish barber shop
70. The last name is Merkel
71. Baseball teams
73. He played "The Mummy"
76. A girl's name
78. Favorite drink of Clive Brook's homeland
81. Mrs. Nick Stuart (init.)
83. An ancient city
84. Deceased character actor (init.)
86. Heroine of "Bitter Sweet" (init.)
88. Was home-made during Prohibition
90. The smaller half of a famous comedy team
93. Shortening of Truex' first name
95. Heroine of "Berkeley Square" (init.)
97. "Devil —— the Deep"
99. Hero of "Song of Songs" (init.)
100. Sylvia Sidney was born in this state (abbr.)
101. Rejected suitor in "Moulin Rouge" (init.)
102. She was once Dempsey's wife (init.)
103. Randolph Scott's home state (abbr.)
104. What yes-men say in Spanish

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

W	R	A	Y	■	R	O	B	■	A	D	E	■	F	R	F	D
E	O	N	■	B	A	R	R	Y	M	O	R	E	■	O	V	A
S	I	D	N	E	Y	■	E	T	A	■	G	A	R	G	A	N
T	■	R	E	D	■	A	N	■	I	A	■	T	H	E	■	E
■	F	E	D	■	E	L	I	I	N	G	E	■	A	R	M	■
R	A	W	■	O	R	I	■	S	■	I	N	A	■	S	A	M
A	I	■	E	V	A	N	S	■	F	L	E	S	H	■	C	O
G	R	E	T	A	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	T	H	E	D	A
■	B	E	■	T	O	■	■	■	■	■	E	A	■	R	O	■
L	A	N	D	I	■	L	■	■	■	F	■	I	R	E	N	E
E	N	■	D	O	R	L	S	■	C	L	A	R	A	■	A	N
E	K	E	■	N	I	B	■	A	■	O	N	E	■	M	L	S
■	S	I	R	■	P	R	E	S	T	O	N	■	A	I	D	■
E	■	L	E	G	■	A	A	■	O	R	■	F	I	R	■	A
N	U	E	C	E	S	■	R	I	B	■	L	I	L	I	A	N
I	R	E	■	O	S	U	I	I	I	V	A	N	■	A	N	I
D	O	N	T	■	E	S	E	■	N	I	P	■	A	M	E	S



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Kenneth B. Logan,
Scarsdale, N. Y., *says:*

"The selling game calls for healthy nerves just as much as being a wonderful marksman. Meeting people all day long . . . trying to turn prospects into customers . . . the life of a salesman certainly tells on the nerves! I smoke most of the time —but I smoke only Camels, and I'll tell you why I say *only* Camels! Camels *don't upset my nerves*—and no cigarette can match Camels on flavor, either."

Virgil Richard, Champion Sharpshooter, *says:*

"I've been smoking for years and had no trouble in keeping my nerves in shape for making record scores. That's because I have long been a Camel smoker. Camels are much milder, and never interfere with my nerves."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Does your job sometimes get you down? Do you feel tired? Irritable? Ready to "blow up" any minute . . . because of raw nerves?

Try to get enough sleep. Eat sensibly. And get a fresh slant on your smoking by turning to Camels. Much has been said on the subject of tobacco quality. But ——

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

That statement is conclusive. And it represents an important benefit that nervous people should not overlook!

So change to Camels. Taste those finer tobaccos. Notice their mildness. You will be delighted to find that Camels do not upset your nerves . . . or tire your taste.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

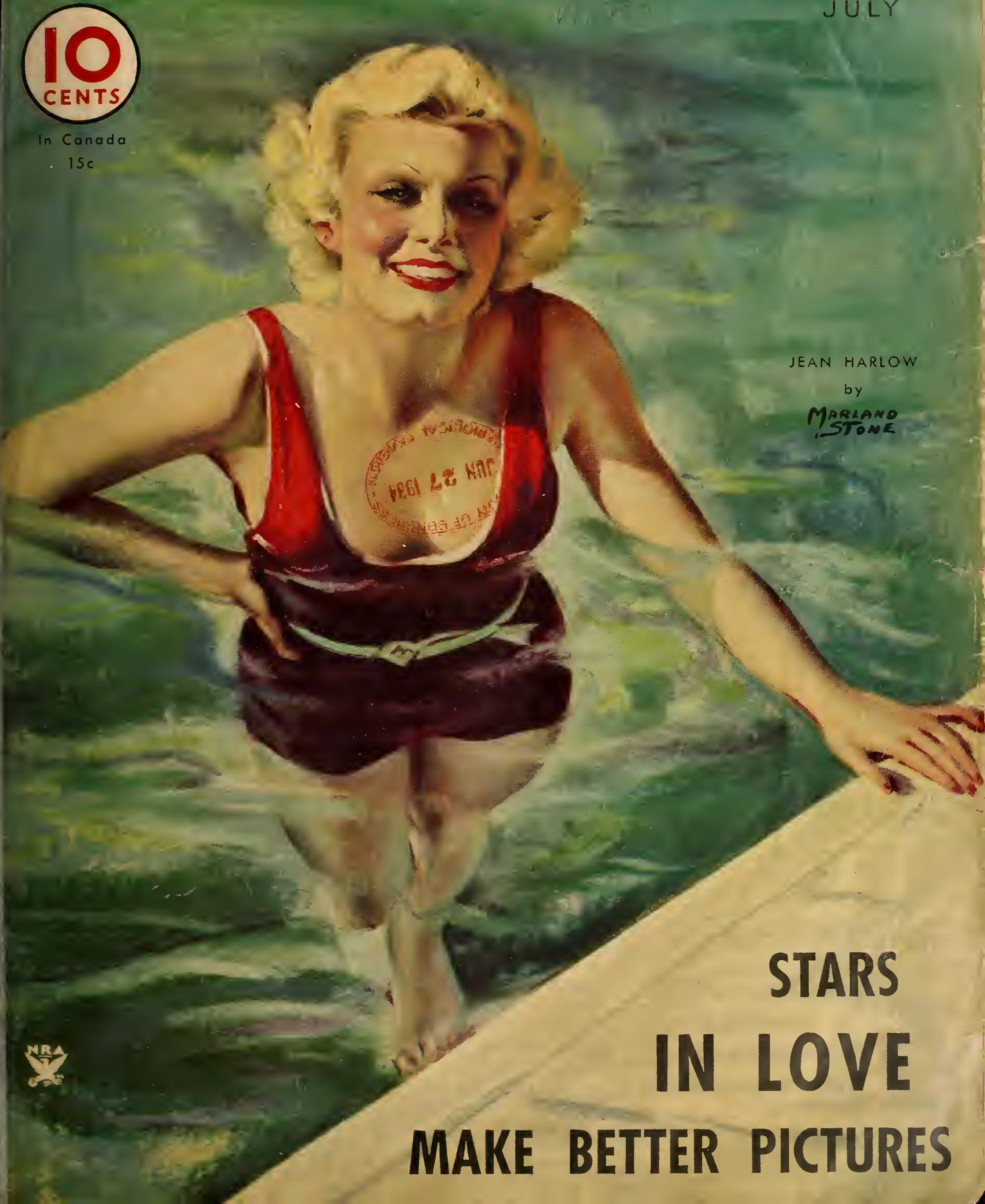
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CHOICE QUALITY

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

MOVIE CLASSIC

JULY

10 CENTS
In Canada
15c

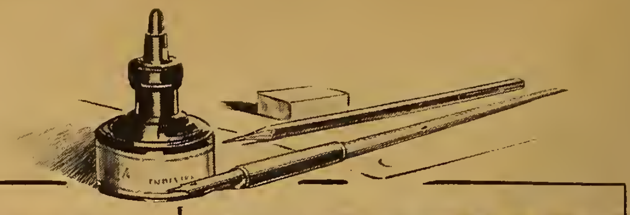


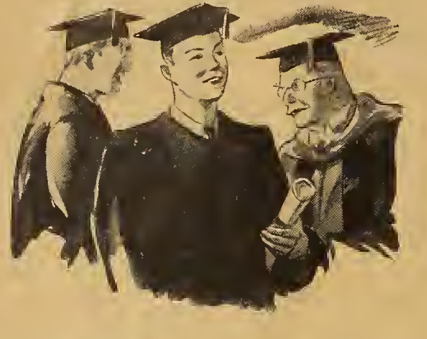
JEAN HARLOW
by
Marland
Stone

JUN 27 1934

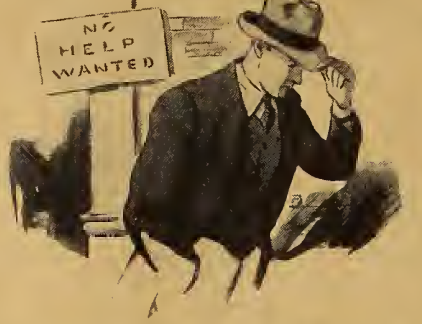
STARS IN LOVE MAKE BETTER PICTURES

"One little fault *nearly ruined my career*"

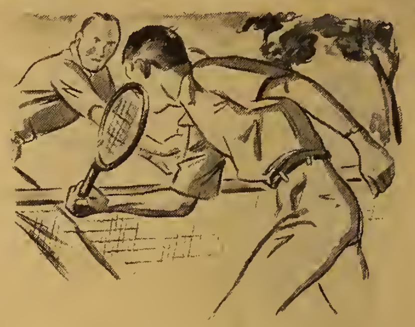




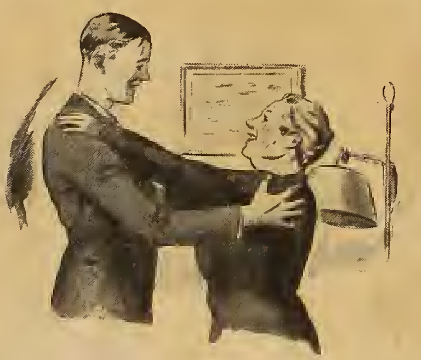
After 4 years of college and art courses, I wound up as one of those thousands of misinformed youngsters who thought that special training, plus college, would guarantee a job.



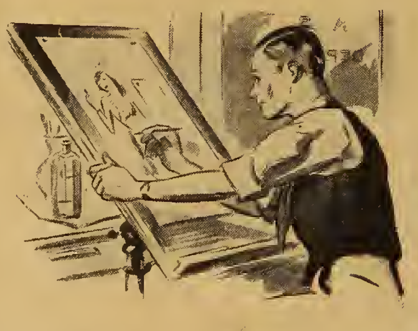
I must have walked a thousand miles before I learned otherwise. From June until the following May I tried to connect, but everywhere I got the same old story. "We've got artists to burn."



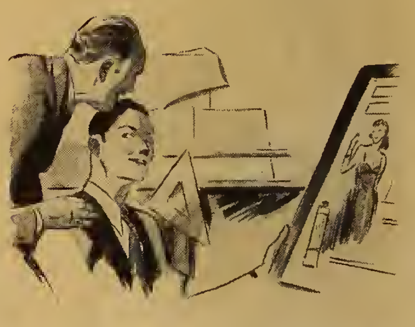
At last I got a break through a man named Kelsey—a tennis bug. After I'd trimmed him regularly, he said to me one day: "Kid, if you draw pictures as well as you play tennis, you've got a job, but I expect you to help me with my game."



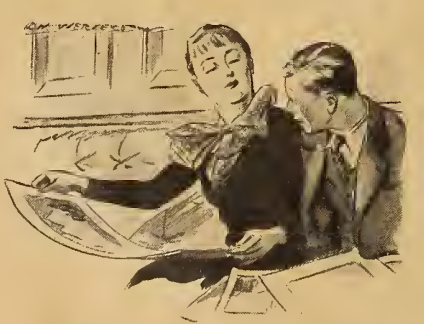
So I went to work. Not much of a job to be sure—but a job at the thing I could do best. Was Mother tickled! And was I delighted!



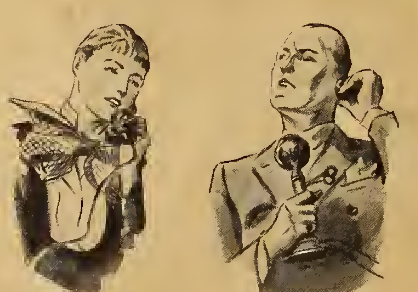
For $12 a week, I began drawing pictures—all kinds—for Mr. Kelsey's clients—and helped Mr. Kelsey with his tennis after hours.



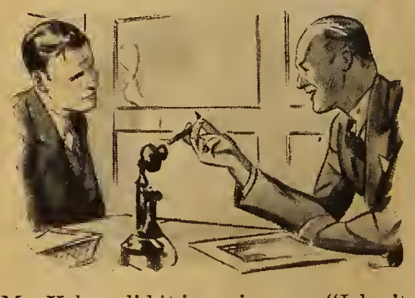
I pride myself that I made good. In six months I was getting $45 a week. My fashion drawings made a hit with Miss Lane, Mr. Kelsey's best—and *meanest*—client.



I got along fine with her for a while, until one day after I had delivered my drawings as usual, she gave me a dirty look. "You're a very ill-mannered young man," she said, "the sooner you leave the better."



I didn't know what I had done to offend her, but I wasn't long in finding out. She called Mr. Kelsey and told him she wanted me fired. Nice girl!



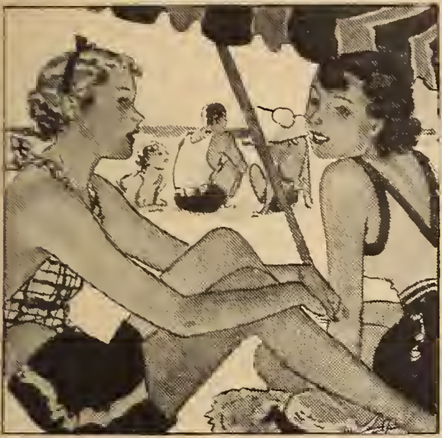
Mr. Kelsey did it in a nice way. "I don't entirely blame her," he said. "Halitosis has no place in business, so take that hint. Use a little Listerine once in a while, and come back in two weeks and I'll hire you over again." That's all there is to the story, but I shudder to think what might have happened. I'm back on the job again.

It is simply unpardonable. Halitosis (bad breath) is as much a handicap in business as it is in social life. Many firms recognize this and suggest that employees who represent them to the public take precautions that their breath does not offend. Why take the risk of offending others needlessly, when it is so easy to put your breath beyond reproach? Simply use Listerine every morning and night. If you wish to be particularly careful, rinse the mouth before important social and business engagements. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth, credited with being the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your druggist now has Listerine at new low prices. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

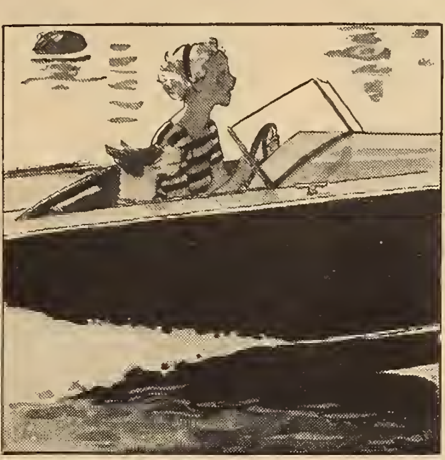
Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis (Bad Breath)

Isn't It A Shame!

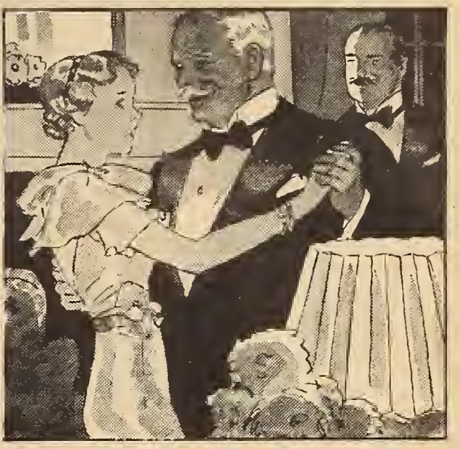
HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



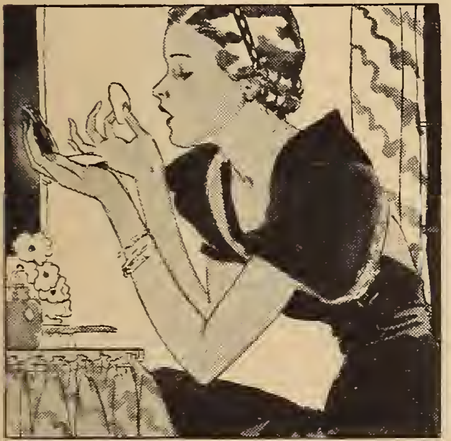
When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



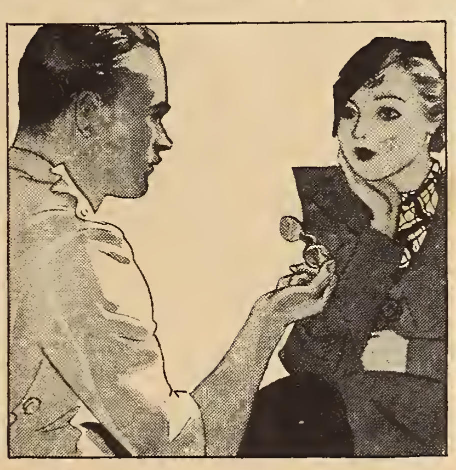
Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



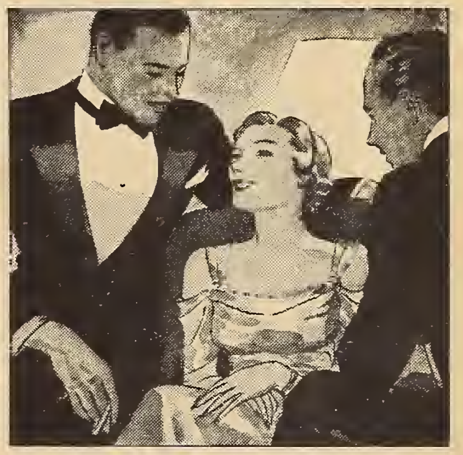
The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? *The "but" about Ellen is her* teeth!



Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



Ellen should go to a dentist. He'll tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

OLDER men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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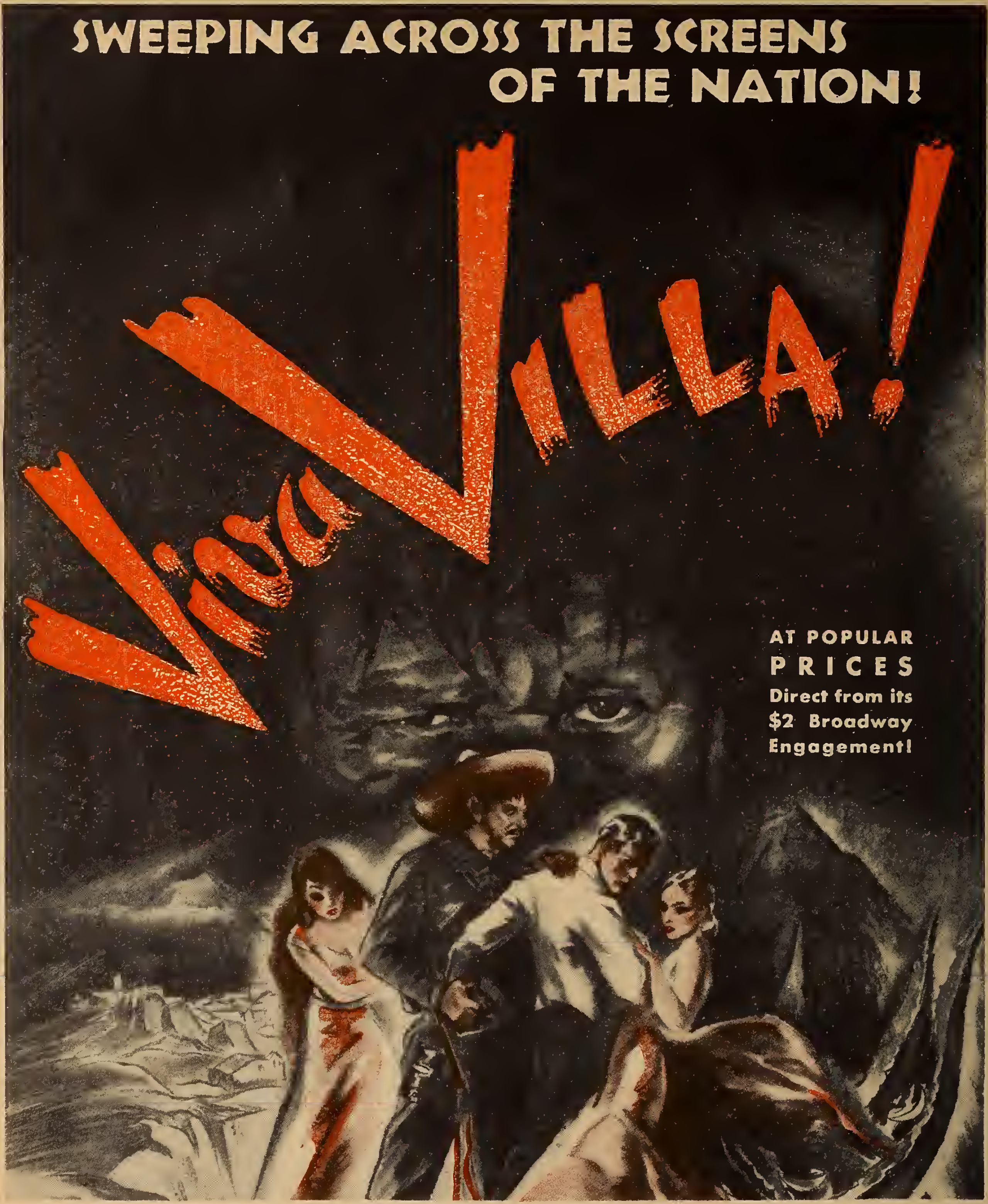
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934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OF THE NATION!
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AT POPULAR PRICES
Direct from its $2 Broadway Engagement!

10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!

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with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. *Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcumb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

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JUN 13 1934

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

VOL. 6 No. 5 JULY, 1934

Why Has JEAN HARLOW Found Unhappiness in Marriage?

On the cover, artist Marland Stone depicts Jean smiling—as most people think of her. But the Jean who looks happy on the screen is unhappy in real life. She is, perhaps, the most tragic of all the stars.

Three times, she has sought "peace and happiness and contentment" in marriage. And three times she has found nothing but heartaches. Her third marriage has just collapsed. And everyone is asking "Why?"

Jean has proved that she ranks marriage as being just as important as a career. Few actresses do. Yet she has been tragically unhappy.

A few pages farther on, in this issue, she tries to analyze why her last marriage—which began with a romantic elopement—has come to an unhappy ending.

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COVER DRAWING OF JEAN HARLOW BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Hollywood Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

LAURENCE REID, Editor

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Illness Couldn't Keep COLBERT from Playing "CLEOPATRA" Rôle

AND OTHER INTIMATE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

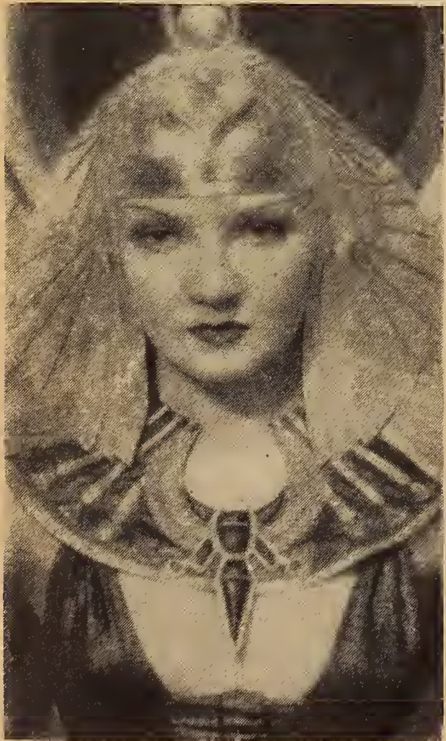
By DON CALHOUN AND JACK GRANT

When a singer and an old maestro get together, what do they talk about—movies, radio, golf, or that guy Winchell? Your guess is as good as ours, after seeing Bing Crosby and Ben Bernie at lunch. Ben and all the lads make merry music (and howzah!) in "Thank Your Stars"; Bing goes collegiate again in "She Loves Me Not"

WHEN "Cleopatra" is released, the public will see a new, changed Claudette Colbert. She is more beautiful than she has ever been, but in a different way. She is less round-faced, more exotic-looking. And neither make-up nor diet has wrought the change. Work—work under difficult conditions—has done it. Here is the inside story:

Watching the Siren of the Nile move across the screen in her embroidered robes, heavily strung with jewels, in her cloak so ponderous that fifteen slave girls must arrange it whenever she pauses, you would never guess that this star was fighting every moment for the control of her sick and stricken body, that after almost every scene she collapsed, half-fainting, on the couch that awaited her behind the cameras.

Ever since she got out of a hospital bed last summer, against the stern warnings of physicians, to hurry to Hawaii to play in "Four Frightened People," Claudette Colbert has been paying the penalty. Less than a month after an operation for appendicitis, she was carried on a litter out of the Hawaiian jungle, burning with fever, threatened with peritonitis.



More beautiful than ever, but thinner—this is Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra." Note her heavy metal head-dress

There were Five Frightened People on that location. Cecil DeMille, members of the company tell us, was terrified at the thought that his absorption in his picture had blinded him to the risks that his uncomplaining star had been taking in posing under an icy waterfall and in trudging, half-naked, through thorny jungle that tore his tough leather puttees to shreds in a week.

The same plucky spirit that carried Claudette through that picture has forced her on through the splendors and tragedies of "Cleopatra," which was delayed a month because of her health and was begun only when she insisted that she was well enough to start work. But this is one picture where the acting—except for the actual filming—has often been done, not by a star, but by her stand-in girl. Claudette's stand-in, Gladys Jeans, not only posed for the preliminaries of lighting and grouping, but knew the lines, and spoke them so that the rest of the cast might rehearse the scene, thus saving the star hours of strain.

Swept with nausea, so weak that she could hardly move, often falling over in a dead faint, several times forced to stay at home in bed, Claudette Colbert has fought to make every scene of "Cleopatra" under conditions that would have appalled even a player in the best of health.

"Do you know what the temperature of this set is?" she said once, her make-up beaded with perspiration. "Eighty-six! It can't be one degree cooler or those feathers will moult"—she swept her arms toward a gorgeous purple canopy of plumes over *Cleopatra's* barge. "I look as though I had almost nothing on, don't I? This veil weighs seventy-seven pounds with all those jewels!"

Held on by a bar of silver over each shoulder, it cut into the flesh so deeply that Claudette will wear the scars for a long time. After several all-night shootings of the scene where the queen stands on the battlements, shouting defiance to Octavian's advancing army in a costume that consisted of nothing above the waist except a few beads, the star caught the flu in the cold night air of California—and so added to her troubles.

Guarded from interviewers, photographic sittings, even from visitors, Claudette triumphantly finished "Cleopatra," holding the legendary asp to her breast. Her faithful stand-in girl, who had had such a taste of acting before an unturning camera, had always had a horror of

(*Continued on page 8*)

MAE WEST

"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with R [illegible] John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey

If it [illegible] AMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

"HELLO
Dirty Face"
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When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's *new* skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) *Look* at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes *hidden* dirt—*neutralizes* alkali—*reduces* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

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Intimate Hollywood Gossip

Lovers, they say, have no appetite—but young married couples of course, are different. Anyway, Charles Boyer (he's the new French star you'll see in "Caravan") and his bride, Pat Paterson (she's in "Call It Luck") act hungry at the Russian Eagle

(*Continued from page 6*)

snakes. She fainted twice in rehearsing this scene and was replaced by a substitute.

What woman would not have gambled with health, even with real danger to play the rôle of *Cleopatra*, the greatest enchantress of all time? Claudette took her chance—and won. Now she is going away to recover from the long strain and to lose, perhaps, that new exotic, Garbo-look.

Joan Blondell has a cute tennis outfit, but she's only kidding about playing. She's going to Tahiti, for one thing—and she's blessed-eventing in October

Jackie's New Ambition

THIS is the first year that Jackie Cooper has shown any interest in the annual Academy awards. Somewhere he has seen one of the statuettes and has heard that it is quite an honor for an actor to win one.

Just before Jackie started his first scene in "Treasure Island," he announced to his mother, somewhat off-hand, "I'm going to make this a great performance; I'm going to get an Academy award for this job."

He went into the scene, played his part with Wallace Beery and returned to his place by his mother's side. He sat for a moment in solemn thought before looking up to ask: "Where will we put it? On the mantelpiece or in my room?"

He May Be "Sir George" Yet!

THOSE "knighthood-for-Arliss" rumors are in the air again. He's now in England, vacationing and planning a picture there . . . But whatever happened to those Garbo-and-Mamoulian and Novarro-and-Loy romance rumors? Could they *possibly* have been just smart publicity stunts? . . . Virginia Bruce, who recently got around to suing John Gilbert for divorce (she gets a property settlement and custody of their baby daughter) is returning to films and her former studio. She was just given a "leave of absence" two years ago! . . . Wonder if John pays alimony to all four of his ex-wives, or if they all took lump sums?

Somebody else who is coming back to films is Irene Castle McLaughlin, who

started the fad for bobbed hair in America and is still one of the best-dressed women in the land . . . Corinne Griffith, who just got a divorce from producer Walter Morosco, is still chummy with him. In fact, he's trying to get her a big comeback . . . That "trial separation" of Gloria Stuart and Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, didn't turn out. Or did it? Anyway, it's going to be permanent, now . . . The New York sports columnists say they "understand" that Maxie Baer, who challenged Primo Carnera to a fight, will be Jean Harlow's next. . . .

Hepburning Everybody Up

KATHARINE HEPBURN and her socialite manager, Leland Hayward, have had more danged fun, keeping everybody guessing . . . When Chester Conklin recently married—again—his bride, Margherita Rouse, was taken into the church on a portable bed. She was once a hopeless invalid, but love has worked wonders; she may be walking in a year, doctors say . . . Half the town turned out to the wedding of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, and then the former Mrs. Wilson sorta spoiled the festivities by delaying the honeymoon with an alimony suit . . . Did you know that MOVIE CLASSIC scored another of its famous scoops with its Gloria Swanson interview a few months back, in which she said, "I am destined for divorce"? . . . What with Gloria's fourth marriage breaking up, and Herbert Marshall's marriage to Edna Best on the verge of a break-up, Gloria and Herbert have been consoling each other. At least, they've been nightclubbing together.

Remember Irene Castle? She's coming back to films—as Irene Castle McLaughlin—and she's still a beautiful dancing lady

Bebe Daniels has just had mumps, of all things, and had to cancel a personal appearance date . . . And Eddie Dowling has political ambitions. No kidding. He's in the running for the Democratic nomination for U. S. Senator from Rhode Island . . . Ruby Keeler is signed up with Warners for three more years, but she and Al Jolson won't be teamed on the screen. Studios are still afraid that audiences wouldn't go across the road to see a real, live, lovey-dovey Hollywood married

(*Continued on page 76*)

Summer's here. The girls are going to the beach to have bathing suit pictures taken! At least, these Fox starlets are. Left to right, they are: front row, Nadine Dore, Irene Colman, Elsie Larson, Mary Blackwood, Julie Cabanne, Lynn Bari, Esther Broadelet; back row, Anne Nagel, Dorothy Dearing, June Vlasek, Betty Bryson, Jean Allen

Who discovered EX-LAX?

WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!

Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to *increase* and *intensify* the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... *with the golden shimmer of your hair!*

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and *fascination* of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to *restore* its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a *golden magnet* of *feminine appeal.*

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—*not a dye.* Simply acts to bring out the *natural hidden color,* golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!

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BLONDE SHAMPOO
by Jo-cur'
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HOTEL KENMORE
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400 Rooms—400 Baths
Each with Tub and Shower
BAR AND GRILL ROOM
Choicest of Wines and Liquors
Rates from $3.00
Ample Parking Space
Colyar P. Dodson, *President*

COCKTAIL RECIPES of the Stars!

MOVIE CLASSIC, starting something again, has been presenting a series of cocktail recipes that the movie stars use; and we'll continue to do so throughout the summer. Cut them out and save them. Better yet, try them. You'll find that the film folk are "good mixers"! *—Editor.*

LORETTA YOUNG seldom drinks anything stronger than tea, yet once in a while she cannot resist ordering a drink known as a Poussé Café. She says she likes to sit and admire it. (That's how colorful it is.) But it has to be mixed very carefully to prevent the colors from blending. Unless each liquor lies in the glass by itself, the effect will be spoiled. The ingredients are as follows and must be poured into a wine-glass in the order named:

One teaspoonful of Curacao

One tablespoonful of vanilla

One tablespoonful of Maraschino

One tablespoonful of Chartreuse

One tablespoonful of port wine

One teaspoonful of raspberry syrup

One tablespoonful of brandy

Light the brandy on top and allow it to blaze for a second before extinguishing by placing a saucer over the glass.

"Say 'when'!" smiles Otto Kruger, not hoarding the gin—what with liquor as low-priced as it is to-day. Here are some drinks you and Otto might like to try!

Billy Bakewell tells about another pretty little concoction called "The American Beauty."

Use a tall, thin glass filled with shaved, not cracked, ice. Pour into glass one teaspoonful of Creme de Menthe.

Then, in a second glass, mix the juice of a half-lemon, a small teaspoonful of fine sugar, a half-jigger of brandy and a half-jigger of French Vermouth.

Pour this mixture over the ice in the first glass, dash the top with port wine, garnish with a sprig of green mint and serve with a straw.

A spectacular drink is "The Blue Blazer." Let Sally Blane tell you how:

Use two silver-plated mugs. Dissolve a teaspoonful of sugar in a little hot water and add a wine-glass of Scotch whiskey.

Then ignite the whiskey and while it is blazing, pour rapidly from one mug to the other several times.

Snuff out and serve with a piece of twisted lemon peel on top.

But perhaps blue is not your color. Perhaps you prefer red—the warm red of sloe gin. How about a Sloe Gin Fizz from the Lawrence Grant recipe?

Into a large bar-glass mix a teaspoonful of fine sugar, the juice of a half-lemon and a wine-glass of sloe gin.

Fill the glass half-full of cracked ice and balance with seltzer water.

Shake well, strain into a shell glass and serve while foaming.

You can achieve a regular rainbow of colors by mixing flips, using several different wines of different colors and allowing your guests to choose the color individually preferred. (Flips are favored by several stars.) This recipe is for a Claret Flip—but port wine, sherry, gin, whiskey (or even ginger ale, for abstainers) can be substituted. A tray of different-colored drinks makes a nice effect, if you don't mind the work of shaking them.

Use a large bar-glass, half-filled with shaved ice.

Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of fine sugar in a little water one egg (yolk and white) and one and one-half wine-glasses of claret.

Shake well, strain into punch glasses, grate nut-meg on top and serve.

This is the way Chester Morris makes his favorite, "Brandy Crusta":

Moisten the rims of your cocktail glasses in lemon juice and dip lightly in powdered sugar. Peel a lemon in one continuous piece, fitting the peeling into the glass so that it entirely covers the inside. Then mix your drink.

For every wine-glass of brandy, add three dashes of Curacao, three dashes of gum syrup, and two light dashes of Angostura bitters. Fill shaker with ice—and STIR, don't shake. Strain into glasses and dress with fruit.

As always—Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

in "DR. MONICA"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR ★ WARREN WILLIAM ★ VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture

ARLISS Typifies Sincerity Says Movie Classic Reader

First Prize
$20.00

GEORGE ARLISS' work in "The House of Rothschild" stands out in my mind as the finest performance he has ever given in any picture to date. "Fine" seems hardly the word, for not only did he exact every soul-stirring emotion from his rôle, but he added to it tremendously in every instance. Especially was his flower-in-the-lapel touch, which ran throughout the entire picture, impressive in that it balanced the heavy emotions of bitterness and hate with the beautiful simplicity of a sweet love.

Without a doubt, the above incidence, which I understand was Arliss' own idea and an adaption from his home-life, was the keynote of his splendid work in "The House of Rothschild." Indeed, I believe it to be the keynote of his character, for it typifies sincerity and simplicity, both indications that at least one of the movie folk has faith that audiences can appreciate the finer things, no matter how small, that a really great actor can offer his public.

(MISS) E. E. LARKIN,
Springfield, Ill.

In this scene from "The House of Rothschild," George Arliss is seen wearing the flower in his lapel about which one of our readers wrote a letter and captured first prize. Loretta Young, shown with Arliss, plays the rôle of his daughter in the picture

Honorable Mention
This Girl Hasn't "Gone West"

AFTER seeing "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel," I have come to the conclusion that many moviegoers either think it is "the thing" to express admiration for these productions or else they are afraid of being stamped as prudes if they openly express their opinions against such pictures.

"She Done Him Wrong" brought laughter principally on account of its quaint setting in the '90's. "I'm No Angel" played to a pretty crowded house whose laughter was forced like that of people who were bound to get their money's worth. They had been told by the enthusiastic advertisements that this was a knock-out movie, worth five times the price for its wickedness alone and, of course, it must be so.

My own personal reaction was that of boredom at performances that were stupid and relied wholly on vulgarity for their appeal. It reminded me of nothing so much as the scribbling of naughty boys on sidewalks and fences, trying their best to shock good citizens.

MARCIA MONTGOMERY,
Ithaca, N. Y.

$10.00 Letter
Norma Shearer Is Proof That Players Don't Have to Be Typed

NORMA SHEARER is an example of one actress who refuses to be "typed." And well may she be proof that the players don't have to be "typed." She played a saucy and almost slap-stick character in "Private Lives." In "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul" she gave us a heroine who had a soul two shades deeper than scarlet and who was determined to find out what love was about and who was unconventional whenever the mood dictated. In "Strange Interlude" she took us down to tragic depths and in "Smilin' Thru" she forsook the neurotic and daringly conventional heroine to relax in tender sentiment and fragrant romance. And in "Riptide" she was daringly sophisticated.

I might complete the picture by mentioning Norma Shearer's old silent films in which she was just "a nice girl."

F. K. BECKWITH, *Seattle, Wash.*

$5.00 Letter
The Fans Are Being Cheated by the Follow-Up System

BING CROSBY has been so prolific that one can seldom enter a theatre without hearing a "boo boo ba boo." The novelty wears off and soon one looks elsewhere for amusement.

The film magnates then produce another actor, build him up with publicity, give him one or two really good pictures and then, if they have succeeded in making him popular, proceed to capitalize on his fame. He is put in one picture after another.

As soon as one type of picture crowds the box-office, there is a flood of similar pictures. Witness the success and then the abuse of the back-stage musical comedy theme. These film cycles rob us of the one important element of entertainment— surprise.

In spite of the industry's abuses and blunders, it does give us, on rare occasions, some excellent pictures. "When they are good, they are very, very good, but when they are bad ——" Tsk! tsk!!

D. R. P., *Oak Park, Ill.*

Why Must Slang Be Injected Into Every Newsreel?

THE "piece de resistance" on any movie program is the newsreel. Imagine my disgust when scenes were shown of the recent San Salvador earthquake; with bodies being removed from the debris amid horror, stark and unembellished . . . the musical score was "The Miserere" and throughout the entire scene ran the screaming voice of Graham McNamee, spouting out slang such as," Oh boy, what a blast, some disaster, believe you me!"

Equally obnoxious was the slang that accompanied the showing of the coronation of the Manchu Emperor—to see a people adhering to ancient and sacred rites and to have the solemnity completely spoiled with modern and disgusting slang.

How much more effective world events would be if we could hear a well-modulated voice, one that caught the spirit of the changing panorama and injected feeling and realism into each picture! Instead, we hear a veritable circus barker or a leather-lunged sports announcer.

TOM MOORE, *Hamlet, N. C.*

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

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NRA

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ZELMA O'NEAL
POPULAR STAR

What has this clever girl done to make her hair so lovely? How does she keep those exquisite soft tones—those tiny dancing lights in her hair?

Her secret is Golden Glint Shampoo. You'd never think a single shampooing could make one's hair so beautiful, so radiant—and do it so easily! You'll be delighted with the soft loveliness—the "tiny-tint"—it imparts. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

FREE
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Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*
Name______
Address______
City______ State______
Color of my hair:

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MOON GLOW'S six smart shades will thrill you, and your nails will retain their smart appearance longer. MOON GLOW will not fade, crack or peel. Ask your drug or department store for the 25¢ or 50¢ size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Accept no substitute for genuine MOON GLOW. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.

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Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.
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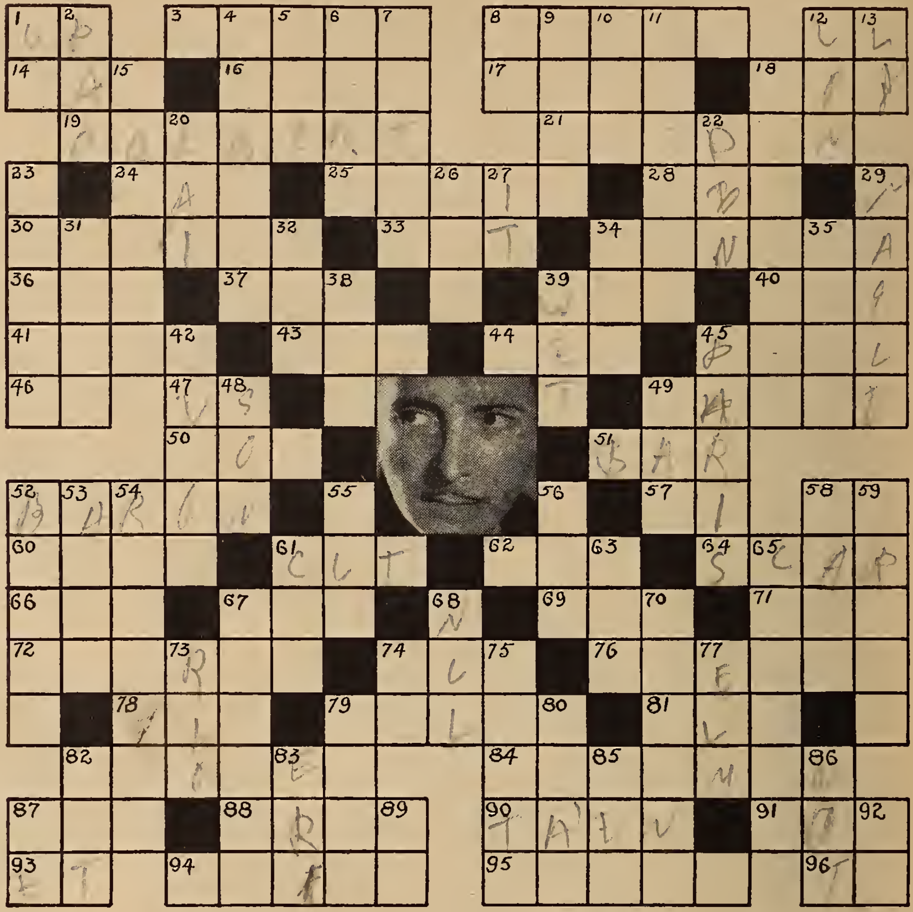
For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



HORIZONTAL

1. "Stand——and Cheer"
3. What a mouth this boy has!
8. Heroine of "Saturday's Millions"
12. Lee's initials
14. Swiss river
16. A medley
17. It's like a halo
18. *Eleanor* in "Manhattan Melodrama"
19. Plays the title role of "Cleopatra"
21. Eric's last name
24. Mrs. Joel McCrea,—— Dee
25. Karloff makes this type of picture
28. Theodore Newton's nickname
30. *Odette* in "Journal of a Crime"
33. Dorothy Jordan's nickname
34. What the English call the movies
36. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s home state (abbr.)
37. *Adam* in "Two Alone"
39. "I —— A Spy"
40. An outfit
41. Ordnance (abbr.)
43. —— Sunderland
44. *Morgan Andrews* in "Wine, Women and Song"
45. A Hawaiian Goddess
46. Pronoun
47. Director Sutherland's initials
49. What Carole Lombard's name used to be
50. Decay
51. "Wonder ——"
52. Jack Pearl's title
57. Mary Pickford was once "the —— ograph Girl"
58. Initials of a well-known producing company
60. The daughter of Nyx (Myth.)
61. A director's call to stop action
62. "—— Double Life"
64. Paul Muni made his greatest screen hit in "—— face"
66. Meaning it was said thus
67. *Rush* in "20 Million Sweethearts"
69. "The —— Wolf"
71. Do you remember when Myrna Loy looked ——ental?
72. Hepburn didn't just rise to stardom; she——
74. De Mille calls it a bath; some call it a——
76. *Judith Marlowe* in "Bottoms Up"
78. It takes g—— to get to the top
79. A springtime flower
81. Director Marin's initials
82. Much-mourned French screen actress
84. Hollywood's actor-director
87. This sign at the theatre means the picture is a hit
88. An Algerian seaport
90. A contraction of taken (Scotch)
91. "—— I'll Tell"
93. Estelle's initials
94. The heroine of "Side Streets"
95. *Lucky Davis* in "Come On, Marines"
96. Wing's initials

VERTICAL

1. Initials of a well-known producing company
2. The ocean near the movie city (abbr.)
4. *Revel* in "The Mystery of Mr. X"
5. "The Better ——"
6. Stars in love don't write; they ——
7. Lionel Barrymore is a —— actor
8. Hardie's initials
9. Christmastime
10. Andy Devine's home state (abbr.)
11. An insect
12. "The man of a thousand faces"
13. Loretta's initials
15. First name of the star in the center
18. *Aigo* in "Man of Two Worlds"
20. A Hawaiian wreath
22. Where Daniel met the lions
23. A star of Western pictures
26. He is married to Vilma Banky
27. "I Like —— That Way"
29. Conrad's last name
31. Any special knowledge
32. A period of time
34. Joseph —— thorn
35. The island where Venus was found
38. "This —— Is Mine"
39. "The —— Parade"
42. *Poppaea* was —— wife in "Sign of the Cross"
45. "The Worst Woman in ——?"
48. "—— of a Sailor"
49. Orchestra leader in "International House"
52. Old-fashioned nickname for Elizabeth
53. Every hero wants to be a Loth ——
54. *Harry* in "Wonder Bar"
55. "None —— the Brave"
56. Three-toed sloths
58. The weather's getting ——
59. *Elizabeth* in "Ever Since Eve"
61. The opposite of a gentleman
63. Where motion picture scenes are shot
65. Last name of star in the center
67. English for "gasoline"
68. Divorce —— lifies marriage
70. *Lewis Dodd* in "The Constant Nymph"
73. "Flying Down to ——"
74. A note of the scale
75. Enough; hold (music)
77. "——er, the Great"
79. Descriptive of Gary Cooper
80. Burn or scorch
82. What movie stars should be wedded to
83. Reporters v——fy rumors
85. A slippery fish
86. "We're —— Dressing"
87. The initials of Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
89. Neely's initials
92. *Julius Caesar* in "Cleopatra" (init.)

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

	R	O	B	E	R	T	I		P	I	E	R	S	O	N	
G	A	L	E	■	O	A	K	L	A	D	D	■	A	N	I	S
O	F	■	N	E	I	L	■	O	■	K	I	N	G	■	C	H
L	T	S	■	A	L	■	I	N	R	■	T	O	■	L	E	E
D	■	L	A	■	S	O	S	■	A	S	H	■	L	O	■	A
W	H	I	T	E	■	S	L	I	R	K	■	V	I	D	O	R
Y	A	M	■	B	L	U	E	■	A	I	D	A	■	I	L	E
N	R	■	G	A	I	L	■	■	■	P	A	G	E	■	I	R
	D	E	E	■	■	L	■	■	■	W	■	■	L	I	V	
D	I	■	M	U	R	I	■	■	■	O	D	A	Y	■	I	S
I	N	A	■	N	E	V	A	■	O	R	I	R	■	S	E	T
A	G	N	E	S	■	A	M	E	N	T	■	T	I	A	R	A
M	■	N	D	■	A	R	E	■	L	H	D	■	F	L	■	N
O	D	A	■	A	D	■	S	L	Y	■	A	S	■	E	L	L
D	E	■	A	T	E	S	■	E	■	B	R	E	A	■	Y	E
D	E	A	N	■	L	E	D	E	R	E	R	■	L	A	D	Y
	D	A	N	I	E	L	S		G	E	O	R	G	I	A	

Advice to Blondes on Make-Up

by Genevieve Tobin

. . . As told to Florence Vondelle

"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction . . . so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

* * *

Whatever your type . . . blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead . . . there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN
AND
CARY GRANT IN

"Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture produced by B. P. Schulberg

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

POWDER . . . *Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its lifelike color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.*

ROUGE . . . *The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge. Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; and its creamy-smooth texture make it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.*

LIPSTICK . . . *Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of her lovely beauty. Perfect lip make-up! . . . for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

JUST FILL IN the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*". . . Free. 3-7-82 © 1934 Max Factor

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check*
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*type above and here* ☐

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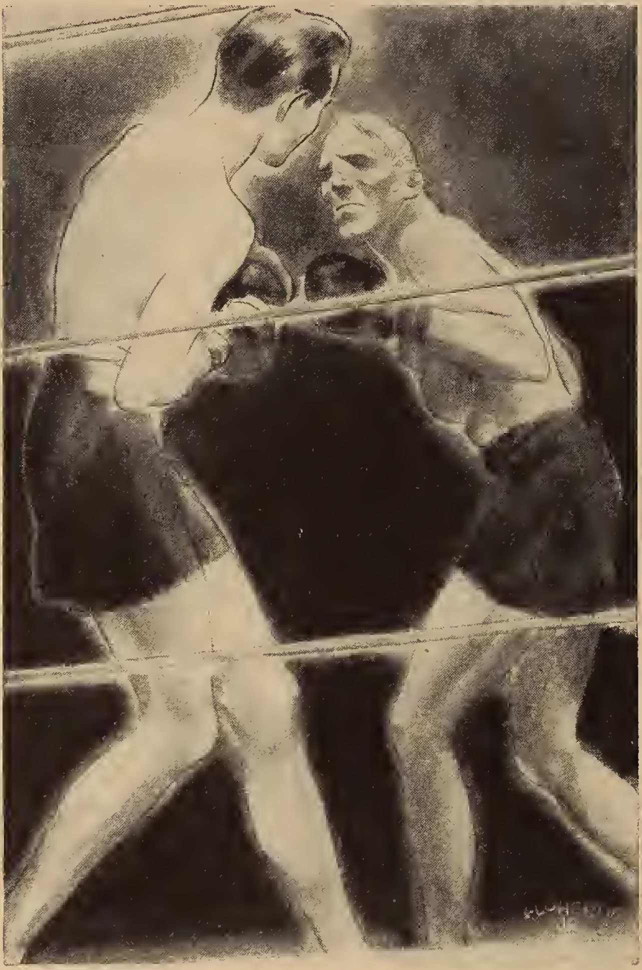
He Had to Make Good

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

By JACK GRANT

Illustrated by

JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



HE was sixteen and his particular pal in those days was two years older. Born and raised in the city, both lads had known the sidewalks of New York as their only playground. School to them was merely an interlude in the day's hustle and noise.

Their heroes were the neighborhood barkeeps, gamblers, ward-heelers and prize-fighters. They did more than a little fighting, themselves—street brawls when the gang from Ninth Avenue met the gang from Tenth. Then there would be a rough-and-ready scrap. Any weapon at hand was used, if necessary.

One night there was nothing to do. The rival gangs had been put to rout several days before and had not as yet reorganized for further attack in the endless warfare of Ninth against Tenth Avenue.

"Got any ideas?" Hopefully, the sixteen-year-old appealed to his more adult friend.

"There's a prize fight on," suggested his pal.

"How can we get in?" scoffed the boy who had never seen a real, honest-to-goodness fight, but didn't want to admit it. "We haven't got the price."

"Come on, I'll show you. It's all in knowing the ropes."

Whether or not he actually "knew the ropes" was a question. Perhaps there was a doubt in his own mind, but having bragged, he had to deliver. So with all the confidence in the world, outwardly at least, he approached the doorman at the fight arena, the younger boy in tow.

"Professional," he muttered as he tried to pass in without paying.

"You're not a professional," the doorman objected. "I've seen you around before."

"Not me," the prospective gate-crasher said quickly. "It's the kid here. Ain't you never seen him fight? I'm his manager."

"I guess it's okay. Go on in." The doorman wasn't exactly impressed, but there were so many "ham-and-bean" scrappers hanging around his second-rate club that he couldn't be expected to know them all.

The boys could hardly suppress their grins at the success of their hoax. They found seats as near the ringside as they dared and sat watching the preliminary bout with wide eyes. The smaller of the battlers scored a knock-out in the third round. It was swell.

Then the lights went up and the boys settled back in their chairs to relax. But not for long. Across the arena, they sighted the doorkeeper pointing them out to a larger man. Could it be that their masquerade had been discovered? The big man might be the bouncer about to eject them ignominiously. They half-rose, ready to run, should their fears be realized.

"Which one of you fellows is a fighter?" the big man demanded.

The boys looked at one another. Should they bluff it through?

"I am," stammered the sixteen-year-old.

"Glad you're here. One of the guys who was to fight next didn't show up. I can switch the bouts and you can go on in his place. It's worth five bucks to you. Get ready in a hurry."

What to do? Not to take the fight would be to admit he had obtained a free admission upon false pretenses. Maybe he could be arrested for such an offense. *He had to make good.*

Fighting didn't look so hard. A smaller guy had just knocked out a heavier opponent. Besides, he was rated pretty handy with his fists in his own gang.

"All right," he said, nonchalantly (he hoped). And the next thing he knew, he was on the rub-down table . . . Those were horrible moments, when he climbed under the ropes and sat down in the corner they told him was his. The sea of faces seemed hostile through the haze of tobacco smoke. Surely, the crowd would know he was faking, would realize he had never fought before. He could feel the vein in his neck throbbing.

He stole a glance at the man he was to fight. No youngster, this. He looked tough. Swell muscles. And a cauliflower ear. He was in for it . . . The referee mumbled some instructions. The boy didn't understand, but couldn't ask him to repeat. Then the bell. The first round.

It was a slaughter. The other fellow hit him at will. But, somehow, the kid managed to stand up. One-sided as the fight was, there were no knock-downs. Three times the bell halted what might have been disaster. But the end of the fourth round, and of the fight, found the kid on his feet.

"Where did you ever fight?" the manager ironically asked as he paid off.

"Oh—lots of places." No use telling now. He had made good.

That was the first of twenty-two fights in the flyweight class. The kid got so that he was winning regularly. Ring experts told him there was a future for him in the game, possibly a championship. But meanwhile he had learned to dance. He hung up his gloves and swapped his ring shoes for a pair of dancing pumps. He did well at that game, too, had a future. Then he was given a rôle in a motion picture. He flipped a half-dollar and it decided his future for all time.

George Raft became an actor.

LAMPS STILL BLACKEN QUICKLY
—if you buy them carelessly

TO AVOID PREMATURE BLACKENING ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS MARK
MAZDA
GE
100 WATTS

The smoked-up chimney of the old-fashioned kerosene lamp has its modern prototype in the inferior incandescent lamp!

Premature blackening of lamp bulbs due to the presence of "water vapor" or from other causes adds to the cost of light. They are unsightly too! As bad as grandmother's chimney when the flame was too high.

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MAZDA LAMPS

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To look beautiful

..that's why I changed to
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Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

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NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

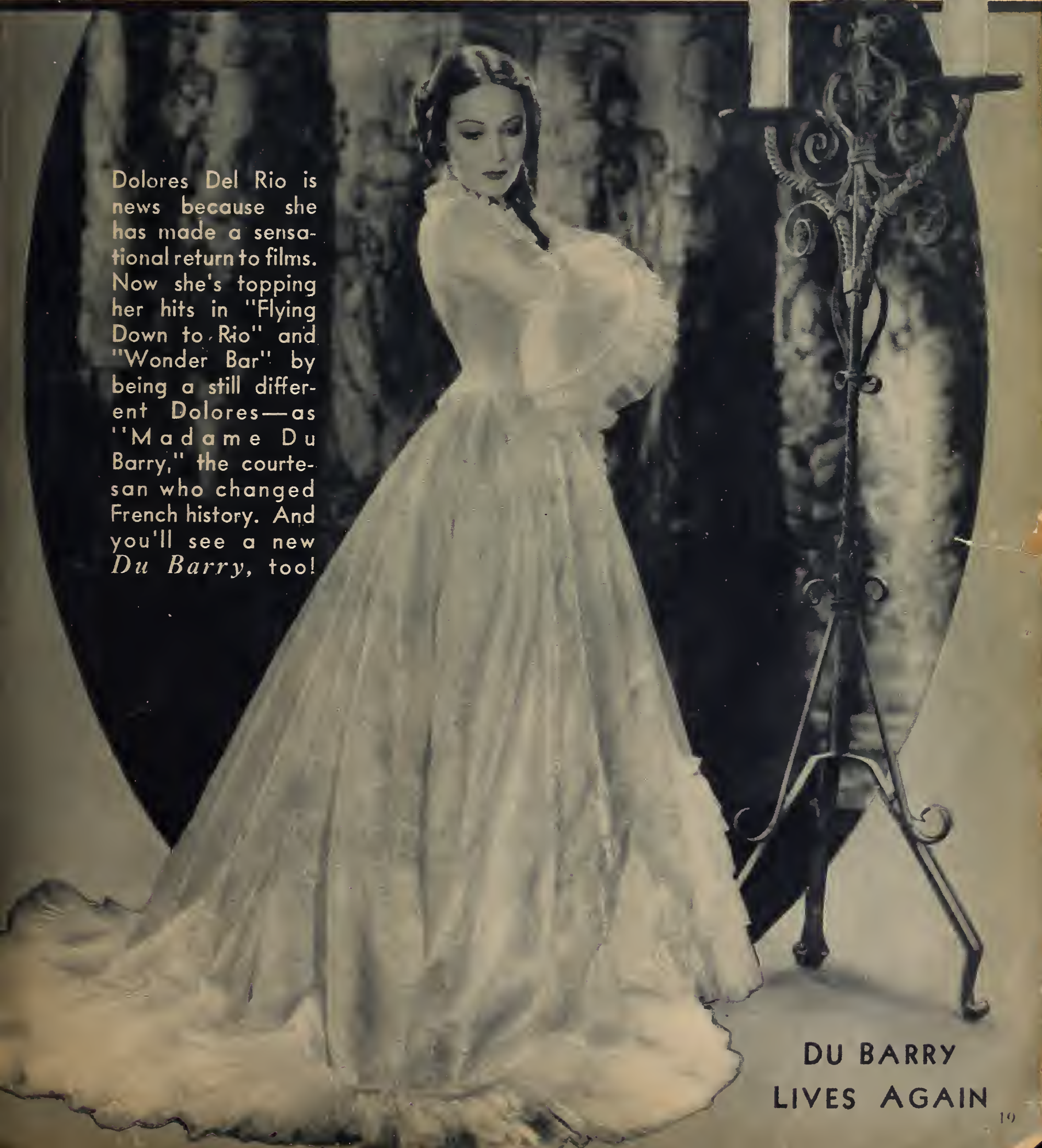
Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is *different!*

Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to *your* teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains *twice as much*—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Bernice Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.

NRA

MOVIE CLASSIC'S *New* CLOSE-UPS OF PLAYERS WHO ARE NEWS



Dolores Del Rio is news because she has made a sensational return to films. Now she's topping her hits in "Flying Down to Rio" and "Wonder Bar" by being a still different Dolores—as "Madame Du Barry," the courtesan who changed French history. And you'll see a new *Du Barry*, too!

DU BARRY LIVES AGAIN

HOW SOON WILL ANN HARDING TAKE THE PLUNGE?

You seldom see the madonna-like Ann in a swimming suit—but swim she does, in a pool hewn out of rock at her hilltop home. And since Hollywood thinks "Harding Heights" must be lonely, the town keeps wondering if she and Harry Bannister won't remarry. Meanwhile, she is getting into deep water in "The Life of Vergie Winters"—defying a whole town because of a great love

Sidney Fox is back, smiling, after an absence of more than a year. And the mite-iest star, recently divorced, feels carefree enough to add considerably to the gaiety of nations in "Down to Their Last Yacht." It's a musical comedy about some bankrupt millionaires who have a shipwreck

DO SIDNEY AND BETTE LOOK ANY DIFFERENT TO YOU?

Bette Davis is doing something new—and a thing that no self-important beauty would do. She's playing an unsympathetic rôle—that of the callous heart-breaker in Leslie Howard's life in "Of Human Bondage." In other words—"the girl you'll love to hate"!

WALLY AND WILL —THE OLD DEPENDABLES

Wallace Beery and Will Rogers never let you down. They're always real. Wally, forgetting how Mexican he was in "Viva Villa," is now that peg-legged pirate, *Long John Silver*, in "Treasure Island." And Will, the ex-cowboy, is willingly roped into being a small-town druggist in "Handy Andy"

JEAN PARKER LIVING A CINDERELLA STORY

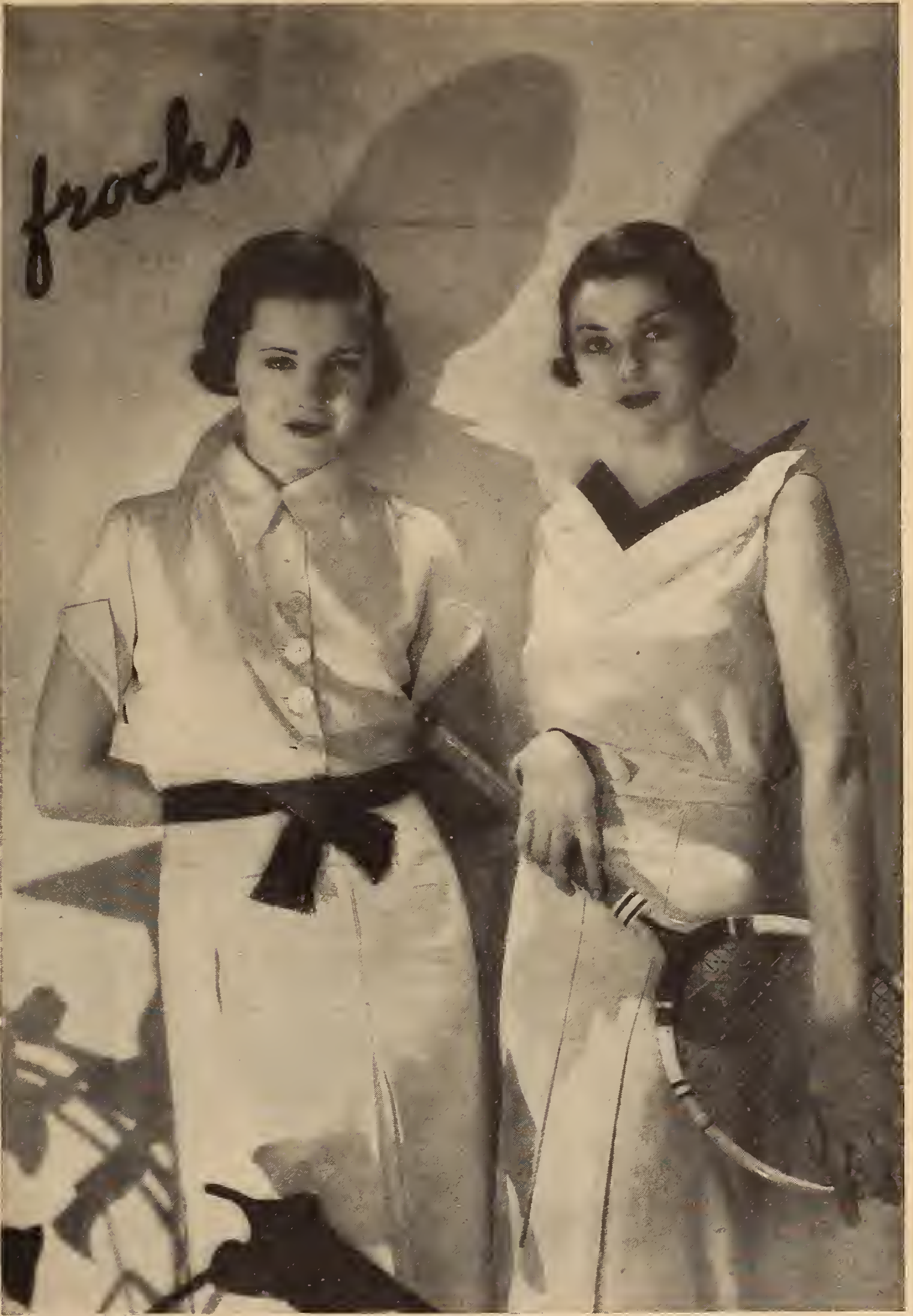
Cinderellas are rare in Hollywood these days, but so are Jean Parkers. The girl who has captured the heart of everyone—young or old, male or female—was a "mother's helper" before the movies found her. Jean lived on dreams then; now she's a dream living—as you'll see in "Operator 13"

JACK HOLT—CIVILIZED HE-MAN

Remember how, in pictures, Jack used to go to the dogs? Now, the dogs go to Jack—hounds being hero-worshipers. For he has packed away the duds that typed him as rough-and-ready—and has become an emotional hero. If you saw him in "Whirlpool," watch for "Black Moon"!

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

★★ Two *lovable frocks* whose future is rosy if washed with pure IVORY FLAKES!



IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

In New York, you'll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor's, the famous Fifth Avenue store that's a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America's finest!

They are made of Suavelle* a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed six times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the sixth washing looks as lovely as new! That's the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they're quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—so safe, that goodness knows why you'd ever risk using any other soap flakes!

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience . . . the collar buttons high or unbuttons low . . . Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons . . . the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Lord & Taylor the famous New York store, says: "Wash these silk frocks with **IVORY FLAKES**"

They have to take in emotions to give them out. You can prove it by thinking over the best pictures of any stars you want to name. They were in love when they made them! And when they are out of love, you can tell the difference by their acting

Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy in love? She denied it—but their acting in "A Man's Castle" said just the opposite

Stars in LOVE Make

THE hectic loves of Hollywood have an actual dollars-and-cents value at the box office. They mean money for the producers—and better pictures for you. A check-up of the screen successes of the last five years proves undeniably that stars in love make more memorable pictures than stars out of love, between loves, without love or even placidly and domestically contented.

"It isn't only our outward selves that are photographed," Janet Gaynor once said. "It's our hearts, our feelings. We can't hide them from the camera." Janet knew what she was talking about.

Hollywood directors are geniuses, many of them. But even they can't make a great picture with a woman who may be a star, but may also be a bored wife, a dissatisfied divorcée, or an unawakened girl. On the other hand, with Love as an Assistant Director on the picture, they can turn a mediocre star into a great emotional actress, quivering with tremulous, vibrant powers that she does not suspect in herself.

Invariably, the great successes that have either made new stars or confirmed a player's right to stardom are synchronized with an overwhelming love experienced at the moment in their private lives. This is true of Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Ruth

Garbo, interested in Rouben Mamoulian, was a new person in "Queen Christina"

Their Pictures Should
TELL ALL

Do stars in love make better pictures—and do stars out of love make indifferent ones? You should be able to test the theory in the next few months. Here would be some proofs:

If Katharine Hepburn is in love and about to marry again, as rumored, "Joan of Arc" should be her greatest picture to date.

If Dolores Del Rio's marriage to Cedric Gibbons is headed for the rocks, as rumored, "Du Barry" should reflect her unhappiness.

If Joan Crawford should be even better in "Sacred and Profane Love" than in "Dancing Lady," when she and Franchot Tone were That Way, would that indicate a new love—Francis Lederer, perhaps?

"The Green Hat" should reveal whether Constance Bennett is falling in or out of love.

If Anna Sten is as magnetic and vibrant in "Resurrection" as in "Nana," you should be able to set down her marriage to Dr. Eugen Frenke as one of Hollywood's happiest.

Who will ever forget Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven"? Or believe they weren't in love then?

"Dancing Lady" was a comeback for Joan Crawford, after several indifferent pictures. Franchot Tone was the reason!

MOVIE CLASSIC
You'll Read It in
THESE PAGES FIRST

BETTER PICTURES

Barbara Stanwyck has never given a poor performance. She has never been out of love. Frank Fay isn't just her husband; he is also her inspiration. She *lives* her screen emotions!

Chatterton, Kay Francis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—and countless others. They all ride on the crest of the wave—they realize their latent greatness when glamour touches their lives in the hours they are away from the studio, when LOVE means something to them besides an emotion to be simulated before camera and microphone. Sometimes they are able to keep their new loves from their most intimate friends—sometimes even from Walter Winchell. But they give away their secret to the camera!

Garbo in Love Made History

GARBO'S career may well be divided into three cycles: the Garbo of "The Torrent"; the Garbo of "Flesh and the Devil"; the Garbo of "Queen Christina." And these three periods have been the emotion-laden days of her life.

Mauritz Stiller, the great Swedish director, who brought her to this country, was then her god to be adored. Before him she poured out her young and fledgling love; the camera captured that intangible, gleaming state of her spirit—and the Garbo of "The Torrent" was, overnight, a flaming, glorious star.

It was not until "Flesh and the Devil"—when her romance with John Gilbert was scorching on and off the set—that Garbo again inflamed the world with her genius. In this picture she was not an impenetrable, somber woman of mystery, but a radiant girl, eyes humid with

(*Continued on page 58*)

A new romance made Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (above) a star in "Catherine the Great"!

Frances Dee's romance with Joel McCrea started during "The Silver Cord." So did her rise in films!

WHY THE YEN FOR BRITISH MEN?

By RICHARD ENGLISH

What is this subtle appeal that the Britons have—that has made them the white-haired boys of Hollywood and the favorites of movie-goers the world over? Here's the answer—about each and every one of them!

For eight years, women have been falling hard for the romantic charm of Ronald Colman (top). Leslie Howard (above) is the idol of the idealists, the screen's most sensitive lover

WITH suave bedroom deadliness, Herbert Marshall has stolen Maurice Chevalier's laurels as the screen's most sophisticated lover; Leslie Howard has become the idol of the idealists and is rated as the most superb actor of all the cinema heroes; Clive Brook goes his imperturbable way as the most consistently capable leading man on the screen; for the eighth year Ronald Colman retains his garland as the king of romantic charm, and Charles Laughton wins the Academy award for the best performance of 1933! What cinematic crown remains for Hollywood's home-bred hopefuls? It's far more than just a "yen" for British men——it's an avalanche of applause and appreciation and genuine liking!

American actors are acquiring English accents and manners—while the bona-fide Britons are acquiring the fat parts. Why? Hollywood Don Juans are almost completely ignored in the beauties' rush for the English invaders. Why? And above all, WHY are these reserved, taciturn screen lovers the heart-accelerators to fans and stars alike? It has become more and more appar-

Herbert Marshall (above) is Hollywood's new idea of a suave, sophisticated lover—and the world seems to be seconding the motion. And Hugh Williams (left), who makes his American bow in "All Men Are Enemies," has a boyish straightforwardness that Hollywood is finding irresistible

MOVIE CLASSIC

ent that the ladies of the screen and the ladies of the audience prefer men who are not so rough and ready—Britons, whose casual approach and subtleties lead to conquests that are unadorned by slaps or endearment with well-aimed grapefruit!

In the case of Leslie Howard vs. all American competition, his shy and grave charm has overwhelmed any possible contenders. Like Charles Laughton, he has brought to the screen superior talent, rather than flashy personality; a great artistry, instead of histrionics. Each and every one of these Englishmen has poise and diction that others envy, but cannot emulate. Ronald Colman's ironic and bitter charm has not once had a first-rate challenger. Now Harry Wilcoxon, who is playing the rôle of *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra," has Johnny Weissmuller peering dubiously into his mirror.

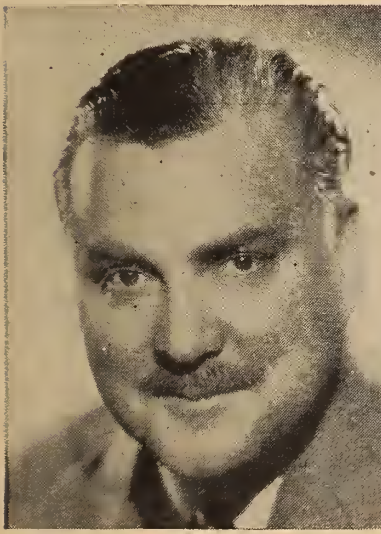
Whether it's in physique, poise or personality, these foreign favorites can give many American actors cards and spades and beat them hands down! And Hollywood has learned to take it and like it, as the English dominance has become more and more permanent.

Adding insult to injury, another newcomer from across the sea—Hugh Williams—threatens to complete the British monopoly in things Hollywood. After previewing his first American picture, "All Men Are Enemies," Fox Studio all but broke out with the Union Jack over the administration building. Still in his twenties, Hugh has had ten years of London and Broadway success and is heir apparent to the throne of King of the Juveniles.

With a boyish straightforwardness, the Williams personality has studio publicity men in paroxysms of praise, and actresses are fighting over who shall personally conduct his tour of Hollywood. Unmarried, handsome and personable, Hugh appears destined to capture an extra-curricular title—that of the screen's most eligible young man. His first picture rôle in "Rome Express," an English picture, brought him his contract; and Hollywood Lotharios are already ruing the day he arrived.

Clive Brook—probably the most British-looking of any of John Bull's boys in Hollywood—has women stars constantly battling for him as leading man

Weissmuller, watch out! For below is a British lad—Harry Wilcoxon—who has a powerful physique and a he-man manner. He is *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra"



Nigel Bruce (above) is a British newcomer of assurance and poise—and a specialist in light comedy. And Hollywood is Bruce-conscious already!

Charles Laughton—well, once you see him play a rôle, you don't forget that rôle. He won the Academy award for the best acting of 1933. In other words, the award went to a Briton!

Leslie Howard, Artist

FROM his first day on the camera coast, Leslie Howard has been a crusader for finer and better pictures. He has consistently refused any binding, long-term contracts, preferring to work on a two- or three-picture plan in which he selects the pictures. And his selections to date have been infallible. Leslie taught producers that the public could not only understand, but *wanted* different pictures. Two of his greatest successes have been in "Outward Bound"

(*Continued on page 56*)

MOVIE CLASSIC
QUICKEST
to Tell the Newest News

She dares to be different—she doesn't play the game Hollywood's way—and the movie colony resents that. But Margaret isn't likely to change and "go Hollywood"!

Margaret SULLAVAN, Hollywood's PET PEEVE

By William F. French

This is one of the most penetrating, analytical stories we have ever run. And it not only gives you a complete picture of Margaret Sullavan; it also is a commentary on Hollywood—which has proved itself unforgiving toward a star who tries to be herself and doesn't put on an act. For, as the author says, you can apparently do anything you want to do in Hollywood—except to be different, as Margaret Sullavan is.—*Editor.*

HOLLYWOOD can be set on its ear—and how! So let's talk about the girl who has been under its pink skin for the past six or eight months; the lass who is so entirely different that she has given the whole Village of Make-Believe acute mental bunions. We mean Margaret Sullavan, Hollywood's Pet Peeve.

You'll agree that she must be interesting to ruffle the calm of this blasé, skeptical, sophisticated and altogether bored habitat of celebrities—and what-not. In this land of tuxedo-swimming, bathing-suit polo and hob-nailed dancing, what sort of act do you think it took to put the town's equilibrium in a tailspin and its denizens in high dudgeon?

Just no act at all—and that's what has scorched Hollywood. Not to stage an act is the one thing our Borough of Pretense can't understand—or tolerate. If you don't pull a few Houdini or Garbo or sleight-of-hand performances, Hollywood becomes suspicious, and grows impatient for you to start doing your stuff. To put on no act at all is being "different," and Hollywood doesn't like people who are different, who don't obey the Hollywood rules.

You may be "original," eccentric, wild, high-hat, communistic, bizarre, odd, temperamental, exotic, psychic, intellectual, vibrative, or plain crazy; but never, never different. Because if you are different, you don't play Hollywood's game, and that is the unpardonable sin in these here parts.

If you think it isn't, just ask Margaret Sullavan. Or, better yet, read any of the charming little stories that have been written about her during the past year; or lend your ear to a bit of local gossip about her.

What you hear will convince you that it doesn't pay to be different, and Margaret *is* different—and how! (We almost said "different, thank God!")

What Makes Hollywood Sore

THERE is a definite reason why Margaret Sullavan's name has not been put on Hollywood's cheering list, but has been inscribed, instead, very, very near the top of the raspberry roster. She positively will not play the way Hollywood likes to play.

In this Town of Talk the height of ill-breeding is to fail to return compliment for compliment, blah for blah, and gush for gush—and not to put on act for act and pretense for pretense. And that's just what Margaret won't do—

(*Continued on page 64*)

HEPBURN NEEDED THOSE SPANKINGS!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"Katharine the Great" has taken several slaps and cuffs from Fate since she left Hollywood for the East last winter. But the "spankings" have done her more good than bouquets would have. Anyway, she has proved she "could take them"!

"KATHARINE HEPBURN is through already," the rumor hounds are saying these days. "Her spirit's broken by all the defeats she has had lately." To that our answer is "Pish!", "Tosh!" and likewise "Phooey!" But there is no denying that the vital and amazing Hepburn—who appeared unheralded on the screen two years ago in the preview of "A Bill of Divorcement" and sent long-established lady stars home with the jitters—has struck several snags recently.

The high-handed young lady with the expressive nostrils and mobile mouth, who arrived in Hollywood in a weird hat that looked like a college mortarboard on a binge, has been not only a seven days' wonder, but a seventy-times-seven days' wonder to the Movie Capital. Accepting the not-always-willing homage of stars, directors, producers, fans and interviewers as one born to the purple, Katharine Hepburn has steadily increased the awe in which Hollywood holds her—*without increasing her personal popularity*.

The decision of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences typifies her position in the film colony. Nine hundred members of the Academy voted on the actress to receive the award for the finest work of last year. A jury of her peers gave Hepburn the honor—by a large majority, it is said. But when the announcement of the award was made at the Academy dinner, few applauded. Will Rogers, master of ceremonies, bluntly admitted that he "had been kinda sad all evening because he couldn't give the prize to May Robson." Hepburn's selection was the most unanimous and most unpopular ever made by the Academy.

Why All the Rumors?

BUT why, with RKO-Radio urging their greatest—if most inexplicable and exasperating star—to return to make a picture, with every screen magazine carrying Hepburn covers and stories, with newspapers Hepburn-conscious, with a British company offering her $200,000 for one picture, why should there be persistent rumors that her star is waning?

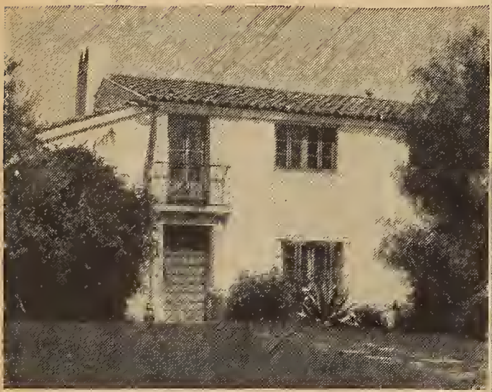
Perhaps, with Hollywood, the wish is parent of the

(*Continued on page 60*)

Hollywood is saying that Katharine Hepburn's spirit is "broken," because of the figurative blows she has sustained on her cocky chin. But Katharine isn't discouraged so easily. She will soon be back—making "Joan of Arc"

LILYAN.

By GLADYS HALL



Edmund Lowe is staying on in the Beverly Hills house (above)—because of its memories of Lilyan Tashman. And Lilyan once told him: "I want you to go on living here, as we have always done, living your life, having a good time . . ."

"SHE died as every beautiful woman wants to die, I think, while she was still young and beautiful; she went out as every fine trouper wants to go, still trouping; the curtain went down on her greatest performance—" there was silence for a moment in the garden that Lilyan Tashman has left, and then her husband added, under his breath, "and what a *great* performance it was!" Then, too, for the first and only time during our morning's talk together, Edmund Lowe's gray eyes dimmed with tears under his suddenly silvered hair. He wears his sorrow as a crown, I thought, in that hair, suddenly turned.

"Her courage was a miracle to me," he said. "Only I know how she suffered, what excruciating agonies, and only I know how gallantly she bore them . . ."

We were sitting in the garden at the back of Lilyan's house—still so much Lilyan's house that her presence has not gone away from it. Within that house not a picture is changed, not an ornament moved. In the drawing room, with its white walls and soft salmon-pink chairs and divans and white taffeta cushions; its gleam of softly polished wood and crystal and porcelain, its framed pictures of Lilyan and Ed together, always together, there lingers the presence of Lilyan so potently, so individually, that you know why Ed has chosen to remain here, with her.

He said, "She *is* still here—you know, I believe that. I believe that she can see the house, see me here, in it."

On the grand piano, painted white and amusing with its frieze of painted Pans and goat-like gods, stands a picture of Lilyan and Ed taken at the Darryl Zanuck "Bowery" party only last December. Lilyan was wearing pink tulle and a wide picture hat of the Gay Nineties—Lilyan who, dying, was the gayest of the gay.

Upstairs, at the head of the steps, on their glass shelves, is Lilyan's collection of hands—porcelain hands, Lalique hands, jade hands, china hands, all with their tapering white forefingers pointing upward. Upstairs, too, her room is as she left it, with its white walls and rugs, white

Only to a close friend could Edmund Lowe have told what you will read here—his most vivid memories of Lilyan Tashman; the untold story of their last days together. It is his tribute to her as a woman, as an actress and as a wife

Lilyan loved this little cottage at Malibu Beach, where she and Eddie so often held "open house." She planned and decorated it—entirely in red and white

Wide World

Edmund Lowe, now alone, remembers only too vividly how beautiful Lilyan looked on his arm at the Mayfair Ball last February—and how she masked her suffering

screen with a great black and white zebra rampant across it, flowers in silver vases, the framed photograph of Ed near to the white moire bed where the eyes that loved him best could see him morning and night. In a French cabinet stand rows and rows of Lilyan's slippers, velvets and brocades and satins, seeming to wait for the dancing feet that loved to dance to the end. Across the hall is the room that Lilyan had done for Ed before she left on her last trip to New York; the room that she planned in every detail and never saw, completed.

Had Flair for Feminine Things

"SHE had a flair for this sort of thing," Ed told me. "She had a flair for home-making, for smart dressing, for all of the feminine things. I have often seen her, in a hotel lobby, or on the street and have thought, 'There is an attractive girl,' and haven't recognized her until we were face to face. She had the quality of unexpectedness—and she loved this place, our home, more than anything else in the world.

"We bought the property together. We built the house in the days when we had to have a building and loan company carry the mortgage for us. We paid it all off, together. You don't give away a tie or a watch that has been given to you by someone you love, do you? Why should I give away or leave this home that Lilyan gave to me? Because, if you know what I mean, she *did* give it to me.

"With all of her professional interests, she never left the house in the morning without first going into the kitchen to give her orders to the cook. It was always 'Have roast-beef tonight, the way Mr. Lowe likes it' or 'Fix the dessert this way—Mr. Lowe is especially fond of it.' Her last act, last thoughts before she left home each day were to plan and arrange this room for me."

Ed said, "I knew last August what was ahead. And here is the most heart-

(*Continued on page 66*)

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT

20th CENTURY

You've heard about "the battle of the century"? Wait till you see the battle of the "20th Century"—between Carole Lombard and John Barrymore. She plays an actress with a temper; he plays a producer with a temperament

CHANGE OF HEART

When they first land in New York to battle the world after college, Charles Farrell is sweet on Ginger Rogers, who is cuh-razy about James Dunn, who likes Janet Gaynor, who is fond of Charlie. And they all have a "Change of Heart"

LITTLE MISS MARKER

Are you Shirley Temple-conscious yet? Well, you will be after you see her as the orphan who is willed to Adolphe Menjou, shabby racetrack "bookie." Dorothy Dell and Charles Bickford help to make things colorful and amusing

20th CENTURY—Columbia

Barrymore Is a Riot!

THIS "20th Century" moves faster than the train it gets its name from, is as mad as March hares are supposed to be and gives everybody—including the cast—an uproarious, mirthful holiday. It is, to put it bluntly, a wow. You can blame that partly on Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who wrote the story and the sharp—nay, killing—dialogue; and John Barrymore, in the leading rôle, can take the rest of the censure for making all previous screen comedies of the year look lifeless and laughless by comparison.

John is a long-haired theatrical producer who has delusions of genius, fits of temperament, and a passion for Carole Lombard, with whom he had once battled after changing her from *Mildred Plotka*, a dumb tenement queen, into *Lily Garland*, "world's greatest actress." On the *20th Century*, returning from Chicago, he again meets her; she's returning from Hollywood with her new manager and new love, Ralph Forbes. And Barrymore, broke, tries every conceivable ruse to get her under contract—even taking ideas from a harmless lunatic and two whiskered members of a Passion Play cast; and finally doing some acting, himself, that is excruciatingly melodramatic. It's a keen, devastating, constantly hilarious satire of the humbugs of the world. You can't afford to miss it—or Barrymore, who runs wild as he never before has on the screen and "chews the scenery" as only a novice or a mad wag could. Carole, let it be known, outdoes herself as *Lily Garland*, matching his mad melodramatics. In fact, the whole cast, which also includes Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison and Etienne Girardot, gets into the spirit of the thing!

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox

Gaynor-Farrell Have a Gay Reunion

"CHANGE OF HEART" is one of those pictures that the Great American Public cries for, and seldom gets. It not only has that down-to-earth love team, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—reunited after two years; it also has that playful pair, James Dunn and Ginger Rogers; and it also has a story that twists and turns, con-

PICTURES by Larry Reid

stantly surprises, constantly entertains. Half a comedy, half a human interest story, it is more than half-amusing.

Janet, Charlie, Jimmy and Ginger are four California collegians who band together, invade New York, and are determined to make good in the big city. Janet loves Charlie; he loves Ginger; she is smitten with Jimmy; and he, in turn, is sweet on Janet—which gives you an idea of the amusing tangle that the plot is in, to begin with. Then things began to happen to the foursome that pull their heart-strings (and yours) this way and that; exciting things, as well as amusing things—exciting, that is, in a mild way. You feel that Janet and Charlie will eventually be in each other's arms, and that Jimmy may discover Ginger's attractions, but you don't foresee just how that will happen. In other words, the picture has *some* suspense. It's not a great picture, by any means, but it's worth anybody's movie money. The principals get good support from such old dependables as Beryl Mercer and Gustav von Seyffertitz, and from that little scene-stealer, Shirley Temple. But Jimmy Dunn walks off with the high honors.

LITTLE MISS MARKER—

Paramount

You'll Love Her—and You'll Laugh

SPEAKING of the aforementioned Miss Temple, the Temple bells will be ringing after "Little Miss Marker" gets around. She plays the title rôle with Helen Hayes reality and appeal that will get under the toughest hides. In fact, that's just what the story shows her doing. Orphaned by the suicide of her gambling father, she is willed to a shabby racetrack bookie, Adolphe Menjou (it's his first "shabby" rôle, and does he eat it up!), who doesn't know what to do with her. "Keep her!" advise his hard-boiled buddies, who go soft about her and even pretend to be King Arthur's Knights for her sake. And where does the dramatic conflict enter it? Dorothy Dell takes to the child and that très tough Charles Bickford, who gets vengeful.

It's a colorful tale, from the pen of Damon Runyon, who wrote "Lady for a Day"—and in its tough characters trying to be

(*Continued on page 70*)

SADIE McKEE

Joan Crawford is again battling the world—not to mention men-about-town—in "Sadie McKee." Millionaires just naturally gravitate to spunky little girls, it must be. Franchot Tone, after some difficulties, wins her this time

HE WAS HER MAN

James Cagney has to do some fast thinking in "He Was Her Man"—faced with being put "on the spot." And one of the things he wonders about is whether or not he should take Joan Blondell away from Victor Jory, her husband-to-be

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS

As you can see above, "Thirty-Day Princess" has a New York background. Sylvia Sidney is there both as a real princess, and as a girl who doubles for her, making a big impression with Cary Grant, who publishes newspapers and is hard-boiled

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

"I knew I picked a winner!" cameraman George Barnes tells his wife, Joan Blondell. She recently won this trophy from the Wampas as the 1931 Baby Star who has made the most progress

Elizabeth Allan is back from England at last—but maybe she wouldn't be here even now if hubby W. J. O'Bryen hadn't come along with her. He was the reason why she stayed away so long; they can't bear separation

Wide World

Charles Laughton wasn't around when Hollywood voted him the best actor of 1933—he was in voluntary exile in England, acting on the stage. But he's back now—with his hair long for his rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." With him is his wife, Elsa Lanchester, who is in Doug Fairbanks' new picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan"

Amalgamated

The boy grows older—and Dad is proud of him. And, from the look of things, William Powell is in the confidence of William, Jr., his son by his first wife. On Big Bill's days off, they're usually together

Acme

Jean Harlow (left), with Norma Shearer, smiled as maid-of-honor at the wedding of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, but the next day, Jean announced that her own marriage to Hal Rosson was all over!

MOVIE CLASSIC'S HOLLYWOOD SCOOPS

DIETRICH AND VON STERNBERG RUMORED RIFTED; DITTO MAE WEST AND JAMES TIMONY

Famous Star-Director Combination Reported to Have Disagreed about New Film; and After Fifteen Years, Mae West and Her Manager Seem to Have Had a Tiff

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Marlene Dietrich and director Josef von Sternberg (above), famous for their picture teamwork, are said to have had serious differences over "Scarlet Empress." And while Mae West says that James Timony (with her, left) is still her manager, there are signs that she is managing by herself

HOLLYWOOD breaks up other things besides marriages—such things as friendships, long business associations, director-and-star combinations. It may be that it has broken up two of the most famous teams of Hollywood—namely, Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg, and Mae West and James Timony.

Not long ago director von Sternberg and his star had an argument on the set of "Scarlet Empress," and as the German actress rushed away, Von raised his arms to heaven and made the now-famous remark, "I have created a *Frankenstein!*"

That argument, gossip now hints, was nothing compared to the remarks made by Marlene in the studio cutting-room (an apt place for cutting remarks), as she watched herself as *Catherine the Great* almost lost among granite monsters, grotesque shadows and weird camera angles. In effect, her remarks ran as follows: "I shall not stay! I shall go home! Your gargoyles have more chance to act than your actors! I am tired of Art!"

It is said that the star and director each did their own cutting of the picture, producing two very different versions. Which of these versions will reach the public remains to be seen. If it is Von's, say Marlene's intimates, she may up and accept the offer that Hitler made her last year and return to Germany to head the new, struggling all-Aryan film industry there. Husband Rudolph Sieber has rushed to her side.

Mae West and her trusted friend and manager, James Timony, are another twosome who may not be able to stand the strain of Hollywood, although their association has existed for nearly fifteen years. For some time, rumor says, Mae has been restless under the direction of the big, burly Tammany lawyer who has handled her business for so long. A short time ago her set was barred to him, as well as to all others. And residents of the exclusive apartment house where Timony had an apartment in order to be near Mae say that he has moved away.

Heretofore, all interviewers were referred to her manager for appointments; now, Timony shakes his head. "You'll have to ask Miss West," he says glumly; "I'm not handling her interviews now."

"Mr. Timony is getting his check as usual," Mae says, curtly. "He is still my *business manager*." (Is there a slight stress on the word "business"?)

Not so long ago, Mae and her manager were insistently denying rumors that they were married. Now, simultaneously with the reports that they have rifted as business partners, come romance rumors about the Queen of Sex Appeal—rumors that a prize-fighter is attentive to her, that a writer is That Way about her.

HEPBURN DIVORCES MUCH-DENIED MATE; NOT TELLING PLANS

Katharine, Who Once Said She "Had Never Heard" of Ludlow Smith, Wins Freedom in Mexico; But She's Not Admitting It If She Has Any New Marriage Plans

By ANN SLATER

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S reasons for wanting a quick divorce—unless she wanted to marry again quickly—are still a mystery. And the emotions of Ludlow Ogden Smith, the young broker-husband who was shed so precipitately, are also a mystery. But his friends hint that "the most-denied husband in the world" did not weep at the sudden course of events.

Maybe Katharine didn't want to be dubbed "Kate" Smith. However that may be, when she arrived in Hollywood as Miss Katharine Hepburn, she began coolly denying the existence of a husband. When the name of Mr. Smith was mentioned, she said she had "never heard of such a person." And when she was confronted with the record of her marriage in such an incontrovertible medium as the Social Register, Katharine had an answer for that, too. "Oh," said she, "that must be the *other* Katharine Hepburn. They're always getting her mixed up with me. I've never been married."

Of course, the one-sided controversy whetted public interest in the newcomer no end. But since she *had* married Mr. Smith of Philadelphia in December, 1928, and they *had* shared a small house in New York for a considerable length of time as man and wife, it is no wonder if the gentleman did become slightly peeved as time went on.

"Ludlow is burned up," a friend of his told me a short time ago. "He has had about enough of this being belittled, and pushed aside, and made a joke of—"

Which might indicate that the recent divorce secured by Katharine Hepburn in Mexico was satisfactory to her often-denied husband, as well as to the screen star. Still, this was no sudden impulse on Katharine's part. She went back East last year definitely determined to get a divorce, as her remark to a writer-acquaintance just before departure indicated. "I can't give you a life-story now," she said, "because if I did, it wouldn't be true next Spring. I expect several changes in it this winter—*important changes*."

She went East with the ostensible sole purpose of appearing in the stage play, "The Lake." But there are also indications that she had a Paris divorce in mind. For when "The Lake" closed, she secretly booked passage for France, and entered the ship by the steerage gangplank. But reporters were too alert for her. They were on hand with cameras, and when she arrived abroad, reporters trailed her. She stayed just four days, fleeing the inquisitive by taking a boat right back—and then vanishing when she reached New York, where she smiled happily and denied all reports of domestic difficulties. She next turned up in Mexico—where Norma Talmadge had secured a quick divorce only a few days previously. And there in Merida, Yucatan, she finally found her freedom.

But then the paradoxical Katharine wouldn't admit that she *didn't* have a husband. By 'plane and train, she arrived back in New York quickly—and put off reporters by talking of the Aztec ruins she had seen, showing them Indian slippers she had bought, and offering to give them her cat, "Spitfire," if they would go away and not bother her. On the same day that she returned to New York, her socialite agent, Leland Hayward (who, by the way, had just arranged a $70,000-a-year increase for her), left Hollywood by 'plane for New York. City editors sensed a new marriage for La Hepburn and sent out reporters to bombard Hayward with questions at all stops. That young man was considerably surprised—since there was a Mrs. Hayward already. (Though she was being rumored as on the verge of getting a divorce.)

In Hollywood, no romance rumor has ever buzzed around the tousled head of the town's most electric star—who has seldom been seen in public. Whether or not the Yucatan divorce was a prelude to a new marriage Hollywood could only surmise.

As for Katharine, she remarks, cryptically, "I can never tell about what I'll do from minute to minute. Really!"

Acme

Once, Katharine Hepburn wouldn't admit she had a husband; then, after going to Mexico for a divorce, she wouldn't admit that she *didn't* have a husband. Now, she's denying she will marry Leland Hayward (left), if and when he is free

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

RAQUEL TORRES WEDS STEPHEN AMES—BOTH CALL IT "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

Actress and Millionaire Ex-Mate of Adrienne Ames Met Just When Previous Romances Were Breaking Up; She Will Continue Career

By MURIEL MADDEN

RAQUEL TORRES, the Mexican girl who entered the movies from a convent and has been wooed by many men (including noblemen and millionaires), has just married for the first time. Her husband is Stephen Ames, millionaire New York broker, who was divorced from Adrienne Ames last October. And what is the history of their romance? How did it start?

They met at an important dinner given by a Hollywood studio executive, last Fall, when Stephen's marriage to Adrienne Ames was on the verge of break-up, as was Raquel's two-year engagement to Charles Feldman, Hollywood artists' agent. Almost instantly, a mutual sympathy arose between them. Suddenly, they were friends—as if they had known each other for years. Those things happen!

Raquel sailed for England to make a picture—breaking her engagement just before her departure. But she did not forget Stephen Ames, whom she had not seen again since the night of their first meeting; nor did he forget her.

Adrienne went to Nevada and secured a divorce. And on the fateful day when the decree was signed, Stephen, in New York, cabled Raquel, in London, the news of his freedom. It was his plan to go to Europe for rest and forgetfulness. But business affairs held him in New York. And in one blinding flash Raquel realized that she loved this man whom she had known but an hour or two; she realized that therein lay the reason for her indifference to the attentions of the English Duke of ancient heritage, of the wealthy Diamond King, of other men.

She cabled Stephen that she was returning to New York. He met Raquel and her sister, Renee, at the dock. (There is now a romance blossoming, by the way, between Renee and Stephen's brother, Paul.) New York saw much of Stephen Ames and Raquel Torres together—at night-clubs, in restaurants, at the theatre. Romance rumors were not long in starting. Then Raquel returned to Hollywood to resume her picture career. Stephen followed her to the Coast within a few days, and their engagement was announced.

Hollywood, of the acid tongue and suspicious mind, has circulated fantastic reasons for this match. Stephen Ames, it said, was marrying again so soon to spite Adrienne, because he still loved her. He would shower Raquel with such luxury, Hollywood said, as to make Adrienne jealous. Adrienne, meanwhile, aglow with happiness since her marriage to Bruce Cabot and bright-eyed with new ambitions, very wisely made no comment.

Acme

Stephen Ames and Raquel Torres had an unusual romance—and they climaxed it with an unusual wedding. Both wearing *leis*, they were married aboard a ship about to sail for Hawaii. The guests—not the bridal couple—had to "get away"

Raquel wore a dazzling diamond and Stephen presented her with an imported car as an engagement gift. But she put her foot down when he wanted to buy her a luxurious home in an exclusive suburb of Los Angeles. She chose to live simply—at Malibu to counteract any suspicions that she had married Stephen Ames for his money.

They were married very quietly, with only a few intimate friends to witness the ceremony—which was an unusual one. It took place in a suite buried in flowers aboard the ship on which they were sailing for a Hawaii honeymoon, and the usual procedure was reversed—for instead of the bride and groom leaving in a hurry, the guests were the ones who had to scurry from the scene.

Raquel Torres will continue with her career. She wants to stand on her own feet as an actress, and she seeks no favors because she is now the wife of a generous millionaire.

At the moment her house at Malibu Beach, where the famous of the screen live during the summer, is being renovated and refurnished. When the honeymooners return, there they will live—quietly and unostentatiously, if Raquel has her choice. Says Raquel: "This is one Hollywood marriage that will last!"

EDNA BEST ADMITS MARITAL TROUBLE; MARSHALL SEEN WITH GLORIA SWANSON

English Actress-Wife of Herbert Marshall Says "Perfect Marriage" Has Struck Snag; Meanwhile, Gloria Divorces Her Fourth Husband, Michael Farmer

By JOAN STANDISH

Vandamm

When this picture was taken, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best were not only co-stars on the stage, but were called the theatre's "happiest married couple"

"THERE is nothing a wife can do but stand by waiting, when her husband's name is linked with that of another woman. I wouldn't lift one finger to keep Herbert's love if he wants to give it to another." This is Edna Best's modern philosophy—given to me with tear-filled eyes, three days after she had returned from England a few months ago with her year-old baby, blissfully unconscious of any danger to her "perfect marriage," only to be met by a storm of gossip about husband Herbert Marshall's sudden interest in Gloria Swanson. Gloria, who was preparing to make her fourth screen comeback, was simultaneously preparing to discard her fourth husband, Michael Farmer.

"I would not fight a divorce, never!" Edna Best told me. "I learned the useless cruelty of that when my first marriage broke up. It was years before I even saw my twin babies again! My marriage to Herbert might have cost us both our careers. But people soon forget the biggest headlines. And our marriage has been so happy. Never once before has there been a hint of trouble."

Edna was one of the first English stars to be summoned to Hollywood. She was signed to play John Gilbert's leading lady in a picture, but before a camera turned, she ran away. Neither money nor the promise of Hollywood fame could keep her away from her husband, Herbert Marshall (who was then playing on the stage in New York). Their marriage has been called "the one perfect theatrical marriage," an idyllic love story.

That was what she still thought it when she stepped off the train from her long journey, bringing their baby to Hollywood, planning to make Hollywood their future home.

"That night," Edna told me, "we went to a party. We did not have time to talk till we got home. It was very late. When Herbert told me that in my absence he had met Miss Swanson and had found her utterly fascinating, it seemed to me that the world had stopped. . .

"He told me that he did not want a divorce. He asked me to stand by, and be patient for a little while. I am going to do just that. I'm going home to England as soon as my picture, 'Isle of Fury,' is finished and I'm going to wait and see whether or not the separation will be permanent. I don't blame any man for being attracted to Gloria Swanson. She is a fascinating person. She is beautiful and gay and amusing. She will always be glamourous to men, I think, even when she is old. Some women are like that.

"The tragedy is that it is always the wife who is rather looked down on for not being able to hold her husband. The admiration of the world goes to the woman who is fascinating enough to interest a man—no matter what his ties are."

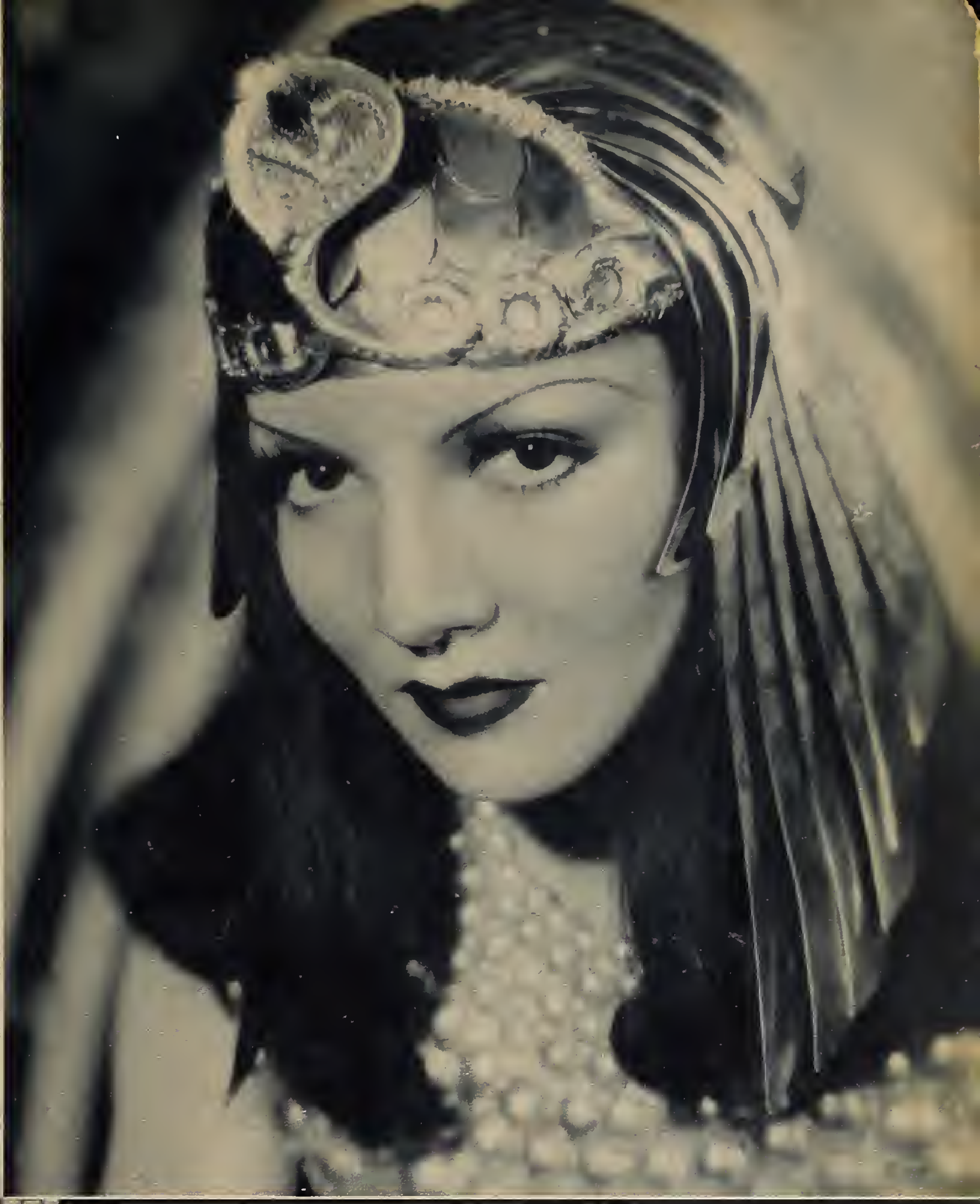
Edna Best, telling me this, asked me not to print it until the whole thing came out in the newspapers. "It might be that in two weeks the story wouldn't be news," she said, wistfully.

I have waited. Now, it appears, the story is news. Edna Best, in England, is reported planning a divorce. Gloria Swanson has sued for divorce from Michael Farmer. And the newspapers have freely linked the names of Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson together, since they were seen much in each other's company in New York just before her divorce announcement.

Wide World

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, her fourth husband, who—like the Marshalls—have a baby daughter, have been parted by that old bugaboo, "incompatibility." Will Marshall be Husband No. 5 if Edna Best ends their "trial separation" with divorce?

She'll Make The Romans Romantic Again!



If Claudette Colbert is sensational as herself, what do you suppose she will be like as "Cleopatra"? She ought to make it perfectly clear WHY Egypt's famous queen was loved by both Marc Antony and Julius Caesar! Harry Wilcoxon (far left) will show you HOW *Marc Antony* loved her, and Warren William (near left) will make *Caesar* look alive!

Why JEAN HARLOW'S Last Marriage **Collapsed**

Acme

Three times Jean Harlow has found unhappiness in marriage—first with Charles McGrew, II (far left), then with the late Paul Bern (center), and now with Hal Rosson (above)

Jean is really the screen's most tragic figure. Three times she has put up a gallant fight for real love and domestic happiness. Three times, through no fault of her own, she has lost. Why does this sincere, loyal woman find nothing but heartaches in her marital adventures?

Three little words—

IF YOU want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: "USE EUGENE SACHETS."

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the *secret* of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" and will not easily come out.

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STEAM SACHET

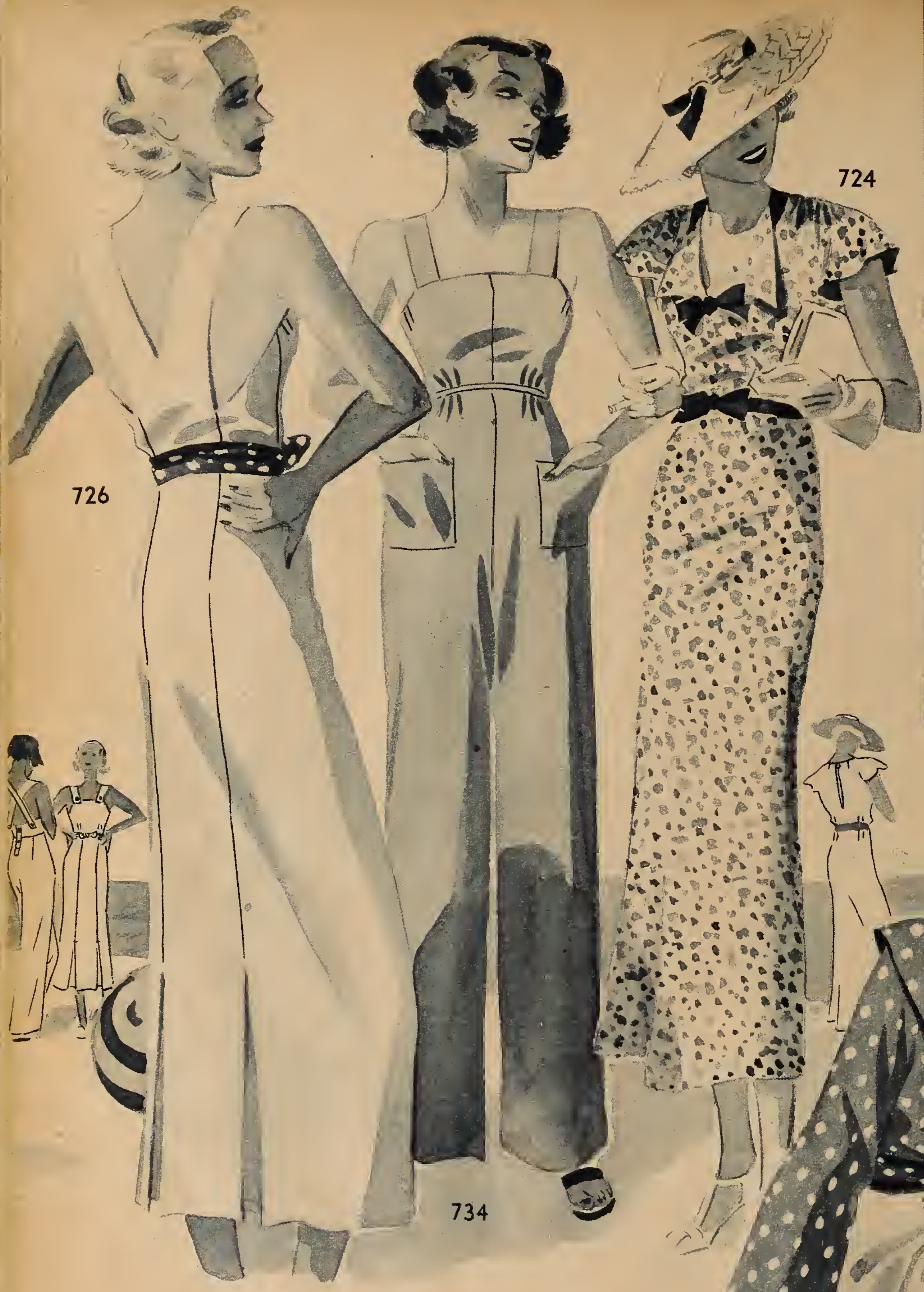
BUT WE REPEAT: *Tell your operator to "Use Eugene Sachets."*

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers — or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. *See this trade-mark figure*—"The Goddess of the Wave." Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over. Eugene Ltd . . . New York, London.

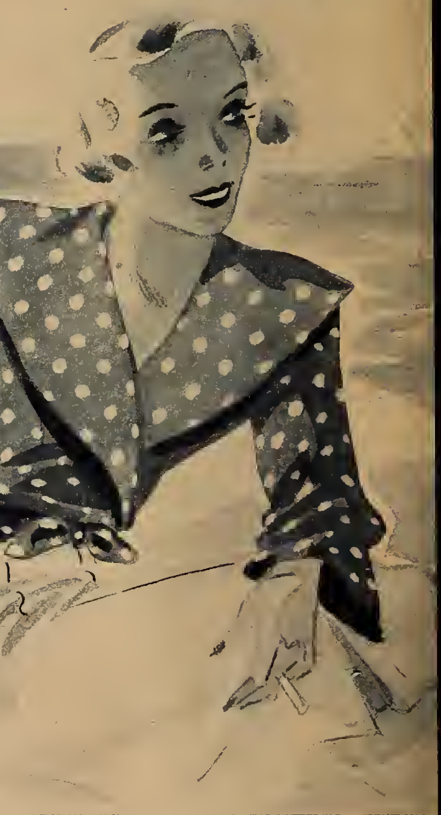
eugène

permanent waves



DOLORES DEL RIO

JOAN BLONDELL



Beach Times are Good Times If you dress that Hollywood Way

726—Looking for a new sunback? Want a "naked" dress you can use for daytime, too? Want a little glamour even in your sports things? Then this is your ensemble—jacket and all. In 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

734—You'll practically live in these overalls. Lots of sun space—and they *fit* marvelously. In the very boyish sports mode of Joan Blondell, so her portrait is on the envelope. Pattern cut for 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

724—A Sew-Simple frock—no collar to put on, short cap sleeves, slashed back opening. Skirt and bodice are all in one—just three easy pieces in the whole pattern! It is cut in sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Hollywood Pattern Service..............Greenwich, Conn.

Please find enclosed..........Send me Hollywood Patterns

Nos.	Sizes
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Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered separately, 15c.
Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered with a pattern, 10c.

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"Blame My Wife for My Romances with Other Women!"

—JOHN BOLES

By MAUDE LATHEM

FASTEST FLASHES from Hollywood in MOVIE CLASSIC

He smiles when he says that, but he means it. For those "new romance" rumors about him would never have started—if Marcelite Boles had not deliberately made her husband a better screen lover. (P. S. And they're still "very happy!")

"MY wife," John Boles said to me, "is to blame for all my romances with other women! It was she who told me that I should either be a *good* lover on the screen—or else do character parts."

"Here is what actually happened," Marcelite Boles laughed. "I think perhaps I *am* to blame if he finds himself tangled up in romance rumors. A long time ago, I went to see one of his pictures and I came out of the theatre ill — actually ill. When John arrived from the studio that night, we had about the worst quarrel we ever had. For I waded into him, tooth and nail, and I know he never had anybody say as terrible things to him in his life as I said that night. One scene I had watched on the screen was of John making love to a beautiful actress. And he had failed miserably. He acted as though he were afraid to touch her, and his kisses wouldn't have satisfied anybody.

"Now, I had sub-consciously felt this for some time, but that particular love scene got under my skin. If John hadn't been such a perfect lover, I never would have married him. I had plenty of beaux and I couldn't have been bothered with one as stiff as he looked on the screen. *It was a reflection on me.* I could just imagine some old sweetheart of mine looking at this picture and saying, 'Well, look at what she passed me up for!'

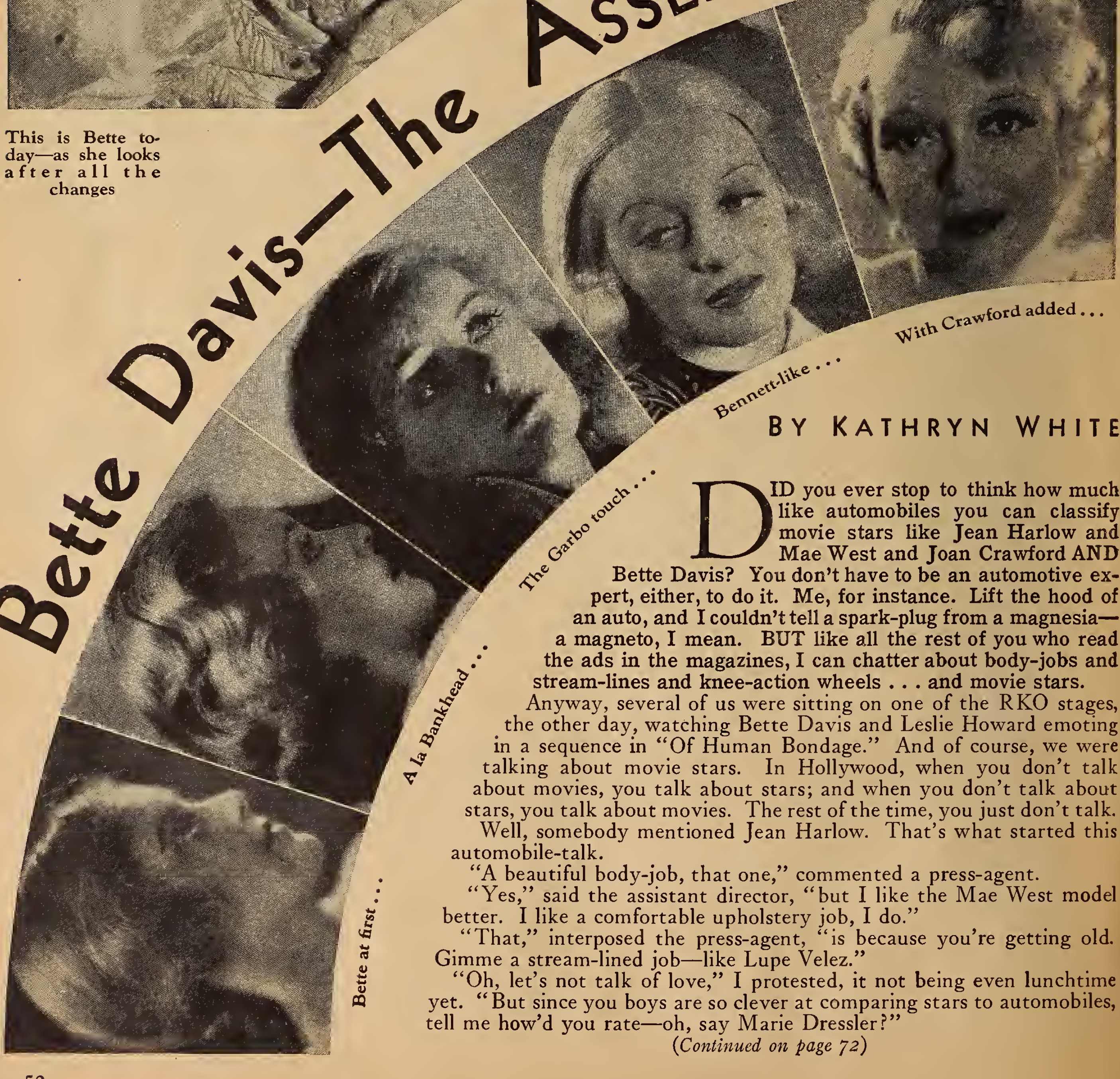
"So I told John, as forcefully as I knew how, that if he expected to have any girl lie awake nights dreaming about him, he would have to make love in a far different fashion. I knew I was right when he said forlornly, 'Well, Shug (that's a favorite name in the South; it's short for "Sugar"), maybe I *have* been thinking of you; maybe I have been wondering how it would seem to you to see me making love to another woman as if I meant it.'

(*Continued on page 62*)

This is Bette today—as she looks after all the changes

Start likening movie stars to motor cars—and you'll find that Bette doesn't resemble just one feature of an automobile; she's like an assembled job. Bennett, Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Bankhead, Tashman, Loy and even George Arliss have gone to make her as she is! In short, the girl's clever!

Bette Davis—The ASSEMBLED Star



Bette at first . . .

A la Bankhead . . .

The Garbo touch . . .

Bennett-like . . .

With Crawford added . . .

BY KATHRYN WHITE

DID you ever stop to think how much like automobiles you can classify movie stars like Jean Harlow and Mae West and Joan Crawford AND Bette Davis? You don't have to be an automotive expert, either, to do it. Me, for instance. Lift the hood of an auto, and I couldn't tell a spark-plug from a magnesia—a magneto, I mean. BUT like all the rest of you who read the ads in the magazines, I can chatter about body-jobs and stream-lines and knee-action wheels . . . and movie stars.

Anyway, several of us were sitting on one of the RKO stages, the other day, watching Bette Davis and Leslie Howard emoting in a sequence in "Of Human Bondage." And of course, we were talking about movie stars. In Hollywood, when you don't talk about movies, you talk about stars; and when you don't talk about stars, you talk about movies. The rest of the time, you just don't talk.

Well, somebody mentioned Jean Harlow. That's what started this automobile-talk.

"A beautiful body-job, that one," commented a press-agent.

"Yes," said the assistant director, "but I like the Mae West model better. I like a comfortable upholstery job, I do."

"That," interposed the press-agent, "is because you're getting old. Gimme a stream-lined job—like Lupe Velez."

"Oh, let's not talk of love," I protested, it not being even lunchtime yet. "But since you boys are so clever at comparing stars to automobiles, tell me how'd you rate—oh, say Marie Dressler?"

(*Continued on page 72*)

"Dry-skin-blight" *ended*

DRY SKIN DATES THE FACE

Woodbury's Two *Germ-Free* Creams With Exclusive Element 576 Transform Withering Dryness Into Luscious Youth!

"DRY as old parchment!" "Dry as dust!" "Dry as a mummy!" That's what 70% of American women are complaining about their skins today. Fair-skinned blondes and colorful brunettes—they send up the same cry! But now Woodbury's has created two new creams which actively combat and *overcome* Dry-Skin-Blight.

Element 576 Arouses the Oil Glands

Woodbury's Cold Cream possesses an exclusive Element, known as 576, which works upon the skin in much the same way as vitamins in foods work upon the body. It stimulates the oil glands to do their work more vigorously. Rouses them to generate the vital, natural oils without which no skin can remain beautiful—fresh, young, smooth.

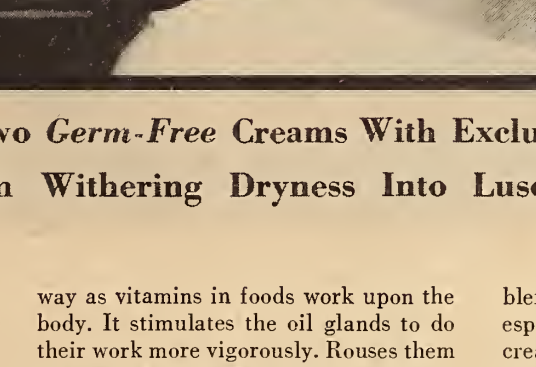
Both These Creams Stay Germ-free

An exclusive element—in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams—destroys the germs that enter creams the moment the jar is opened. It keeps Woodbury's Creams absolutely pure *throughout their use*. Greatly reduces the danger of blemishes—to which thin, dry skins are especially subject. Raises resistance, increases skin vigor, aids natural beauty. Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to prevent blemishes, makes the skin supple, stimulates the oil glands to act for themselves. Woodbury's Facial Cream stays germ-free while protecting the skin from weather, from flying dust, grit, and dirt.

Dry-Skin-Blight ended! Fresh, supple beauty in its place! By the simple, daily use of Woodbury's two Creams!

Woodbury's Creams Win Approval of Nation's Leading Dermatologists—an Approval Never Before Accorded to any Beauty Creams

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, skin specialist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "Hitherto, beauty creams have carried in them the latent danger of infection. It is with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms." Another dermatologist wrote: "I consider these creams of the highest quality—in fact, the best on the market."



Proof of Woodbury's Germ-Destroying Power

Agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears Woodbury's Cream which has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing an ordinary cold cream, has no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

FREE! Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Inc., 6343 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario)

Please send me free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing beauty care, and six little packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

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When you undress for bed—

Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly
Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY a girl who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!

Undress your FACE too!

Precious Elements in this Soap

In this soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SMARTY"

I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin
LUX TOILET SOAP

Motorists!

take some

KLEENEX

along

DRIVING along a dusty road. Dirt on the windshield. No clean cloth to wipe it away . . . Perspiration covering your face. No soft, soothing, clean towel to relieve you . . . A hasty picnic lunch. No napkins . . . The children with colds. Handkerchiefs soiled and irritating.

Kleenex is the ideal first aid in every one of those emergencies. It's even been used by motorists to clean spark plugs; to wipe the oil-measuring rod; to protect hands when checking wiring or carburetor; to protect clothing when changing a tire. Invaluable! And now only 18c the box.

Cheaper, of course, than laundering handkerchiefs, towels, napkins. Always handy—that is, IF you keep a box in the car whenever you go out.

If you forget it, just stop en route. All drug, dry goods and department stores have Kleenex.

KLEENEX

Disposable Tissues

ARE CLEAN . . . SANITARY

Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Why the Yen for British Men?

(*Continued from page 31*)

and "Berkeley Square," in rôles that other actors said were over audiences' heads. For his performance in "Berkeley Square," he was runner-up to Laughton for the Academy award.

The distinction between run-of-the-mill actors and Howard lies in his ability to think out a part and drain it of every convincing emotion. His own personality is so modest as to be practically negligible, but in playing a rôle Howard creates a new personality, becomes entirely that other man. To play opposite him in "The Animal Kingdom," Ann Harding accepted a part far below her stellar status, showing what the Hollywood ladies think of the shy man from County Surrey.

Producers and stars gasp at his nonchalance in leaving the screen whenever he finds a stage play he likes. Those who have fought for years to retain a foothold in the land of make-believe cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that Leslie Howard leaves the screen when he pleases and returns at his leisure to garner the acting plums of the year. (He's now being talked of for "Anthony Adverse.") Stars have no hopes of romance with this happily married man and so content themselves with pleas to the powers-that-be that they may play opposite him.

They Can't Forget Laughton

CHARLES LAUGHTON'S refusal of a fabulous Hollywood salary, in order that he might go back to London for the winter and play in a repertory theatre at a salary of one hundred dollars a week amazed the movie town. He refused to capitalize on his grand performance as *Henry, the Eighth* and confided in a letter that he was perfectly content in London because "I am playing a sissy this week and *Macbeth* next week. Such training is what all actors need if we hope to progress." Most amazing of all is that the corpulent Charles made his professional début only seven short years ago and has already made his name with fine and subtle acting. People don't forget Laughton. Hollywood's admiration for him is that of a pupil for a master, a man to whom his work is more important than gold or fame.

Norma Shearer regards Herbert Marshall as the most charming leading man she has ever had and women throughout the country palpitatingly agree. (He will be with her again in "Marie Antoinette.") Sophisticated and cosmopolitan, Marshall causes many actors to appear almost naïve when they attempt rôles of men of the world. Sympathetic to him because of the tremendous handicap he has overcome, (he was invalided by the war), cinemaland has made Marshall its current social lion.

Peculiarly enough, the ex-Tommy is the only British actor whose marriage Hollywood has threatened. Colman's romance was ended before he came to America and was the reason he left his native heath. Laughton, Brook and Howard seem better able to combine Hollywood careers and matrimony than the home-bred heroes. When Edna Best recently sailed for London, she left Marshall dismayed, but not entirely inconsolable. Both vehemently deny that a divorce is impending, though Edna's intimates say that a reconciliation is unlikely.

As the sly hero of light romances, Herbert Marshall has outdistanced all of his competitors since his success in "Trouble in Paradise." Where the rest of the British colony is clannish to an extreme, Marshall has gone about a great deal in Hollywood society—which may account for his estrangement from his wife. There's a pronounced yen for Herbert because Hollywood is dazzled by his suavity.

Ronald Colman has gone his solitary way in Hollywood for almost a decade and not once has his popularity waned—and not once have there been rumors of a romance. He has conquered Hollywood by indifference; and many actresses, both professionally and personally, have a pronounced yen for this reserved man who looks so promising—but can't be had!

Professionally, Clive Brook is the most-sought-after man in the cinema city. Three times Ann Harding has insisted on him as her leading man and his performances have enhanced her pictures. Marlene Dietrich is another who looks favorably on Clive. The gentleman of stoical mien and sedate manner is most popular because he is always dependable and, far more important, concerns himself only with his work and has never been accused of stealing a picture!

Nigel Bruce, who makes his starring début in "Springtime for Henry," will devote himself exclusively to light comedy rôles, defending the British colors in that field. Six feet tall, Bruce possesses the assurance and poise that befit the son of titled parents. Harry Wilcoxon is slated for success on a grand scale simply because he has a large order of sex appeal, which goes over in any language. (Then there's Chaplin—still the funniest man alive and an idol the world over. Not to mention George Arliss—elderly and not handsome—whose British poise and suavity make him one of the few Screen Great.)

And They Don't Rival Each Other

SINCE they cover all the branches and byways of the acting profession, it is strange that in no way do these Britishers conflict with each other in types or audience appeal. Leslie Howard's appeal is one that is spiritual and refined, reaching women of similar nature. Herbert Marshall, the suave and sleek, is practically irresistible to a sophisticated woman. Ronald Colman remains the idol of ardent young intellectuals, the ideal lover with the cynical eyes and the bitter quirk to his lips. Clive Brook's appeal as a gentle and understanding lover is unsurpassed. Charles Laughton is appreciated by audiences strictly on his merits, rather than on his personality, which is as he would have it. Now, with Hugh Williams personifying all that is sweet and dear to young love, and Harry Wilcoxon as an English caveman and Piccadilly *Tarzan*, the English have captured the entire field, histrionically and romantically! In case there are any Lothario laurels vacant, Robert Donat, who played *Culpepper* in "Henry, the VIIIth," and now will play "The Count of Monte Cristo," is here to seize them.

Even Garbo admits to a preference for British men and has twice sought Leslie Howard's services, only to be twice refused! Garbo respects the Britons because they do not engage in personalities or become enamored of fellow-players, as some Americans have done when playing with her. Even the thrilless Garbo has a yen for these men from Mayfair! In fact she has picked Herbert Marshall as her new leading man—in "The Painted Veil."

Women fans and women stars alike have shown their preference for British men, and the actresses' interest is not always simply professional. Approving the English technique on the screen, some of Hollywood's fairest are wondering if these men might not be the ideal type of husband for a screen star. Hollywood has a decided yen for British men——so let them beware!

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Stars in Love Make Better Pictures

(*Continued from page 29*)

happiness, every small movement an admission of the swift and impetuous current that was carrying her along.

The Garbo legend grew. Fantastic stories were built around her. But her career did not keep pace with the interest in her as a glamourous personality. *At this period of poor pictures, there was no love in her life.*

Not until the advent of director Rouben Mamoulian did we again see the star of "The Torrent" and "Flesh and the Devil." In "Queen Christina," under Mamoulian's direction, she was a Garbo of depth and majestic emotion, and that characterization was paralleled by a private and very normal experience. Garbo was in love or on the verge of being in love again; she was human and warm and throbbing. She was no longer the disconsolate and solitary figure who walked alone in silence and in brooding; she was a young and sensitive spirit who had found comfort in a man's companionship and a man's devotion! Inevitably, this new-found happiness was reflected in the picture on which these two worked together.

New Romance Revived Joan

AN unhappy, life-bewildered Joan Crawford made a series of indifferent pictures that definitely threatened her prestige. But in "Dancing Lady" she more than redeemed herself. Here, once more, was the Crawford who had commanded admiration, who had won stardom by her shining abilities. It was a Crawford who had forgotten the disappointments and the disillusionments of her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was a girl again in love who played in "Dancing Lady." The girl who frankly admitted her interest in Franchot Tone had found new expectations—and renewed dreams. Love again was the Assistant Director. She almost sang her lines, she was so happy. *The camera photographed her joy.*

Jean Harlow amazed a critical world with her expert handling of a difficult emotional rôle in "Red-Headed Woman." Regarded as a sort of exotic robot until then, Jean hid her platinum hair—her trade-mark of fame—and emerged as a vital and assured actress. Few knew then that her association and friendship with Paul Bern had grown into love, that under its stimulus Jean had discovered and developed emotional power no one had ever suspected. Not until "The Blonde Bombshell" did she again disclose similar talents. And it was during the making of this picture that she forgot her tragedies and found peace in the love of Harold Rosson, who was behind the camera, photographing every scene.

Long before the world heard the news, Ruth Chatterton was in love with George Brent; but if the world had sensed the possibilities, it would have seen proof of it in "The Rich Are Always With Us." Every scene was a confession of the new romance she had found. In this, she was the Chatterton who long had been known as The First Lady of the Screen. In this, she had the adroit sureness of herself that surrounds women in love. It was her best picture in a long time of placid personal domesticity—and her eventual marriage to Brent held the reason.

Barbara Never Out of Love

NO matter how mediocre, how unbelievable the vehicles given to Barbara Stanwyck, she has always imparted to her rôles sincerity and drama and reality. Her authentic genius has never failed to shine. But Barbara is a woman always in love—a woman whose enthralling passion for Frank Fay, her husband, has become a Hollywood saga. Women live by their emotions. They live within themselves, feed their talents with their own fires. And so, because Barbara's love has been undeviating, she has yet to give an inept performance.

Gary Cooper brought to his rôle in "Design for Living" a dramatic proficiency, a sense of timing, a new and fresh quality that had never been noted before. He was more than a lanky cowboy. He was a skilled technician, a competent purveyor and interpreter of emotion. The weeks on this production were coincident with his mounting interest in Sandra Shaw—with his realization that in her he had found the woman who could complete his life and make it whole!

The exquisite moments on the screen between co-stars are frequently kindled by their vitalizing and very personal regard for each other. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor have been unrivalled in the expression of ecstatic young love on the screen. "Seventh Heaven" will long be a model in emotional translation. Their off-screen devotion had a poignancy and delicacy that was reflected in this make-believe love between the girl, *Diane*, and the boy, *Chico.*

Loretta Denied Love, But——

THE emotional status of a star can never be hidden. There is an added radiance to every word and gesture that becomes a confession. Newspaper reporters may be deceived as to stars' private romances. They may be able to marry in secret. But their pictures Tell All. No matter how much Loretta Young denied her love for Spencer Tracy, "A Man's Castle" gave them both away. Her own thrill and excitement gave color and zest to her work—her best work to date.

Only recently, Gloria Swanson declared in MOVIE CLASSIC that actresses must take in emotion to give it forth again. And so interludes of love have been singularly productive for her. She has bloomed in the warmth of love—in its tender and caressing stimulation. Hers has been a career of ups and downs, of excellence and of mediocrity. But, invariably, she was the glorious Gloria when her heart was stirred.

Love metamorphosed Frances Dee from an ingénue into a finished actress. As a corollary to her love for Joel McCrea, she graduated from small rôles and became an astute and dexterous artist, who made "The Silver Cord" notable by her work.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s characterization of the mad *Peter* in "Catherine the Great" substantiated the stories of his love for Gertrude Lawrence, the British star. He had gone to England a dependable leading man. He came back in the English-produced picture a star by virtue of his new personal development. Doug had always been a charming adolescent before—in life and on the screen. Now he is a man in both.

Out of Love—Into Slumps

CONVERSELY, when a star finds love fading; when its first bright hues, its allure and tenderness are touched with the chill of divorce or disillusionments, the player hits a slump. Something arresting and something life-giving departs. The star out-of-love is a talking and walking automaton—with no rôle great enough to ignite the spark of genius. There is Kay Francis, for instance. The beautiful "One-Way Passage" was a honeymoon picture—and her work showed it in its deep spirituality. Three months ago, Hollywood was surprised by her divorce from Kenneth MacKenna. It need not have been. For months Kay on the screen was confessing to the world that she was unhappy. Now Hollywood whispers that dark ardent Kay is falling in love again. She won't admit it, but her

(*Continued on page 78*)

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Hepburn Needed Those Spankings!

(*Continued from page 33*)

thought. There is no doubt at all that Katharine's boycott of interviewers has made enemies for her among the more spiteful reporters and their friends, the columnists; and, naturally, her sudden and amazing success has not endeared her to those players in Hollywood who have had to fight for years for a much lesser fame.

When she and Laura Harding—a New York society girl and Katharine's constant companion—first arrived in Hollywood, they expected a big fuss to be made over them. "We supposed that we would be swamped with invitations to Hollywood parties," Katharine once told me, "and we decided to be very cool and aloof. We planned not to accept any social invitations and not to make any acquaintances. We were in town six weeks before we got a single bid to a party, and by that time we snatched at it like hungry trout rising to a fly!"

So, perhaps, Hollywood is as much to blame as Hepburn for her becoming a recluse. However that may be, the difficulties and defeats that this young and ambitious star has suffered since leaving Hollywood have not caused any tears to be shed in Movie Town. When theatre owners recently met in convention in Hollywood, they were reported to have shattered a few illusions about the drawing power of certain stars. Anyway, their alleged remarks—particularly about Katharine Hepburn—were repeated with something bordering on glee at Hollywood luncheon tables.

What "They Said" About Her

"GARBO?" the exhibitors were supposed to have sniffed. "She's slipping badly. Marie Dressler? Still good—but only when she gets a good story. Mae West? A sensation—but her next picture has gotta be better than the last. Katharine Hepburn a big box-office draw? Not unless they bolster her picture up with a half-dozen other good names as they did in 'Little Women'!"

Hollywood chuckled over this as being a verbal spanking for Hepburn by the men who show her pictures. . . .

For one year after her astounding overnight hit in "A Bill of Divorcement," the world was Katharine Hepburn's apple. She had—to as great an extent as anyone can have at a studio—her own way with her pictures. She had her own way with the press, too, who humbly wrote about the eccentricities of the new star, her college days, her hidden canyon home and other harmless subjects. Broadway, which had never become especially excited over her heretofore, sent her extravagant invitations to return. And a broadcasting company offered her six thousand dollars for fifteen minutes on the air—to the seething envy of other more established stars.

The restless spirit that magnetizes the gaunt, tomboyish frame of Katharine Hepburn would not let her be content with what she had already won, but continually nagged her on to greater heights. Suddenly, Hollywood was told that she had left town. She was to appear on the air in a series of thirteen broadcasts, she was to star in a stage play, "The Lake"; she was to do many things, great things. . . .

Wherefore Was She *Juliet?*

BUT the first Hepburn broadcast was a surprising fizzle. Katharine had insisted on Shakespeare, and so it was as *Juliet* that a million people heard her. The balcony scene that she played is one that has taxed the genius of some of the greatest tragediennes of stage history—Julia Marlowe, Mary Anderson, Jane Cowl, Katherine Cornell. Inevitably, Hepburn invited comparison with these Great of the theatre in which she was still a neophyte; yet with the arrogant confidence that is part of her charm, she insisted. Without her flashing, vital, strange face before them, listeners thought that her voice sounded oddly indecisive and scared. She even seemed unsure of her lines in contrast with Douglass Montgomery as *Romeo.* The critics were not kind in their comments on Hepburn's radio début, and advertisers did not crowd around to bid for the remaining twelve broadcasts.

Then came her return to Broadway. On the first night, Blanche Bates and Frances Starr, veterans of the severe training that actresses of an earlier day used to undergo for their art, saved the day—or the evening—for this rash girl who had rushed headlong into a part that a more seasoned actress could hardly have made plausible. The critics, who went to be awed, after her hit in "Little Women," came away facetious, calling her "still a promising young actress." It was a case of damning with faint praise. Audiences rapturously called Blanche Bates and Frances Starr back for footlight bows and snubbed Hepburn with mild clapping. After seven weeks, "The Lake" gave up the struggle for existence. Hepburn went East, she said, to learn more about acting. And it must have been a bitter lesson—though Katharine proved that she could "take it" by constantly improving her performance.

Only Half a Hit as a Hill-Billy

THEN came "Spitfire," Hepburn's latest picture, with many uncomplimentary reviews. It was a picture that Hepburn is said to have wanted to make to show her versatility, but one doomed from the first to dubious popularity because of its strong religious bias. Only an actress with remarkable self-confidence would have dared to challenge her success with a rôle like that, Hollywood murmurs.

And on top of all this, her name was for some reason left out of the new Philadelphia Social Register, where it had been since her marriage to Ludlow Smith in 1928. Rumors of divorce filled the newspapers, and Katharine cut short a trip to Europe—she stayed abroad only four days—supposedly because of gossip about her plans for divorce. (Though she went to Yucatan, Mexico, right after her return—and filed a divorce suit there.) She had to pass up an offer of startling munificence for a personal appearance tour when the studio sternly refused to allow her to make it, perhaps fearing a repetition of what happened on Broadway.

The wilful and dynamic Katharine Hepburn has certainly received several spankings from Fate recently. And yet, we feel sure that they hurt Fate more than they hurt Katharine—and that they have all been for her own good.

Katharine Hepburn needed those spankings. From them, she will learn lessons valuable to a rising young movie star; she has already learned some of them. When she left Hollywood, we hear on good authority, her studio warned her that she would have to mend her ways with the Press and be pleasant with reporters or else face a boycott from the headline-hunters. Evidently, Katie has taken that lesson to heart, for on her return from her recent round trip to France, she beamed cordially on the reporters who flocked to her ship, joked with them, and posed charmingly for pictures. And after her return to New York from

Yucatan, she did the same thing—telling them nothing, but doing it charmingly.

How Criticism Helped Her

SHE needed the panning the critics gave her rash attempt to star on Broadway with only a few small stage parts, five motion pictures and a Hollywood hullabaloo as preparation. For several months it has been apparent that the Hepbernhardt, as a magazine recently dubbed her, was taking on the airs of the Divine Sarah—the hair dress which is familiar to all Bernhardt fans, the long arty robes with sleeves falling over the fingers, and the very poses of the great French actress in her portrait sittings. Such notions do a rising—but not yet riz—young actress no good at all! It was time, if Katharine Hepburn were to become a really great actress, to disabuse her of the notion that she was one already.

And Hepburn has learned that lesson, too. Writing to a friend in Hollywood about the closing of her play, she confessed that she had been pretty badly hurt. "But I don't blame the critics at all;" she wrote honestly, "they were absolutely right!"

Gallantly spoken, Katharine! You can take it, and that's not just half the battle. It's the whole of the battle. Your spirit is broken? Pish! Tosh! and likewise Phooey! A girl who was dropped from as many shows as you were on Broadway and came back for more, and when you got another chance fought for your convictions as fiercely as ever, isn't going to have her spirit broken by anything Hollywood can do to her. The only thing that can really hurt you, Katharine, is for you to read the blurbs about you, the advertisements calling you "the Greatest Star of All Time," the interviews flattering your egotism, *and believe them.* That would be your finish.

You needed those spankings, Katharine Hepburn. You needed gibes and jeers to keep you your honest, unpretending self; you needed the critics' abuse to remind you that you had a long road to travel before you could claim the laurels that are awaiting you. You needed to learn that dramatic garments and exotic and strange poses are not proofs of Greatness.

Fred Hess—City Photo

Norma Talmadge and George Jessel said their "I do's" on April 23, with Mayor Harry Bacharach, of Atlantic City, officiating. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in the Mayor's ocean city

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Popularity comes
WHEN "B.O." GOES
LOVE TO GO, TOM, BUT MAKE IT *NEXT* WEEK I'M ALL DATED UP THIS WEEK!
YOU'RE GETTING SO POPULAR A FELLOW HAS TO STAND IN LINE TO GET A DATE

HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT. THAT'S ANOTHER WAY LIFEBUOY'S HELPED ME!

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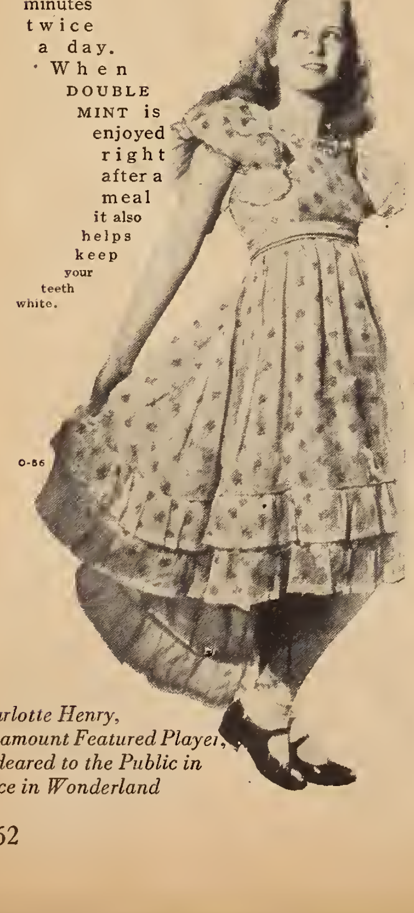
Charlotte Henry, Paramount Featured Player, Endeared to the Public in Alice in Wonderland

"Blame My Wife for My Romances with Other Women"—John Boles

(Continued from page 51)

"His work improved from then on. I was certain of this, for soon afterward people began asking me if I wasn't jealous of John and the women he worked with. They obviously wanted to tell me more, but I didn't care for any of the details. You see, *I like my John, and I don't propose to let any women poison my mind against him.*"

How He "Redeemed" Himself

BECAUSE John Boles now fits into the picture of a gay Lothario so definitely, Hollywood insists on believing that he has many affairs of the heart. But John only smiled at Marcelite as if they had a secret understanding, when I probed, "What did you do after your wife took you to task about your love-making? How did you go about redeeming yourself in her eyes?"

"It seems so silly now, when I think of it, but I did do a lot of things I had never done before. I was determined that she would never be able to chide me for the same thing again.

"You see, it's not always easy to make love to any woman you play with, whether you are supposed to do it with the suavity of a glorified gigolo or the fervor of a religious fanatic. A woman might be very beautiful and you might imagine it would be the easiest thing in the world to kiss her. But there may be something in the vibration of that particular woman that freezes all your impulses the minute you start in a scene with her. You know, I have played with women who have been in love with the director of the picture or some other man and the thought of having *me* take them in my arms was really repulsive to them. I could sense their inner withdrawal.

"And the man who is in love with his wife feels the same way. He doesn't get any fun out of lukewarm—or even warm—embraces with another woman, and no matter how good an actor he is when it comes to other scenes, it's harder to make the audience believe in him in a love scene than at any other time.

"I knew I had to overcome this, for the lack of feeling that was evident to my wife would be noticed by the audiences. From that day I learned to establish *pleasant* relations, at least, with the woman to whom I was to make love on the screen. Of course, one has to make good use of his imagination in such a situation.

Made Believe Off-Screen, Too

"I RECALL that the first one I tried this on was Laura LaPlante. We were doing a picture at Universal. I was just as thoughtful of her in every little attention as I could be, copying the thoughtfulness of a real lover as nearly as I could simulate it. I made myself remember the little things that are supposed to please women—and I believe it worked. At least, we liked each other well enough to do our scenes together pleasantly. I felt that we were being pretty good when one of the company crew whispered that I had a 'case' on her.

"Because this seemed to work, I have tried it many times since, though *I have not found it necessary actually to fall in love with the women I play with.* I think then the whole effect would be spoiled. If you were actually in love, you couldn't bear to enact your scenes before the camera and the ever-present group of co-workers. You would be self-conscious about it. But giving play to the imagination in this, I find, is just like it is when you try to *feel* the character of any part you are portraying."

In "Bottoms Up" you met the real John Boles for the first time. When he sang that "Katy" song at the gate, you saw the boy that his college chums used to call "Tony, the Wop" because of his spirit of irrepressible good humor and his absolute dislike of dress clothes. The John Boles we usually see on the screen has worn a much-bedecked uniform or a perfect tuxedo, "clothes parts" being a penalty for masculine good looks. But here you caught a glimpse of the real John, the man his family knows, the mischief-maker who keeps his house in an uproar from the time he reaches home.

Marcelite is so free from this jealousy business that one's cynical soul almost dares to hope that here is a Hollywood home that has a chance of lasting.

Almost Heart-Broken Once

"OH, those battles over other women were fought out long before we knew the picture business. I never thought I was jealous at all, but every woman is, underneath, when she thinks she has cause to be. John had gone on the stage while I was staying in to have my first baby. You know, eighteen years ago, women did stay in when they were expecting a baby. I was not out of the house for months before little Marcelite came. When I first saw John on the stage, he had been playing the lead for many weeks with a particularly devastating star....

"Please remember that both John and I had been reared by very conservative parents, people who still looked slightly askance at the stage and hardly knew about the screen at all. I had not yet got used to the thought of John's being an actor. As I sat out there in the audience and watched him make love to another woman, I thought that I would die. He had insisted on my going back to the dressing-room after the show so that I could meet the members of the company.

"You can imagine what was in store for me! I was almost ready to cry anyway, and when I heard them calling each other 'Dear' and 'Honey' and 'Darling,' I thought I was seeing proof of what I suspected. I had never been around professional people and had no conception whatever of their friendly attitude toward each other; I didn't realize that those endearing terms meant no more than if they had been saying 'John' or 'Mary.' . . . But I lived through it, somehow. And I kept going back to the theatre day after day. John urged me to go. He knew I would have to get used to it that way.

The Last Day She Was Jealous

"FINALLY, one afternoon before he left the house, he sat down and we had a heart-to-heart talk. He told me that he was working at this business for me and the baby; that it was just as if he were in a bank, only he made more money. But unless I could understand it and get over this feeling, he would give it up right then and go back to studying medicine, which he had previously contemplated. He showed me how miserable I was making both him and myself, and he left it to me to make the decision. Somehow, he managed to make me see the thing straight, and from that day to this, I have never had a jealous minute. But if I hadn't come out of that, it would have ruined his entire career."

Marcelite proves that she means what she says by her actions. She never goes near a studio while John is making a picture. In his entire screen career, she has been on the set only two or three times. She never inquires about his leading women and many times does not even know who they are until weeks afterwards. He is always nervous until she has seen the preview of his picture because he is not satisfied until he knows that it pleases her. Marcelite wants women to like him. In fact, she admits, honestly, that if women did not admire him, he would not be worth nearly so much to his studio as he is. At the moment, there is more interest being manifested in John Boles at the Fox Studio, than in any other single individual there since the studio produced "Seventh Heaven."

Perhaps the success that he has never quite known, that breath-taking, sensational Success with a capital "S," is at last coming his way. What would it mean to John and Marcelite, I wondered, if he were suddenly a Hit, as every player dreams of being?

Near Enough to the Heights Now

"WHY, I wouldn't have that happen to me for anything. Not for anything, I tell you," John exclaimed. "I want to stay in this business a *long* time. My wife has made me love it. Her continued, undiminished enthusiasm for the business makes me feel that every day is a new and vivid experience. I don't want this to pale. I don't want to carry the burden of a big production all by myself. I am happy as things are. Let some other man go 'over the top.'

"Have you ever thought about the fact that when you have reached the top, *there is no other direction to go but down?* I read once a Chinese proverb that said, 'Walk softly and perhaps the gods will not notice you.' That's how I feel."

Perhaps you are beginning to realize by now what sane people the Boleses are. And their marriage is one Hollywood marriage that has every tried ingredient that makes for a successful union. They loved and married while they were very young. They have been through poverty and shared ambitions and work together. Their families were far removed from the picture business and the young people had an opportunity to take their worst marital hurdles—the necessary adjustments of the first two years—before Fame beckoned. Two lovely children have made the tie stronger. For eighteen years they have weathered the storms of struggle and the more dangerous storms of success.

As I was leaving the house, I saw the two of them confer quickly and then Marcelite ran after me: "Just one thing—please don't speak of us as an 'ideal couple' or 'happily married,' for we are becoming superstitious about it. Every time this is printed about any couple, the divorce announcement seems to follow quickly. Please just say that you think the Boleses are okay!"

As a result of his fine performance as *Thomas Culpepper* in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth," Robert Donat, the English actor, has been signed to play the title rôle in "The Count of Monte Cristo"

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

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Margaret Sullavan, Hollywood's Pet Peeve

(*Continued from page 32*)

for anybody. She just isn't made that way.

Not long ago, a certain star barged up to her and started to rave about how "perfectly wonderful" she was in "Only Yesterday," expecting, in return, a similar barrage regarding her own work in another picture, which, incidentally, was not so hot. But after she had done her little act, Sullavan merely said, "Thank you," and moved on—ringing up another mortal enemy.

Because she will not put on the usual Hollywood act and gush at everyone in sight—calling utter strangers by their first names and tacking such charming prefixes as "dawling," "honey" and "baby" to everyone she has known for more than ten minutes—Sullavan is accused of snobbery.

The real curse on this girl, however, is her sincerity and naturalness. For Hollywood cannot understand a star who refuses to parade her acting in her private life. To Filmdom's Farceville, it just isn't natural for a star to step out of the studio and become a plain, ordinary, sincere person.

And if anybody tries it—she can take what comes. Which is just what Sullavan has been taking for months, and grinning.

Things She Won't Do

ACCORDING to Hollywood standards, meeting Sullavan is a sad disappointment. Because, when you are introduced, she won't tell you how wonderful you are and let you know she thinks you are "just too sweet" for bothering with her "itsy-bitsy self." She won't put her arm across your shoulders and say: "I've heard so much about you, it seems I've known you a long while. So let's not be formal. I'll call you Bill (or Pete) if I may—and it will please me if you'll call me Margy."

She won't invite you—most insistently—to call on her at any time, *any* time, my dear, and to remember there's always a cocktail waiting; and then tell the maid to keep the door locked to that bum at all times. She probably won't even classify you as a darling to your face, and something a lot less complimentary to your back.

She won't dress in something "stunning" for you, and then tell the neighbors what she saw on your tie; and it's barely possible that she'll let you know she doesn't give a particular damn what you think of her; or at least not enough of a damn to feed you a saccharine line that's an insult to your intelligence.

If you've met other stars, you'll gasp a little when you meet Sullavan, and wonder if you're not talking to the neighbor's girl who just dropped in, and who's a little impatient to get about her own business.

You'd never pick her for a star—not in a million years. And that's what tickles her more than anything else in the world. Tell her that you know ten thousand girls who act and look more like movie stars than she does, and you'll see her beam.

Expecting to meet a dour, haughty, self-important and—er—snooty artiste, I was jarred back on my heels by the funny little face that Sullavan made when she found she had been inveigled into an interview.

Claims She Isn't News

"SO you're one of those things, are you?" she accused, with a twist of her nose. "Hmm." Then, with apparent satisfaction, she added: "Well, I'm the worst copy in Hollywood. No color, no originality, no ideas, and always saying the wrong thing. So you're just wasting your time."

"You're always good for a healthy panning."

"Not any more. I've been done up brown on all sides."

"What do you like?"

We were hurrying toward her dressing-room, and before answering, she took a couple of quick steps and jumped over a row of flowers.

"That's a new one," she commented, referring to my question. "Everybody always seems interested in what I don't like. But I like to keep moving—to travel, to drive, to walk. I love to roam around where nobody knows me and where I can do what I want. I like music and I love movies. If you get a story out of that, you ought to be in our script department."

We had reached her bungalow dressing-room. Throwing open the door, she motioned me in with a sweep of her arm.

"Sit down there and yell," she ordered, pointing to a lounge and continuing on into another room.

In about twenty seconds she was out again, clad in white duck trousers and a brown jersey.

"Now I'm me," she grinned, squatting at the far end of the lounge and pulling her knees up to her chin. "And if you can see a story in this," indicating herself, "you've got some vision."

"You are leaving for Europe right away, aren't you?"

Going for a Long Walk

"YEP. I just won a battle with the studio and will be on my way in a few days. I'm going to walk all over England. That is, walk some, cycle some and probably drive some."

She wiggled about until she lay flat on her back, her knees still up.

"What's the idea of being different?" I demanded. "You're not living up to the traditions of movieland. You're a disappointment to the entire community. Where's your act? You seem to forget that your best stuff should be done off the screen."

"I guess somebody must have dropped me on my head when I was a baby," she admitted, "because I actually think one's acting should be done on the set or the stage, not on the Boulevard, in cafés or at the country club.

"I've a strange notion—I realize it must be strange from the way people regard me—that the proper thing is to be an actress on the screen, and just myself off it. Very likely, that is why I never want to include my personality in my screen acting; never want to play a part where the audience sees Margaret Sullavan.

"I think real acting is to keep your personality entirely out of the picture—be somebody else—to submerge your individuality in the character you are playing."

While I nodded impressively, she wiggled back into a sitting position.

Likes Lon Chaney's Idea

"MY idea of perfection in acting," she continued, "is to be as Lon Chaney was—and never let my private self peep through the character I'm playing. You see," and she puckered her face into a serious frown, "that's my idea of real acting—to make yourself entirely foreign to your own personality.

"And my idea of living is to keep every trace of my acting out of my private life. If I can reach the point where nobody can possibly recognize in my private self the Margaret Sullavan of the screen, I'll be perfectly happy. In real life, I'm a very uninteresting sort of person. And I'm glad

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of it, because I want to be able to do what I want to do without anybody's noticing it.

"I want to live a double life—my private life and my professional life. And I don't want them to mix, ever. That is why, I imagine, I am so eager always to play parts that are unlike myself, where no part of the woman, Margaret Sullavan, can ever creep into the character I'm portraying. Acting to me is *acting*—not just going through a story, being myself. I want to look different, and act different, and feel different.

"And, on the other hand, I won't let the professional Margaret Sullavan crowd into the life of the private Margaret Sullavan. Instead, I'd rather be like the clown who puts on his funny make-up, does his little bit, and then washes up and comes out of the big tent a private individual, unknown and free. Like him, I want to be just one of the crowd—not on exhibition."

"Not on exhibition." Therein lies where, how and why Margaret Sullavan is different. Nor is she unique; for all about us, on every side, are those who have quietly abandoned fame, fortune and even comfort, that they may continue to live their own lives—without a brass band to hail their every move. But for a feminine movie star to strive for the same effect—that's something unheard of!

Perhaps there is more than just a desire for freedom and privacy behind all this. Perhaps there is some special object in view, some "design for living" to protect.

Future Doesn't Bother Her

"WHAT'S my design for living?" echoed Sullavan. "Well, frankly, I haven't any. I have no design or pattern for my life; no plans for the future. I am moved entirely by impulse—living to-day, and loving it. I really don't know what I am going to be doing three months from now. All I know is that I love travel and adventure.

"I don't know what the future holds, though I'm eager to greet it. I have no ideas about what I want to do with my life; no great plans for the future. I have no ideas about marriage now—though I'm a normal woman and eventually will want a husband, a home and children—though I'm not thinking of that now. Frankly, I want to take things as they come, and live my life without fuss and in freedom."

Anyone hearing these remarks, and looking at this alert, pert, positive youngster in those commonplace duck trousers, and seeing her swing herself up under the wheel of her little rented car, to drive through a canyon short-cut after dark, could not fail to believe that she means exactly what she says; that she wants to be just like other people—to come and go, unnoticed.

And no one could doubt that she sincerely wants to play only such parts as are foreign to her private life and that require real acting—or doubt that it is this desire which has put her at the very top of the heap for it is rather freely admitted now that, for actual performance, she and Helen Hayes rank side by side as the screen's finest actresses.

Yes, it is true that she carries her lunch to the studio in a little tin box and that she never eats in the dining room with the other stars and players. But it is also true that when she does not bring that box, which is often, she squeezes up at the lunch counter among the "grips"—and asks no favors.

Probably the most misunderstood star in Hollywood, Margaret Sullavan is certainly one of the most popular among the studio workers, parking lot attendants, gasoline station operators and all others of the common herd who come into contact with her.

For, in her heart, she is exactly like them, and, if anything, envies their freedom more than the most glittering crown in all Hollywood.

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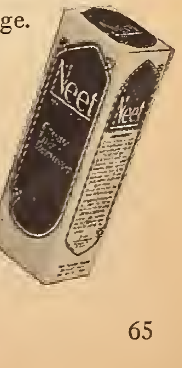

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Lilyan . . .

(*Continued from page 35*)

breaking part of it all: *Lilyan thought and hoped that she was going to have a baby.* She had been wanting one for so long. We both had. She had gone to the doctor two months previously and he had told her, and told me, that she was in perfect condition. *Two months later,* she went to him again, believing that she was in 'that' condition. We had been exultantly happy about it. We were happy about everything then. Lilyan had just won a part in 'Broadway Thru a Keyhole.' The night before—the night before the doctor knew—she had 'phoned me to Chicago and had told me about her belief in the baby, about her part.

"She had said, 'Darling, isn't it wonderful? Nothing can stop us now!' And that time the doctor knew. IT was there. He 'phoned me that night, the night after Lilyan had 'phoned me, to say that he was putting her in the hospital. I thought it had something to do with the baby. I thought that something had gone wrong again. The next day his letter reached me. He told me everything—in so many words. I was in my dressing-room, ready to go on, when they handed it to me. It was her death sentence. I felt as though it was mine, too. I came so near to fainting that I can't remember much of what followed. Curious, every bit of news of any dread significance always reached me when I was in my dressing-room. It seemed as though fate and the call to courage of the trouper hovered over both of us.

Had One Chance in a Hundred

"WHEN I flew home that time, expecting to find Lilyan haggard and ill, I found her sitting up in bed, radiant and more beautiful than ever. I remember so well just how she looked that morning, a band of blue ribbon around her hair. She was disappointed at her failure to be in the picture, but she had had word that they wanted her in New York and she was happy about that. They had told her that she had a non-malignant tumor which the radium had removed, and she believed it. She *did* believe it.

"I had a long talk with the doctor. He told me that in some cases there would be a two and a half per cent chance of recovery. Lilyan, he said, had a one per cent chance. Her youth was against her. Her terrific vitality was against her. It goes faster when one is young and vital. He told me that so far as examination could reveal, the thing was gone and if it did not return in two years' time, we could consider her cured. IF—

"It came back in two months. *She never knew what she had.* If she did, she never said the word. It seems odd that she didn't know—Lilyan, who could think around corners. Perhaps she did know it, in her sub-conscious mind. Perhaps it was for my sake that she never brought it to the surface of the conscious mind. She was gallant enough for that.

"I can't tell you what courage she had—I marveled at her so many times that I can't find words to tell the marvel of it now. Time and time again I have found her in her room, on her knees, twisted and writhing in agonies and have watched her, a few minutes later, greeting her dinner guests with a radiant smile. She insisted upon having dinner guests. She insisted upon going on, socially, professionally, personally, in *every* way, to the very last.

"How many times we've gone to pictures together, evenings, and I've seen her, out of the corner of my eye, stiffen and grasp the arms of the chair—like this. She didn't want anyone to know that she was ill. She wouldn't allow me to tell anyone that she was ill. She said that people got sick of people who were sick . . .

Had Premonition of End

"THERE was only one time during her entire illness that I ever heard her mention death or the possibility of dying. That was last New Year's Day when we had tickets for the Columbia-Stanford game. That day, she couldn't make it. I wanted to stay home with her and she made me go. She said, 'I'll feel worse if you give this up—you love football so much. I'll be happier if you go.' I didn't dare to insist. When I came home, I saw that she had been crying. I tried to comfort her. I talked of the trip we would make soon, to Honolulu, the blue waters, the dancing, the fun . . .

"Lilyan used to use a little phrase whenever she had occasion to tell me of someone who had died. She always said, 'Well, So-and-So's toes are turned up to the daisies.' That day she said to me, 'No, darling, I won't be going to Honolulu. By that time my toes will be turned up to the daisies; and when that time comes, I want you to go on living here, as we have always done, living your life, having a good time—' My heart nearly jumped out of my throat. It was an unbearable thing to hear from the lips of one who had been so much to me. I had to take a stiff tumblerful of whiskey. I had to laugh her out of it. I had to *laugh!*

"She never complained. She never felt sorry for herself. I think that was the greatest thing of all—she never felt sorry for herself. Which made it, of course, all the more heart-breaking to know about and watch. Even when she was making 'Riptide,' with Norma, and taking coal-tar products to dull the sharp knives of her suffering, not one member of that cast ever knew that she was ill. Not one word ever passed her lips. She would step onto that set and go through with her scenes as she had always done, gaily and casually. That was *bravery.* It was while she was making that picture that she came home one night and when I asked her how she felt, she said she had some abdominal pains. I knew what that meant.

Wouldn't Admit Turn for Worse

"IT was when we were on our way to New York that she took a bad turn for the worse. She wouldn't admit it. She wouldn't talk about it. She said that she had been in the hospital twice in the past year or so—once for the appendectomy, once in Hollywood; that was enough. It was bad for her, professionally. But as we were nearing Chicago she said to me, 'Dear, I do hope there won't be any reporters here to meet us. I don't think I can talk—to-day.' I told her that we wouldn't; that I would tell them she wasn't feeling well. 'No, don't say *that*', she said. 'I'd rather see them and talk to them than tell them that—'

"We were met there by a publisher and her husband and when they asked us for lunch, Lilyan insisted upon going. 'Why not?' she said. 'You have given up enough things because of me. It must be awfully tiresome for you to have someone around you who is always suffering.' *Tiresome*—for *me!*

"And so we went to New York—and the last picture—and more doctors. They had begun to give morphine in the last three weeks. Not until then. There were days when she worked on the set from seven in the morning until ten and later at nights. And again, not one person ever heard from her that she was ill; no one suspected what she was going through. She looked younger and more beautiful with the passing of every day. Somehow, and I think you'll notice it when you see her in this last picture, 'Frankie and Johnnie', she seemed to grow softer and lovelier as she grew frailer.

"I had flu while we were there. Flu that was very near, one night, to pneumonia. And all of that night and the next one Lilyan sat up with me and nursed me. She wouldn't leave me, even with a nurse. And I can see her as she looked, leaving for the studio on the morning I was ready to be up and around, pausing by the door in a lovely black and lavender lace gown she was wearing, and saying to me, 'Don't try to walk up or down stairs, darling; you are still weak—'"

Ed paused a moment, as if trying to find words tender enough to give credit to such tenderness, words fine enough to pay tribute to such gallantry, words strong enough to commemorate such love . . . and I thought, too, of the many times I had talked with Lilyan during the fifteen years I had known them both and how she always said, half in fun, but wholly in earnest, "I would run a knife through any woman who took Ed away from me." I think she must know now that no one ever could, or ever will. I remembered, too, the many times she had said to me, "I would rather talk to Ed, be with Ed, than talk to or be with any other man I have ever known." Beneath the modern pattern of the days and ways of these two, who were together for sixteen years, there lived a companionship as close and tender as human minds can knit it and a love as intense and warm as human hearts can make it. We all knew that.

Wanted to Do "So Many Things"

"WE went to all the shows back there," Ed told me, "to openings, to the Colony Club for dinner. We had our own car and chauffeur there with us. I am glad to remember that now. When I first suggested taking it East, Lilyan thought it might be too expensive. I told her she should be glad that we didn't need to consider that. And so, one night, driving to the theatre, she suddenly cuddled up to me and said, 'Isn't it wonderful, darling, you and I here, like this, in New York, with our own car and driver from California?' And as we talked we realized that we were passing the very street, the very apartment house where Lilyan had lived when we first began to go together. I said to her that night, 'We'll do lots of things like this, dear, together' and she said, 'There are so *many* things I want to do, with you . . .'

"The next day she went into the hospital. They operated on a Friday, in the hope of averting some of the suffering ahead of her; in the hope that they might, perhaps, find that it was other than they thought it. When they came out of the operating room, those marvelous doctors, their faces were long. They said, 'It will be merciful for her if she doesn't get well.' For a day or two it looked as though she were rallying. She didn't want anyone to know where she was. 'Don't tell them I am in the hospital again,' she begged me. They operated on Friday; she died the following Wednesday.

"The night she went into the last unconsciousness, the last delirium, she was talking to me. She said, 'Isn't it funny, the things we think are worth while, the things we try so hard to have? It doesn't matter to me now whether I ever make another picture or not. I don't care whether or not I have enough clothes. I know now that there are only two things I *really* care about, really want. I want you and I want my health again.' And I said to her, trying to laugh, 'Well, you have me and you are getting well again—so what?'

"She died in my arms. She knows that now.

"I had a Mass said for her. When I 'phoned the priest about it, he told me

(*Continued on page 75*)

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KOTEX scientists, with the help of a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women, have created in the 1934 Wondersoft Kotex . . . the *perfect* sanitary pad. The sides are cushioned in downy cotton to relieve troublesome chafing, yet *the center of the pad is left free* to perform its important work instantly, without hindrance. It holds its shape. There is no discomfort from twisting and turning. And every vital Kotex feature prized by women is retained.

Third exclusive Kotex patent

★ Three times in two years Kotex improvements earned U. S. Patent protection. *First* —rounded, tapered ends that make protection non-detectable. *Second*—the famous Equalizer, that controls lengthwise absorption and increases efficiency. Now the *third* and greatest improvement—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex.

The Wondersoft pad is exactly the same in width, length, thickness as the old. It has the Equalizer and it has the tapered ends, as before. *In addition* the sides of Wondersoft Kotex are skilfully cushioned to give greater comfort than ever. There is no other sanitary pad like this new Wondersoft Kotex.

A new package for your protection

The Wondersoft Kotex package is *new* in shape, color and design. It no longer looks like a box of sanitary napkins. Ask for Wondersoft Kotex in Regular or Super (extra thickness) at your dealer's today. Both are priced alike—at the new low standard price of 20c. Obtainable in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

★3 exclusive Kotex features that positively cannot be copied because all three are protected by U. S. Patents. You will be disappointed if you accept something "just as good."

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By far,
the greatest service
I've ever offered!
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THOUSANDS VISIT MY FIFTH AVENUE SALON
ZIP
EPILATOR
DESTROYS HAIR
NOW MY SALON TREATMENT COMES TO YOU
CREME
SPECIAL $1.00 TREATMENT KIT
IT'S OFF IT'S OUT
MASSAGE
CLEANSING
TISSUE BUILDING
ANTISEPTIC
I have enabled thousands to destroy hair on face, arms, legs and body
Madame Berthé

permanently
destroys hair

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT EPILATOR

TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growth. So simple. So quick. It is ideal for *face,* arms, legs and underarms. Pleasant to use, and delightfully fragrant, *ZIP* acts immediately and brings lasting results. Complete Kit, with the identical preparations I use at my Salon all for $1.00.

ZiP PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. Giant tube, twice the size at half the price—50c.

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INSTANT DEODORANT
Madame Berthé

Large bottle of this meritorious deodorant now available at 10¢

Also the novelty of the year ZiP *Spray Deodorant* The sanitary way to check perspiration. All good stores 35c-50c.

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Enclosed find $________Please send items checked.
☐ $1.00 *ZIP* Epilator Kit ☐ 50c ZiP Depilatory Cream
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City & State ______________________________

Why Jean Harlow's Last Marriage Collapsed

(*Continued from page 45*)

this marriage, even though I've known for weeks that it is a mistake. If I could only have one grand picture under my belt first! I am so afraid of the reaction of the public to a divorce so soon after my marriage! But what am I to do? How long can I keep on denying rumors? How long can I hide my disappointment under a smile? I married Hal because I loved him deeply and sincerely. I thought, 'At last I have found the happiness I've always longed for.' And now—well, *what am I to do?* What am I to do to find what I want so desperately—peace and happiness and a real home? Should I marry again?"

I kept Jean Harlow's confidence while she made her tragic and desperate effort to adjust differences, to fight the avalanche of rumors of her inevitable separation from Hal Rosson, her third husband.

It was a valiant and a gallant fight. And Jean Harlow lost. Hal Rosson lost. Their coming divorce was headlined to the nation on the day after Jean had served as maid-of-honor at Carmelita Geraghty's wedding to Carey Wilson—and had explained her tears during the marriage service with a pathetic "marriages make me so sad."

Jean Harlow is a figure of tragedy. At twenty-three, she has known drama and pain and heart-break. Her life has been defined by a frantic seeking after happiness; by a nameless want that neither fame nor great achievement has satisfied.

She sought it in marriage. First with Charles McGrew, II, scion of a fine Chicago family. She was only sixteen then. The slight, dark, romantic boy first glimpsed the silver-haired Jean under a moon-drenched tree. And from that moment their fate was sealed. They married on September 21, 1927, and were divorced in January, 1931.

Between that divorce and her marriage on July 23, 1932 to Paul Bern, the producer, she was skyrocketed to stardom. She became a symbol of flaming passion. Her glittering hair became an international trade-mark.

Paul Bern died by his own hand a scant two months after their marriage, and Jean again knew a dreadful bitterness, a frightening frustration.

A Marriage Between Friends

IN Hal Rosson she found companionship—a quietness, a placidity that erased to some extent the nightmare memories of her second marriage. Her young romance had ended in disillusionment. Her maturer love had ended in tragedy. Perhaps in this third marriage she would find compensation for the bitterness that had been her portion.

Jean had met Hal when she was making tests for the "Red-Headed Woman." He saw beneath her sharp veneer—saw the latent possibilities that she so richly realized in "Red Dust" and "Dinner at Eight" and "The Blonde Bombshell." He deified her with his camera—and made, of an attractive girl, a startling, breath-taking beauty.

Gratitude is Jean Harlow's outstanding characteristic. Whether it was for love or out of a deep gratitude for understanding and appreciation, she married Hal Rosson, recognized as one of the truly great cameramen in the industry. He had been her friend for two years. He had been Paul Bern's friend—and her friend during her hours of anguish following Paul's death.

On September 18, 1933, they eloped to Yuma. As the dawn was breaking, they took their marriage vows before a sleepy judge. Jean was hatless; she had a run in her stocking. The pilot who had flown them to the Marriage Mecca was a witness.

Jean wanted happiness in marriage desperately. She did not find it with Hal Rosson. And but a few short hours after the news of their forthcoming divorce was blazoned to the world, Jean again discussed with me her marriage to Hal and the reasons for its failure. She said:

"You've known the truth. But for months I've denied all rumors of our impending separation in the hope that our differences could be adjusted. I told you three months ago that it couldn't last—but I still hoped that it would. I *prayed* that it would.

Claims They Had No Battle

"WE had no argument. For a week, quite quietly, we had discussed the matter—and finally on Saturday, May fifth, less than eight months after our marriage, we decided that it was no use to try any longer. Hal moved to his club.

"We're adults—not children. There was no need for hectic emotion, for ranting and raving. We had made a mistake. If two people aren't happy together, it is foolish to continue. Why should a mistake be prolonged for fear of public opinion? It is best to finish it definitely and decidedly and honestly.

"Hal wanted to make me over. But he couldn't do that. He should have known that he couldn't. He had known me two years before our marriage. He knew the sort of person I was—my limitations and my needs. He knew that I had allegiances to myself—not as Jean Harlow, the person, but as Jean Harlow, the motion picture actress, who must do many things a wife without a career does not do. I had to maintain many interests—in people and in activities. Of course, I have never been able to see why marriage should destroy a woman's normal interest in other people and limit her to interest in only *one*—her husband.

"Essentially, our differences can't be defined. I can't put my finger on just exactly *what* was wrong. I have always found tragedy in love. And yet I've tried honestly to give more to marriage than I've received, to give of myself completely. I don't want to make a 'heavy' of Hal. He isn't. He never was. Our divorce is no more Hal's fault than it is mine. We simply weren't meant for each other.

"I don't think any woman has ever wanted marriage in the fullest sense more than I did—and do! But I've been married three times. And all three marriages have spelled great unhappiness for me.

May Not Marry Again

"AFTER Paul went, I said that every woman had a right to a home and children and the companionship and friendship and love of a man. You remember, three months ago when I first realized that our marriage couldn't last, I told you that I might marry again and try to find peace and happiness and contentment.

"But now I feel differently about it. I feel now as if I shall never marry again. I am not superstitious. But it seems as if some unkind Fate is unwilling to let me marry. I am just not meant to be a happy wife—a happy mother.

"And it isn't quite fair to say that motion pictures—and my career—are responsible for the failure of this marriage. No one can determine with certainty what might have happened in another environment, under other conditions.

"I am not bitter. I have no resentment toward Hal or toward life. I've learned to accept whatever happens, placidly and passively—to accept everything that happens as it happens. In analyzing my life, I am startled by the fact that I have had very little to do with the big things that have happened to me. I've been passive—and Fate has done with me as it wished. I have had so little to do with the tragedies and the disappointments that have come to me. And so I've developed a philosophy—and that philosophy of life precludes my worrying about the inevitable. I can't do anything about it. I am passive, and I am swept along.

"My life isn't ended. There is work to be done; there are friends to be loved; good books to be read, happiness to be achieved! I shall try to find it—not in marriage certainly. Perhaps I am not meant for marriage, even though I've desired it so urgently. But there are other things to life. In them I shall find at least contentment.

No Chance of Reconciliation

"HAL and I are through. I have always felt that it sounded silly, when a husband and wife had made up their minds to seek a divorce, to announce that now they would be better friends than ever, that they would see more of each other.

"But our marriage is finished. There will be no reconciliation, nor will we see each other every day. We didn't part in recrimination and bitterness. I am glad of that. We haven't impaired our respect for each other anyway."

At the moment Jean has no definite plans for an immediate divorce, though she may have by the time you read this. She is in the midst of making "One Hundred Per Cent Pure" but Hal Rosson is not the photographer. When the complaint is filed, the charges will be incompatibility.

Whether Jean wills it or not, romance will come to her again. She is a magnet for love—a challenge to love. Not so much because her body is the most alluring in the world, but because she has a penetrating mind, an astute and brilliant wit, a gentle and a tolerant and a comprehensive philosophy. And the paradox which is Jean Harlow is fated to attract love and romance and attention.

But Jean Harlow can never wholly belong to one man. For primarily she belongs to ambition.

For Jean, the actress, applause might be enough. For the Jean of the hungry heart, it can never be enough. Love is her destiny—a destiny that she can't achieve, unless there comes a man with so modern a philosophy, so broad-visioned, so understanding, that he will give odds to the woman of talent!

Tom Collins

Hal Roach, the comedy producer, deserves a great big hand for having signed Irvin S. Cobb (above), the well-known humorist, to appear in his comedies

The men who "mislaid" my telephone number . . . *are finding it again.*

"After I removed the 7 stains from my teeth, the telephone started ringing again. I'd found a new beauty—a new popularity."

"THREE MONTHS AGO you wouldn't have believed we had a telephone!

"All the romance I got then was out of magazines. And in them I noticed *an ad for Colgate's . . .*

"It told how everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves seven kinds of stains on teeth . . . how men loathe discolored teeth in women.

"I looked in my mirror. Sure enough—my teeth were getting dull and discolored although I hadn't suspected it till then. *So I decided to try Colgate's.*

"I liked it. It was refreshing! Left my breath sweet! And almost before I knew it, my teeth were so white, so beautiful! And maybe you think I didn't smile and show them!

"Then the telephone started to ring again. And now men say my smile is dazzling."

Don't Gamble With Your Charm Remove the 7 stains with Colgate's—completely

It is true—most toothpastes cannot remove all the seven kinds of stains. For most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action—and one isn't enough. But Colgate's has *two* actions. An *emulsive* action that washes away many of the stains . . . a gentle *polishing* action that removes all the others.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Note how beautifully white and lustrous it makes your teeth. And at 20c for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes.

• • •

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has two cleansing actions, sells at the same low prices.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Large tube now 20¢
GIANT TUBE (double quantity) 35c

LISTEN IN—"The Colgate House Party." Donald Novis, Frances Langford, Don Voorhees. Every Saturday night 9 P.M., E. D. S. T., over National Broadcasting Stations, Coast to Coast.

Maybelline

MASCARA beautifies EVERY·TYPE

MAYBELLINE adds charm to "sweet 16"

MAYBELLINE lends glamor to "smart 25"

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MAYBELLINE beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"

BEAUTIFUL EYES are your best asset at any age. Have long, dark, curling lashes quickly and easily with harmless Maybelline mascara. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and applied in a jiffy with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush. Do as over eight million other women do—insist upon *genuine* Maybelline! Black for brunettes; Brown for blondes. 75c at all leading Drug and Department stores.

Tested ★ Approved 5841 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health • Good Housekeeping Magazine

The Approved Mascara

New Gold and Scarlet Metal Case

These Movies

(*Continued from page 37*)

gentle, it is reminiscent of that earlier hit. The laughs tumble over each other, they come so fast; there's romance to boot, and excitement, and even twinges of pathos. There isn't much that it doesn't have in the line of entertainment. Menjou and the Temple child are superb; and some of the others aren't far behind them. They're a colorful crowd, as their character names testify. Dorothy Dell is *Bangles;* Bickford is *Big Steve;* Lynne Overman (he's a well-known Broadway comedian and smoothie) is *Regret;* Warren Hymer is *Canvas Back;* Sam Hardy is *Bennie, the Gouge;* and Tammany Young is *Buggs.*

SADIE McKEE—M-G-M

Joan Repeats Her Previous Self

HISTORY isn't the only thing that repeats itself. A movie hit has a habit of doing the same thing. Because Joan Crawford made the box-office cash registers jingle in "Dancing Lady," she plays much the same sort of spunky gal in "Sadie McKee." The difference is that Joan isn't a dancer this time and has more acting to do. And this time Franchot Tone—who, by the way, again is a man-about town, with clothes to match—wins the gal.

Like many a fiery person, Joan (in the picture) is obstinate. She starts out hating Tone, in whose father's home she is a maid, and loving Gene Raymond, a ne'er-do-well singer with whom she runs away to New York. And it takes her a long time to change her mind. In the meantime, Gene runs off with Esther Ralston, ex-vaudeville-headliner—and Joan, on the rebound, marries a drunken millionaire (Edward Arnold). Tone, his lawyer, tries to prevent the marriage—but finally comes to respect the girl, who makes over his friend. Yet she's still bitter toward him—until events conspire to open her eyes. And the events do seem to conspire; the dramatists' last resort, coincidence, smooths everything out. Joan is real enough, and so are Franchot and Gene and Edward and Esther; but the story seems theatrical and artificial. Yes, and a bit gray—from age.

HE WAS HER MAN—

Warners

Cagney Keeps You in Suspense

JAMES CAGNEY changes his pace in "He Was Her Man." He gets away from the light, chipper sort of rôle and goes in for melodrama again—suspenseful melodrama. A gangster just out of prison, he plots a robbery with two ex-pals whom he secretly blames for his "taking the rap"; he tips off the cops, who catch one, but miss the other. That baddie puts "the finger" on Jimmy. Jimmy, knowing the gangland sentence that is on him, lights out for San Francisco, and there meets a streetwalker (Joan Blondell) who is intending to go straight and marry a young fisherman (Victor Jory) in a Coast village. With 'Frisco getting too "hot" for him, Jimmy decides to go to the village, too, —and, before the wedding, falls in love with her, with Joan succumbing to his advances. But meanwhile, his relentless pursuers have again picked up his trail—and life looks more important than romance to him. About this time, you're sitting on the edge of your seat, waiting for the suspense to break. And when it does break, it's likely to chill you—and haunt you. Jimmy lives his rôle of a fugitive from bitter justice; his nervousness is contagious. Joan also is convincing as an emotional weakling. And Victor Jory is splendid as the fisherman, whose emotions aren't complicated. In the background, Frank Craven molds another drily amusing character sketch.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS—

Paramount

Two Sylvias in One Sprightly Film

"THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS" is loaded with laughs, and gives a new and timely twist to the princess-of-a-mythical-kingdom idea. It's sprightly fun all the way, and just as much satire as it is comedy. Sylvia Sidney plays a dual rôle—that of *Princess Catterina of Taronia,* who comes to New York to create good-will so that her country can float a bond issue in America, and *Nancy Lane,* third-rate actress, who is drafted to impersonate the Princess when that young lady catches the mumps. The principal person she has to impress is Cary Grant, vitriolic publisher. And, of course, they fall in love—but she's afraid to admit it because she's only a "thirty-day princess," and he doesn't dare hope that a princess could love a mere publisher. Particularly, when she has a violent suitor in the person of *Prince Nicholaus* (Vince Barnett). Sylvia, as a comédienne, is a novelty worth seeing—if you're in the mood for something light, frothy and amusing.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—M-G-M

Far-Fetched, But Packs a Punch

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA" is as improbable as some of the "daily true stories" you can read in the small-size newspapers. But that doesn't keep it from being forceful—with Clark Gable, William Powell and Myrna Loy in the main rôles. As boys, Gable and Powell are both rescued from the burning excursion ship, *General Slocum*—and more or less grow up together on New York's seething East Side. But while Gable becomes a big gambler, Powell becomes a lawyer—and marries Gable's girl (Myrna). Gable, however, doesn't resent that; far from it. When Powell is District Attorney with ambitions to become Governor, Gable wipes out a man who threatened to be a worry to Powell; he's caught, tried by Powell, convicted. Then as Governor, Powell faces the question: Should he pardon his old friend? I won't tell you the ending—but I will say it's contrary to human nature, particularly such human nature as Gable reveals earlier in the picture. Clark puts his usual punch in his rôle; Powell is, as usual, suave; and Myrna is poised and charming.

NO GREATER GLORY—

Columbia

It's Different; You'll Remember It

"NO GREATER GLORY" is an unusual picture—and an unusually fine picture. No sensitive person should miss it. On the surface, it tells a story of two rival gangs of young boys who fight over possession of a vacant lot; under the surface, it says, "This is war in miniature. These are war emotions in embryo." The story is told from the side of the Paul Street Boys, whose opponents are the Reds; you see them organize as an "army," plan strategies as generals do, honor bravery and despise treachery as patriots do. And your attention fastens particularly on George Breakston, the only private (all the rest are officers), who is heart-breaking in his ambition to be a hero—and who, in the end, dies. This boy is a remarkable actor; he does what he wants with your emotions. But part of the credit must go to Frank Borzage, the director, who once more has proved his knowledge of human nature in his handling of these boys, and in his telling of this sympathetic, yet ironic story.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—

Paramount

Plenty of Bing, Plenty of Nonsense

IF Sir James Barrie ever sees "We're Not Dressing," he will probably be glad they changed the title of the comedy he originally wrote, because they also changed the story of "The Admirable Crichton" almost beyond recognition. Yet, it emerges as entertainment—of the musical comedy variety. Barrie's play was a satire of millionaires shipwrecked on a desert island, with a butler becoming leader of the castaways, because only he knew what to do. "We're Not Dressing" turns the butler into a sailor (Bing Crosby), who becomes boss all right, but doesn't have to do much except sing and make love to Carole Lombard, usually under difficult circumstances. (Bing sings ten times, no less.) Once, he's wrestling with a bear as he exercises his vocal chords. Leon Errol is present as a dizzy millionaire "admiral," whose fiancée is Ethel Merman (she has a couple of amusing song numbers, herself). On the island already are George Burns and Gracie Allen, naturalists—and Gracie has some inventions that deserve some of her inimitable prattle. It's a great big dose of nonsense and song. But don't misunderstand me; it's not an overdose.

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio

Light Bandit-Singer Romance

RICHARD DIX and Irene Dunne, the well-remembered team of "Cimarron," are together again—but they have no "Cimarron" this time. What they do have is a romance that is essentially light, despite its intermittent excitement. In it Irene sings for the first time on the screen (and does very well, thank you), while Dix attends to most of the acting—with some able and amusing help from Mary Boland, as Irene's Nemesis, and Andy Devine, as his buddy.

The setting is Australia in the 1870's. Dix is a bold, but not so bad bandit who falls in love at first sight with Irene, who has musical ambitions, but no opportunities. Dix kidnaps her, then brings her back to give a "command" performance before an opera impresario (Conway Tearle). Dix gets caught for his trouble, but Irene starts on the road to operatic fame. Years later, finding life empty without her *Stingaree*, she returns to Australia. Dix, who has escaped prison, again risks capture for her sake—to hear her sing "Tonight Is Mine"—and again runs off with her, for an ending you are supposed to guess.

It almost makes up in color what it lacks in plausibility—but strip it of its Australian veneer, transpose it to our own prairies, and it would look like a Western with music and a couple of new twists. In any guise, it would still look like another case of an outlaw being glorified. Moviegoers have rebelled against seeing gangsters; but does that prove that moviegoers are now hankering to see lone-wolf outlaws, even when they are swashbuckling, romantic, happy-go-lucky fellows? I can't help wondering. For the plot has *Stingaree*, like the yellower modern gangster, taking what he wants when he wants it. The saving part is that he does it amusingly; adults will smile. But youngsters—?

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About

WRONG MAKE-UP *gives a "hard", "cheap" look.*

RIGHT MAKE-UP *provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.*

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing — adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—*Pandora* and *Poppy*

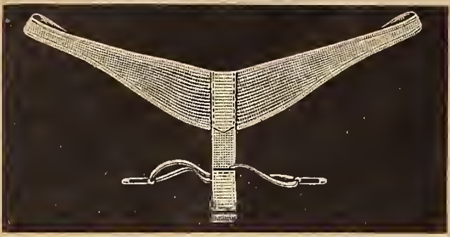
ROUGE INCARNAT
ANGELUS
ROUGE
NATURAL
A BRILLIANT BEAUTIFIER FOR LIP AND CHEEK THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF
LOUIS PHILIPPE

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks

The Lipstick

Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE
USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

Comfort WHEN
YOU NEED IT MOST

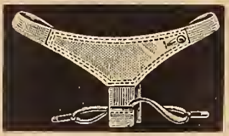


Siluette belt by Hickory—Style 1300

The Siluette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Siluette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, lightweight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed and ironed........................65c

STYLE 1318

The Hickory Petite — adjustable — narrow boilproof Lastex; Pyralin clasps, no pins—perfectly secure....................35c



STYLE 1387

A popular Hickory Shield Button Style —combination satin and boilproof Lastex..50c

Sanitary Belts by
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Made in a wide variety
of styles..........25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1147 W. Congress St. Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, *too*

Bette Davis—The ASSEMBLED Star

(Continued from page 52)

"Dressler?—she's like a Rolls-Royce limousine," said one. "You know—big, and solid, and dependable, and never seems to wear out, but always gives satisfaction."

"And Joan Crawford?"

"A swell paint job," grinned Ern Westmore, the make-up expert, who was with us.

Bette Asked to Be Catalogued

BY this time, Bette Davis, having finished a "take," had joined us and was listening. Suddenly she demanded:

"What about ME? How would you rate ME in your auto classifications?"

For a moment or two, there was silence. Then Ern Westmore had an inspiration:

"You? Bette, you're what an auto man would call a first-rate ASSEMBLY JOB!"

"Meaning just exactly what?" she demanded. "And if you make any funny cracks about my chassis or shock-absorbers, Ern, I'll tell *your* wife and *my* husband!"

So Ern explained nicely—like this:

"In automotive parlance, in case any of you don't know, an 'assembly job' is a car that's made in sections in different factories. The frame is made at one, the body here, the fenders there, the motor some place else, and so on. Then these parts are all gathered at an assembly plant, and there 'assembled' together to produce the finished car.

"Well, like an assembled car, Bette Davis is an ASSEMBLED STAR. Look at her to-day—the finished job as you see her on the screen or the street—and you can take her apart, just as they do autos, and find parts of Connie Bennett and of Tallulah Bankhead; of Garbo and Crawford and Hepburn; of George Arliss, too, and of Myrna Loy; and, yes, even of grand Lilyan Tashman! . . . From each of them, Bette has taken something—lifted some distinctive trick of appearance or mannerism or showmanship, and made it part of herself."

And from there, Ern went on to explain further—something like this.

Not "Stealing" Anybody's Stuff

"STEALING somebody else's stuff," some have called it, but Bette doesn't look at it that way. Rather, she says, it was a process of studying others' work and profiting thereby—as any good craftsman does, no matter what the craft. And if in some cases, the adoption of somebody else's stuff was so startling that it set tongues to wiggling, then, says Bette, "What of it?"

Anyway, you all remember what happened when Bette flashed across the screen opposite George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," don't you? A nice piece of work she did, but was that what the critics and fans said? No!—they all chorused, "My, oh my, oh my, oh my—here's a 'second Connie Bennett!'" She looked like Connie, she sounded like Connie, she acted like Connie. So much so that Connie, herself, got so mad about it that you couldn't get to her to talk about Bette looking like her!

Now, was that intentional on Bette's part? Bette says, "No, it just happened," and gives you that wide-eyed baby stare that's supposed to be one of Connie's own patented and copyrighted tricks-of-the-trade! Yet, the fact remains—and Bette won't deny it — that she deliberately bleached her hair to the Connie shade. . . .

You see, when Bette first arrived in Hollywood, after Universal signed her to a three-year contract on the strength of her stage work, she looked like a blonde Tallulah Bankhead off-screen—but when the movie lights and cameras had done their work, her naturally blonde hair came out *dark* on the silver sheet.

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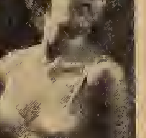

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"She has that Bankhead indolence and that Bankhead drawl," they said when they saw the rushes on her first movie scenes, "but that brown hair doesn't look so hot. She's just a *little brown wren!*"

HAD to Add to Chassis

"THAT'S what they said about me," Bette says, now; "—'the little brown wren!' Me, who had always been a blonde. It sounded like defeat to me, and I was pretty heart-broken. I wasn't big enough to have the studio make-up department worry about me, so it was up to me whether I climbed out of this first defeat, or not. They loaned me out to other shops for bits and tiny rôles, and I knew movie oblivion was dated on the day of my first option. So I began to look around. . . ."

And because she's not stupid, she began to figure what it was that Connie Bennett, for instance, had that Bette Davis didn't have. And then came a call to Warners' for a test for the Arliss picture. Bette took a chance. She had her hair bleached. Blonde as it was, she had it bleached even blonder. And she had it cut. Now, it may have been just accident that they cut it like Connie's and that Bette, for the test, dressed it like Connie's.

Anyway, when the Warner executives saw the test, they screamed in unison, "Ah, a gold mine—another Bennett; we've got RKO on the spot!" And so they signed Bette Davis. And Bette Davis, after satisfying them by Conniebennetting through the Arliss film, immediately upset all their predictions by assembling other tricks from other stars.

"If it worked in the Connie case, why won't it work in others?" might have been her motto. So what?

Well, watch her hands, sometime. "H'm," you'll say, "she uses them as effectively as Helen Hayes does hers. Wonder if she 'stole' that from Helen?"

Has "Floating Power" Hands

AS a matter of fact, she didn't. She got that from George Arliss—and didn't have to "steal" it. Arliss gave it to her. There is no more meticulous man than Arliss when it comes to training his casts. Rehearsing for "The Man Who Played God," he showed little Bette what to do with her hands—how to make them the most effective part of her person in certain moods and scenes, rather than the most awkward part. And what he taught her, she has retained. And so, in Bette Davis' hands and what she does with them on the screen, you have the Arliss contribution to the ensemble that's called Bette Davis.

So let's see, now—we've got four brands already: 1—the Bette Davis frame on which the other parts are being attached; 2—the Bankhead languor and drawl that she brought from the stage; 3—the Connie Bennett look that she got from the hair bleach and coiffure; 4—the George Arliss hands that she got from Arliss, himself.

That brings us to the day when she realized that there is more to being a star than what you do ON the screen. It's what you do OFF the screen that counts, too. She learned that from Katharine Hepburn. There is no more startling off-screen actress in Hollywood than Hepburn, and the reams of publicity-that-makes-stars astounded Bette. "H'm; if SHE can do that, why not I?" she might have soliloquized again.

And so she broke out with interviews and stunts that rivaled Hepburn's showmanship. She gave an interview about her married life in which she departed from the set formula of "We'll-always-be-happy" and said, Hepburnishly, "Oh, I don't know whether it'll last or not. What the ———?"—or words to that effect. And she did that stunt that set people gossiping about her everywhere: when the tittle-tattlers whispered that all was not well between her and hubby

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Suit yourself perfectly—and every member of the family—in a Jantzen. There's a model to fit every taste and purse. The Basque Kerchief $5.95. Misses $5.50. Other authentic styles $4.50 to $9.95.

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THOUGHT
WHY DOESN'T HE TAKE ME IN HIS ARMS AND GIVE ME A LONG KISS?
2
I'M SO DISCOURAGED- JACK HAS NEVER EVEN TRIED TO REALLY KISS ME . . .
LISTEN-TRY THE LIP MAKE-UP OF THE MOVIE STARS-THE WONDERFUL NEW KISSPROOF INDELIBLE LIPSTICK
3
HER NEXT DATE WITH HIM
YOUR LIPS DRAW ME LIKE A MAGNET- I CAN'T SEEM TO RESIST THEM . . .
DON'T TRY- THE LIPSTICK ON THEM IS CALLED KISSPROOF!

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If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*...This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK

Harmon Nelson, she suddenly appeared at a Hollywood première with not ONE, but SIX young men as escorts. No more Hepburnish stunt could be imagined, and with it, Bette got equally Hepburnish publicity.

Took to Unusual Upholstery

AND that's not all. Bette also observed the great gobs of publicity that had accrued to Lilyan Tashman for years. And she analyzed it and added it up and found that the sum always spelled: C-L-O-T-H-E-S. So Bette did her stuff. Always well-dressed before, Bette had recently added that little further touch that spells spectacularism, rather than just good-dressism. Look at any group picture that Bette is in, and you'll note that she stands out just a little differently, a little more noticeably, by some extreme trick of dress or accessory. The true Tashman touch!

And so, add to the other parts of Bette: 5—The Hepburn showmanship that she got from studying Katie, herself; and 6—The Tashman-touch in clothes.

So we come to the Day of the Great Screams from the Warner front-offices. They were looking at rushes of Bette Davis in the tests for "Fashions of 1934," were the executives. Suddenly, from the darkened projection room, issued the Great Scream. Who gave it, no one knows—whether it was one of the Warners, or one of the Warners' first assistant assistants, or all of them in unison. But the scream sounded like: "Send that Bette Davis girl in here at once!"

She came. "What are you, anyhow?" they wanted to know. "Are you Bette Davis or are you Connie Bennett or are you maybe GARBO?" For there, on the screen, was Bette *a la* Garbo, herself. Her hair was in a long bob, and straight like Garbo's. Front view, she looked sort of lousy, to be frank, and she admits it. But all of a sudden, there she was *en profile*—and the resemblance to Garbo was stunning!

Acquired New "Lamps"

NOW, even for movie execs, too much is too much! "Nix!" they told Bette. "Change it!" they ordered. "We can have another Bennett or things like that, but you can't be another Garbo and get away with it!" Bette argued; she said, sincerely, that she hadn't meant to be like Garbo, but could she help it? They were adamant, however, and so Bette turned back to the dressing-room, and when she came out again, she was Joan Crawford . . . !

She had taken the lip-rouge box and smeared it all over her mouth. She had taken the eye-shadow and the lash-stuff, and blobbed it around her orbs. And when the rushes came out, the front-office force screamed again and said:

"So now she isn't a Garbo any more, she's a *Sadie Thompson* Crawford!!!!"

Once again: "Can I help it?" wailed Bette. Of course, she admitted, she had seen Crawford's big-mouth-and-eyes make-up and found it interesting. And maybe, subconsciously, she had aped it—but certainly not intentionally; oh, certainly, no!

"Well, don't do it," ordered the bosses again. And again, Bette went into her dressing-room and undid the Crawford stuff. Yet—watch her on the screen now, and you'll see, beyond argument, that those two experiments have left a distinct mark on her. You'll see, in flashes, a bit of Garboism, a bit of Crawfording, here and there—in looks, in poise, in action, in voice—and you'll know that to the assembly-job that's called Bette Davis, there has been irremovably added: 7—the Garbo what-is-it; and 8—the Crawford soulful look and oh-the-tragedy-of-it! demeanor. And now she's adding item No. 9—the Loy touch.

But let's go back to the beginning of this yarn. We're all there on the RKO lot again, where Bette's working opposite Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage." Ern has

GETTING DARK AT THE ROOTS

BLONDES
heed this warning!

THERE'S a lot of "come hither" in sparkling, real golden blonde hair! But watch the danger line at the part, around the forehead—hair darkening at the roots. It ruins a blonde's attractiveness. Whether it's due to hair growing in darker or imperfect care, all you need is BLONDEX, the unusual shampoo designed to *keep* blonde hair always *beautiful*. Blondex is not a harsh dye. Simply a fine powder bubbling instantly into a beneficial, frothy lather. *Naturally* brings out all the dazzling charm, the golden sheen and lustre that makes blonde hair so fascinating. Get the inexpensive 25c package, or the economical $1 size, at any drug or department store. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave Set? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky or flaky.*

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just finished explaining that assembly-job as I've detailed it here. Suddenly, he looks at Bette.

"Am I right, or am I right?" he demands.

Bette gives him the Bennett eyes and the Crawford look and the Arliss hands, and she says, "Maybe, Ern, maybe, but it wasn't intentional. . . ."

Ern grins, points at her hair.

"You had me dye it red, didn't you?"

"Yes," says Bette.

"And you didn't happen to know, did you, that Myrna Loy's hair is red?"

Yes, she knew, says Bette.

"And of course, darling," grinned Ern, "you don't happen to realize that Loy's the type that's zooming toward the top in fan-appeal right now, do you?"

"Oh, Ern—you mean, MEAN thing!" said Bette. "You wouldn't insinuate, would you, that I'm *stealing* Myrna's stuff?"

And she winked. . . . !

Lilyan . . .

(*Continued from page 67*)

that they could not say the Black Mass. It was the Friday before Good Friday and they would have to say the Pink Mass. It was one of the two days of the year when this Mass is said. He explained to me that purple and white together make pink. The purple is for the agony of Our Lord and the white is for the hope of his resurrection. I was glad that it was that way. It seemed so strange. Lilyan *was* pink, you know . . .

Saw Her Face in Fresco

"AND while the Mass was going on I looked at the fresco over the altar. It was a Fra Angelica, I think, with the Madonna painted white and with blue eyes and pale gold hair, as Fra Angelica always painted his Madonnas. And at first I thought my own emotions were confusing me. Because the face looking down at me so tenderly, so compassionately, so understandingly was *Lilyan's face*. As we were leaving the Church, Irene Barrymore came to me and said, 'Did you notice the face in the fresco? *Wasn't that Lilyan's face?*' I shall go back there when I am in New York again.

"People have criticized the scene that the crowds of people made when Lilyan was laid to rest. They have said that it was bad taste, irreverent, morbid curiosity. I don't think so. Lilyan wouldn't think so, either. It was their way of showing that they cared. It was the mark given to a trouper as she passed. While we are living, what else do people come to see us for but out of love and curiosity? That was what they were giving Lilyan then. *It was all right.* We both thought so . . .

"I can't pay *one* tribute to Lilyan—there are too many tributes to too many qualities. She was, above all, *honest*. You know how honest she was. She was loyal, and she was very kind. She met Life, loving it, with a gay and gallant smile; and when Death came, she met him, too, honestly, bravely and gallantly.

"A friend of mine greeted me when I came back, alone. He said, 'You have had more in your sixteen years of marriage than I will ever know.'

"I *have* had more. More of everything—because she held all of the gifts in her hands. If the pain now is commensurately greater, it is because the pride and pleasure were more than falls to the lot of most men."

Two really great performances were given this past year, I thought: Lilyan's and—Ed's.

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A SECOND HONEYMOON"

From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

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"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(*Signed*) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

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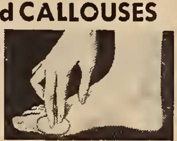

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Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 9*)

couple together . . . Jessica Dragonette, who soothes your ear-drums on the radio, will soothe your eyes on the screen in "The Big Broadcast of 1934." And Joe Penner will try to sell that duck in the same picture. . . Douglas Fairbanks is planning to live on his big ranch near San Diego.

Any Names Picked Yet, Joan?

JOAN BLONDELL is going to Tahiti for a holiday with hubby George Barnes. But she'll be back in time for that Blessed Event in October . . . Joan was recently given a cup by the Wampas for being the Wampas Baby Star who had traveled farthest (in a screen way) in the past three years. She was a 1931 starlet. . . . You won't see Joan Bennett, a recent mother, on the screen for some time yet. She and hubby Gene Markey are abroad for two months—far from the scene of Richard Bennett's marital troubles with Joan's stepmother, the former Angela Raisch. . . . Richard Arlen, who hasn't had a real vacation in years, reports having the time of his life in Europe. And his wife (Jobyna Ralston) and son were with him, too. . . . The Clive Brooks (and two children) are going to motor through Europe this summer. . . . Margaret Sullavan is now walking, cycling and driving through England. . . . A sign on an excavation for a new building on Hollywood Boulevard reads "Free Dirt." Eight Hollywood columnists stopped by in one day to investigate. . . .

The Stars Who Pack 'Em In

AT the annual convention of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America held in Hollywood last month, the theatre men spoke right up in meeting. They named names in discussing what stars are really drawing cards at the box-office.

Will Rogers and Marie Dressler are regarded as the box-office leaders of to-day—Rogers regardless of his vehicle, Marie if her picture is worthy of her. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor are next in line, but their films must be good, too. Ann Harding is liked better by women than men. Margaret Sullavan is the biggest potential star among the newcomers.

The exhibitors confirmed the report that Garbo is slipping and did not believe that Dietrich was holding up so well. Mae West is still a question mark. "She Done Him Wrong" was tremendous, but "I'm No Angel," although a big money-maker, disappointed and may bring about a bad reaction upon "It Ain't No Sin." If her fourth picture is a crackerjack, it will re-establish her. Katharine Hepburn, according to the theatre men, hasn't meant much at the box-office except in "Little Women," and that draw was credited to the popularity of the book, not to the star

Jolson Takes It All Back

AL JOLSON has changed his mind. After giving MOVIE CLASSIC an interview in which he said he was through with pictures forever, he signed a new five-year contract for one musical a year with Warner Brothers.

At the time MOVIE CLASSIC presented the story, you may remember, we qualified his statements several times by inserting "so he says" after the remarks he made about quitting the screen "forever." You see, we have been interviewing actors for many years and we know that what they mean to-day, they may not mean to-morrow. All we can do is to tell you accurately what they say.

Don't be an AIREDALE

IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look — and the irritation — that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free — and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores — 50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

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Johnny Loops with Lupe

LUPE VELEZ, headed East for a five-week personal appearance tour, was accompanied by Johnny Weissmuller. "What for should I leave my Johnny?" Lupe demanded. "No, he goes with me. He can golf all day while I work, but I want him in the same town at the same time. I'm no fool." . . . . You can make of that what you will.

Extras Get the Axe

THE Hollywood Central Casting Bureau's list of registered extras is being cut from a total of more than seventeen thousand to fifteen hundred. Only those who have managed to work fairly regularly will be retained. Curtailing of the call list will unquestionably be accompanied by loud complaints from those left out, but it seems to be the only thing to do. Do you need to be warned again not to try for a job in the movies? . . .

Exercise by Proxy

HOLLYWOOD has again fallen for an exhibition of endurance. Its latest popular fad is attending a Walkathon, similar to marathon dancing, except that the contestants walk, instead of dance. Jack Kearns is promoting the sore-feet derby and the stars are turning out in droves. Each evening the boxes are filled with movie celebrities from Leslie Howard to Jack Oakie.

More Stars and Better Pictures

THE Motion Picture NRA code as it affects the theatres bids fair to cause a revolution in Hollywood, the like of which this capital of headaches has never previously known.

You have heard, of course, of "block-booking," the system by which a studio sells a certain number of pictures to a theatre before those pictures have been made or even written. The theatre, having contracted for such product, is compelled to play films, whether good or bad, or pay a cancellation fee amounting to fifty per cent of the rental. Under the system, studios have been able to realize a fair return on every individual release, regardless of its worth. Under the new deal instituted by the code, all of this may be changed.

Now a theatre can cancel any picture that does not come up to expectations and avoid paying a cancellation penalty. Can you see what this means? Studios will be forced into greater competition than ever before. Pictures will have to be better, and star names will have to be acting names!

Tracy Autographs Contract

LEE TRACY will be a Paramount star, after all. Several weeks of negotiations preceded the actual signing of the contract but now, as *Variety* says, ink has been spilled. Tracy's first picture is aptly titled, possibly on purpose, "A Son Comes Home."

Won't Sing for Suppers

REMEMBER how Jeanette MacDonald got even with the doctor who invited her to dinner and then demanded that she entertain his guests? She retaliated by having him to luncheon so that she might obtain free medical advice.

Well, Russ Columbo has an even better way of dodging those pests who expect him to sing for his supper. He has had himself incorporated and one of the first articles in the incorporation papers is that he is not allowed to sing without permission of the board of directors. Smart, eh?

Paging Anita

ANITA PAGE has come back to Hollywood after seven months of touring the country in vaudeville. We thought you had

(*Continued on page 79*)

Macaroons a Child Can Make!

Eagle Brand

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

● What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! ● But remember —*Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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Dr. Stotter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 43-B, N. Y.

Have You Heard That--

Gloria Swanson told MOVIE CLASSIC that she was "destined for divorce" *several weeks* before she told newspapers?

Hal Rosson admits that MOVIE CLASSIC knew that Jean Harlow was going to divorce him three months before he knew it? (Jean told us, herself.)

George Raft told MOVIE CLASSIC first—and alone—that he has a son?

There is one screen magazine that scoops all others in gaining the confidences of stars?

The magazine in which you will *always* find the intimate, inside news about the stars who *are* news is

MOVIE CLASSIC

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A new Remington Portable. Carrying case *free.* Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write. Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 1505, Buffalo, N. Y.

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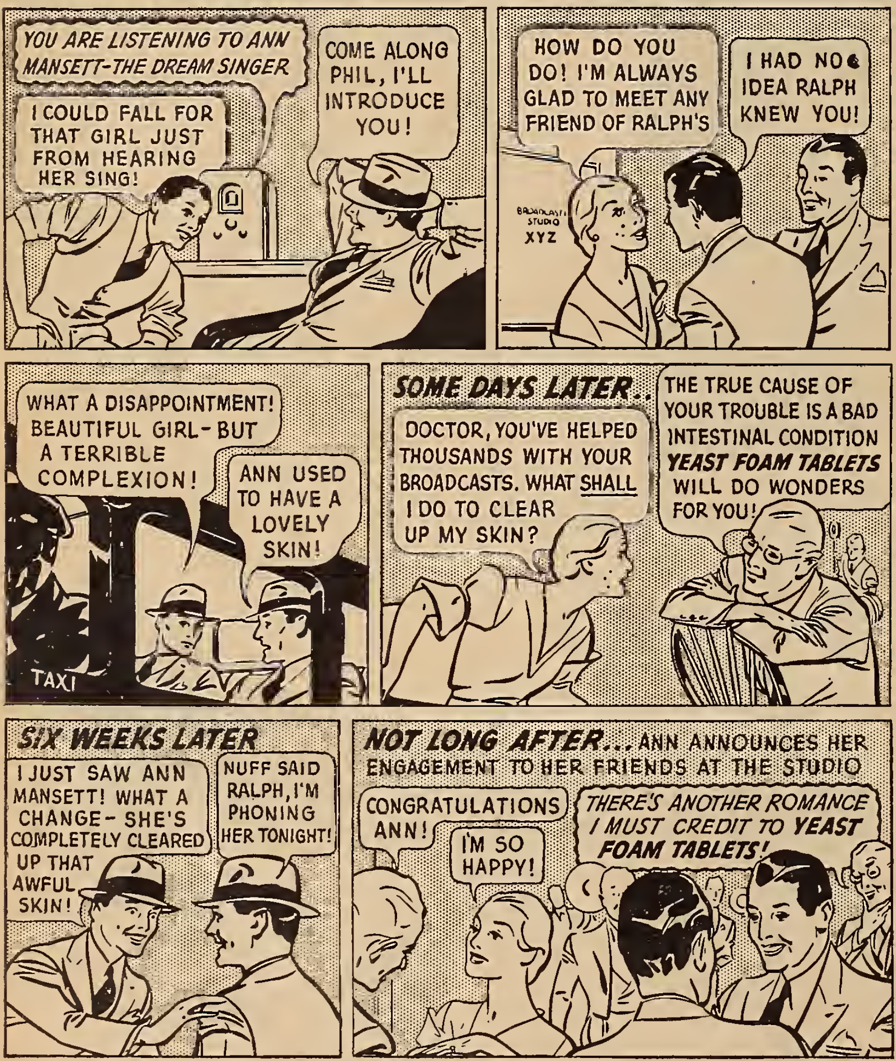
Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **SHAMPO-KOLOR**, takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 21, 254 W. 31st St., New York.**

If you like Movie Classic why not pass the word along to your friends. When an article in this magazine strikes you as being unusually good, tell your friends to get a copy at the newsstand, and read it.

RADIO ANN–*She Gets Her Man!*


YOU ARE LISTENING TO ANN MANSETT-THE DREAM SINGER
I COULD FALL FOR THAT GIRL JUST FROM HEARING HER SING!
COME ALONG PHIL, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU!
HOW DO YOU DO! I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET ANY FRIEND OF RALPH'S
I HAD NO IDEA RALPH KNEW YOU!
BROADCASTING STUDIO XYZ
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT! BEAUTIFUL GIRL-BUT A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION!
ANN USED TO HAVE A LOVELY SKIN!
TAXI
SOME DAYS LATER..
DOCTOR, YOU'VE HELPED THOUSANDS WITH YOUR BROADCASTS. WHAT SHALL I DO TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN?
THE TRUE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE IS A BAD INTESTINAL CONDITION YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU!
SIX WEEKS LATER
I JUST SAW ANN MANSETT! WHAT A CHANGE- SHE'S COMPLETELY CLEARED UP THAT AWFUL SKIN!
NUFF SAID RALPH, I'M PHONING HER TONIGHT!
NOT LONG AFTER... ANN ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO HER FRIENDS AT THE STUDIO
CONGRATULATIONS ANN!
I'M SO HAPPY!
THERE'S ANOTHER ROMANCE I MUST CREDIT TO YEAST FOAM TABLETS!

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE

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Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

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City ________________ State ________

Stars in Love Make Better Pictures

(*Continued from page 58*)

next picture, "The Firebird" will prove whether or not the gossip is true.

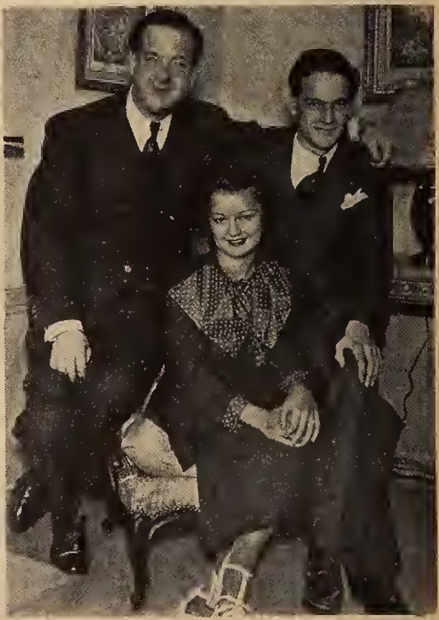
Ann Harding's long succession of mediocre pictures coincided with the breaking up of her marriage. Despite her denials, she saw it coming long before she admitted it. Though her marriage to Harry Bannister was publicized as a great romance, Hollywood is inclined to doubt that it has even yet seen an Ann Harding in love on the screen. If that happiness comes to her, this star will flame into greatness.

And what of Katharine Hepburn? Her latest picture, "Spitfire," held only elusive memories of the actress who became a sensation overnight. But Katharine Hepburn was on the verge of divorce from Ludlow Smith. (She has since obtained her freedom.) She was no longer in love—and something intangible, but necessary was lacking in "Spitfire." Perhaps she, herself, realized that a dead romance was hurting her artistically and so hastened to be rid of it. Now, there are rumors of a new romance in her life—rumors that link her with her handsome, wealthy, socialite manager, Leland Hayward. Her next picture, "Joan of Arc," will confirm or deny those rumors!

A star's triumphs or defeats—the cycles of a career—synchronize with the star's love cycles. There are examples, to prove it.

Producers in Hollywood may frown on marriage. They may fear "the tie that binds" as a destroyer of public interest—as a Big Bad Wolf destined to haunt the box-office. But rumors of romance are welcomed by them with delight. They know that then they are getting something not specified in the contract—not only a player's talents, appearance and brains but his heart as well. And stars, themselves, must feel that love heightens their dramatic talents—for when an old love ends, a new romance usually soon begins.

And so it is profitable when the stars are in love. Without variation, the tender emotion results in fine pictures that run on and on—to the happy tune of box-office cash-registers a-ring!



Acme

Alan Dinehart, the screen star, and his recent bride, the former Mozelle Brittone, have brought Alan, Jr., Dinehart's 16-year-old son by a former marriage, to California to make his home with them

You Wonderful Girls of Today!

Dancing . . . tennis . . . beach parties . . . rumble seats in the moonlight . . . glamorous week ends in the country. You're busy. You're happy. You have no time to be "indisposed." You just can't be bothered with cramps and backaches. Periodic illness isn't going to upset your plans if you can help it. AND YOU CAN.

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. These little chocolate coated tablets contain no narcotics, no harmful ingredients of any kind. They will not upset your stomach or make you dizzy.

This medicine helps lots of girls. Let it help you too.

All Drug Stores and many department stores sell

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

"Feel wonderful EVERY day"

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 77*)

been wondering where she has been. You won't need to wonder any longer, for she has had four or five picture offers already.

Meet Little Miss Young

LORETTA YOUNG'S baby sister, Georgiana, played a role in Loretta's new picture at Fox, "Caravan." They had been looking for some time for a little girl who resembled Loretta enough to play her as a child. Finally Loretta, herself, made the suggestion that brings the youngest of the Youngs to the screen for the first time.

Georgiana was just about as thrilled as any youngster could be, yet she went to great extremes not to show it. She was amazingly good, too, and accepted the praise she won for her performance with excellently assumed poise. "I'm doing no better than Loretta does," she said, modestly.

Finally Lands on Screen

FOR several years, Warner Baxter has had a stand-in with a terrific yen to be an actor. His name is Frank McGrath and Warner has often been instrumental in obtaining for him the opportunity to play a small role. The only difficulty is that Mc Grath, the moment he sees a microphone, gets "mike" fright and can't speak his lines, regardless of how well he has handled himself in rehearsal. It looked as though nothing could be done about getting him on the screen until the right chance came along the other day. It was a part in "Grand Canary" and McGrath played it perfectly. He is the corpse that Baxter covers with a blanket in the yellow fever plague. . . .

She Has Millions of 'Em

HAZEL FORBES, heiress of the toothpaste millions, has solved the question of what to do with her salary while working in pictures. Each pay day, she seeks out deserving people on the RKO-Radio lot, where she is making "Down to Their Last Yacht," and gives away her salary. Thus she forestalls any criticism that she is robbing an actor of money that he needs and she doesn't.

Few people know that the very wealthy Hazel had a try at pictures once before. She was one of the ten youngsters Paramount sent to acting school, developing only a single star from the schooling, Buddy Rogers. Hazel was dropped from the class and emerged a short time later as a glorified Ziegfeld chorus girl. She married while still with Ziegfeld and, upon the death of her husband, inherited many millions. Now she condescends to act in the movies.

Family Battle on the Set

WHEN you get two DeMilles together on the same set, anything is likely to happen. Directing "Cleopatra," C. B. engaged his niece, Agnes, to dance upon the back of a bull. But when he tried to tell the girl how to dance, she retaliated by trying to tell him how to direct the scene. Result: somebody else did the dance.

End of the Raspberry Season

THE Hays office has decreed that from now on there must be no more pictures in which characters make "vulgar noises with their lips, such noises being known as the raspberry or Bronx cheer, among other names." So ends another screen cycle.

The D. A. R.'s Object

THE D. A. R.'s recently had a convention in Hollywood and got all hot and bothered about the "Going to Have a

Call for PHILIP MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS
"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"
America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette

Would You Believe I'm Past 60?

Look at My Picture ... Then Do As I Do

Edna Wallace Hopper ... Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl ... Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

Edna Wallace Hopper

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Now prove for yourself that gray hair is needless! A single lock snipped from hair is all you need. This way you see results without slightest risk. Just comb on clear liquid. Gray goes. Youthful color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE. Hair stays soft—takes curl or wave. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Ask your druggist for full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Or make the free test.

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Color of your hair?...............................

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has a Ladies Manicure Set

possessing the sheer beauty of this imported, 6-piece set (in a beautiful case) been offered to the discriminating women of America. **30c** No picture will convey its charm. Order now ... while stock lasts. This is the biggest value we have ever offered and will positively not be repeated. Only one to a customer. Send only 30c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. (Please do not send stamps.)

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If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." Send for your copy today. Give age. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 2000—14th St., N. W., Dept. 4 G 39, Washington, D. C.

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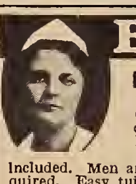

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Baby" cycle of movies. Frances Dee seems to have been making quite a specialty of unwed-mother rôles lately, and all the time she and Joel McCrea are looking forward to the stork! The Daughters of the American Revolution likewise object to comedy scenes of the Ride of Paul Revere.

The Battle of the Bennetts

THE Richard Bennett fracas is one of the town's juiciest morsels these days. Mrs. Angela Raisch Bennett—his second wife and stepmother only to Constance, Joan and Barbara—has been in the hospital having scars of battle attended to. Bennett *père* and *grand père* laughed it off by calling the whole thing the result of nerves. "She'll be sending for me within two months," he averred. "Never!" she insisted. Not laughing a bit, she brought suit for separate maintenance, telling the judge that Bennett was "a person of maniacal moods." Daughter Constance's marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise seems none too secure; but daughter Joan's marriage to Gene Markey seems reasonably serene; and Barbara Bennett Downey (Morton's wife) is expecting *another* Blessed Event.

Neil Back to Civilization

HIS friends are greeting Neil Hamilton like a long-lost hero. Most of the town actually thought that Neil was in Europe or doing a play in New York. Few realized that he was lost in the wilds of the Metro back lot for eleven months, playing in "Tarzan and His Mate," one of the longest-shootin' pictures on record. "If I never see an elephant again, it will be soon enough for me," was the caption under Neil's picture in the advertisements of "Tarzan and His Mate."

Who Is Carl Brisson?

THE feelings of Carl Brisson, hero of "Murder at the Vanities," were hurt when Hollywood, introduced to him, raised a puzzled eyebrow and murmured, "Eh, what was the name—?" He is a famous star on the European stage and screen and this provincial city persists in regarding him as a novice. Married eleven years, Mrs. Brisson is her husband's constant companion and manager. There is something about this Danish star's dimples and smiles, and his build, that is strongly reminiscent of Maurice Costello (father of Dolores), movie idol of twenty years ago. His rakish imported car, if not his reputation, has made him famous in Hollywood. It even boasts a let-down counter inside where Brisson lunches daily on special Danish food.

Heiresses Gone Movie-Crazy

HEIRESSES by the dozen have found their way to the fair movie city. Toothpaste queens, patent medicine millionairesses, ex-princesses, socialites fresh from headline divorces are trooping out our way. Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world, is here incog, visiting one of the new million-dollar "extras." Meanwhile, for some reason, Katharine Hepburn disappears from the new Philadelphia "Social Register."

Exit Karl Dane

KARL DANE'S recent suicide is a minor tragedy of the movies. Seven years ago, his curious features, huge build and infectious grin snatched him from the post of a humble carpenter to screen stardom and fifteen hundred dollars a week after his hit as the gangling, tobacco-chewing *Slim* of "The Big Parade." The next year, the talkies came and Dane's strong accent let him out of his new Paradise.

After trying to go back to carpentering, failing at operating a hot-dog stand and making a last studio call to Paramount, where he had hoped to get a small part in

Mae West's picture, the ex-actor shot himself amid a welter of old scrapbooks and time-stained contracts. While Louis B. Mayer paid for the expenses of his funeral to save his body from Potters' Field, and George K. Arthur, once his teammate (remember them in "Baby Mine"?), sent a wreath of flowers, hardly a single movie celebrity attended his funeral. *They can't go back after they've once tasted movie fame.*

A Morgan-atic Union

AFTER the preview of "The Affairs of Cellini" the other night, wisecracks flew thick and fast among an audience almost entirely movie. "Now," said someone, "I know that Darryl Zanuck is a genius. He must have been to have persuaded Freddie March and Connie Bennett to play bits in a picture starring Frank Morgan."

Objections Sustained

OFFICIALS of the Mexican government viewed a print of "Viva Villa," over which there has been so much trouble, and asked for only two changes, we hear. The first objection was to the size of the crowd of soldiers accompanying Villa on his triumphant march into Mexico City. History says there were sixty thousand and Mexico wanted the full number shown on the screen.

The second point mentioned was a sequence in which Wallace Beery, as *Villa*, got drunk. Villa, said the officials, did not drink. They were very firm about it. The incidents of shooting men in cold blood and covering a man with honey so that his bones might be picked clean by ants were passed without question. But, please, would M-G-M cut the drinking scenes?

Three-Alarm Belle

MARY BRIAN told Phillips Holmes that all any young actor apparently had to do to get his name in the papers was to be seen in public with her. The columnists start engagement rumors that quickly. Phil, just to see what happened, took Mary to lunch the following day. Fourteen clippings resulted. He's convinced.

J. P. Graham

Mary Carlisle, who was an enthusiastic spectator at the polo matches at Del Monte, is shown, with a friend, watching the games

"Double Quick"
REDUCTION
DURING THE SUMMER
with the
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE

"Illustrating the Perfolastic Girdle and the DETACHABLE Brassiere

Is it...
"BACK ROLL" "BULKY HIPS"
"EXTRA TIRE" "HEAVY THIGHS"
...or all four?
PERFOLASTIC WILL QUICKLY REDUCE YOUR SURPLUS FAT!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

REDUCE WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR *it will cost you nothing!*

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

IN 10 SHORT DAYS YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS

■ "I reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley . . . "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian . . . "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Enjoy Skin Comfort
From Head to Foot

Relieve Complexion Blemishes

Allay Bodily Skin Irritations

WHAT is more aggravating and distracting than a mean pimple, a patch of itching rash or roughness, or a bit of chafing, in some spot where contact with your clothing creates a nagging discomfort? But it doesn't have to be endured, for Resinol Ointment and Soap give amazing relief from such conditions.

Perhaps you have considered the Resinol treatment for complexion faults only, because it so successfully helps to clear up clogged facial pores, blackheads and pimples, and to make ugly complexions clearer, smoother, lovelier. Yet it does even more—it soothes and promotes healing of skin irritation anywhere on the body.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Have them on hand for quick treatment of every-day skin ills or hurts.

Would you like a free sample of each? Write Resinol, Dept. 9-J, Baltimore, Md.

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REDUCING GIRDLE, 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures. $3.75

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne M. C. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

Too-Young Love

M-G-M's "Sequoia" promises to be the champion long-distance picture of all time. The story concerns the love of a deer for a mountain lion. It begins when the lion is a cub and the deer a fawn. The trouble was that the cub and fawn grew up before the company obtained the needed footage of their "childhood." Nothing to do now but wait until a new crop of baby deers and lions arrives next year. It is hoped that Jean Parker won't grow up meanwhile so that she will have to be replaced, too.

Those Title Changes

"HOW are you gonna keep up with the new pictures when producers keep changing the titles?" That's what baffled moviegoers want to know. And they have good reason to be inquisitive—and to wonder how much money movie companies must toss away, sending out publicity and advertising about pictures, only to have it all to do over again when the titles are changed. And moviegoers, meanwhile, wonder what ever happened to the pictures they had previously been watching for.

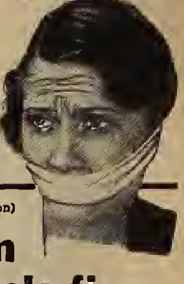
Here is a list of title changes in the past few months—just to straighten you out, and to give you an idea of how changeable Hollywood can be:

"The Dover Road" (famous as a play under that title) has become, of all things, "Where Sinners Meet." George Arliss' new picture, once "Head of the Family," is now "The Last Gentleman." Kay Francis' latest effort, once "Dr. Monica," has been retitled "When Tomorrow Comes." The Dick Powell opus, "Rhythm in the Air," was released as "20 Million Sweethearts." The Fredric March-Constance Bennett comedy, widely publicized as "The Firebrand," is now "The Affairs of Cellini." The big musical comedy, "Fox Follies of 1934," was suddenly changed to "Stand Up and Cheer." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s new picture, formerly "Success Story," has become "Success at Any Price." The Warner Baxter picture, "Too Many Women," has become "Such Women Are Dangerous."

"Trigger," almost up to the time of release, was the title of Katharine Hepburn's "Spitfire." Aline MacMahon's new picture, once called "Fur Coats" and previewed as "A Woman in Her Thirties," is now "Side Streets." Joe E. Brown's latest comedy, once billed as "Sawdust," has become "The Circus Clown." Richard Arlen's & Son's picture, "Baby in the Icebox," is now "She Made Her Bed" (there's a change for you!). "The Man Who Broke His Heart" became "Wharf Angel"—a case of a title changing its sex. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor were scheduled to be reunited in "The World Is Ours"; it became "Change of Heart." The William Powell-Edna Best picture, "The Key," has become "Isle of Fury." The Cagney-Blondell picture, "Without Honor," has become "He Was Her Man." "Riptide," changed to "Lady Mary's Lover," was changed back to "Riptide." "The Hollywood Party," once changed to "Star-Spangled Banquet," has reverted to its original title.

SPEAKING of titles, one that is likely to keep you awake at night when you're trying to go to sleep is "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." It has a haunting cadence. And is it going to have a cast! Charles Laughton once more will re-create *Henry the VIIIth*, and Maurice Chevalier will be with him as *King Francis I*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be present as *Charles V*, Merle Oberon will again be *Anne Boleyn*, and Flora Robson will be *Catherine of Aragon*. It is to be made in England this Summer, under the direction of Alexander Korda, who produced "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth" and "Catherine the Great."

Asthma kept her GAGGED



(Illustration)

Now free from attacks—feels fine

Is Asthma stealing your strength and making you feel weak and miserable? Don't be discouraged. Read this letter from a woman who suffered for 16 years:

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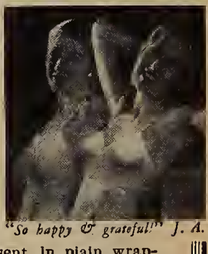
Remove that FAT



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